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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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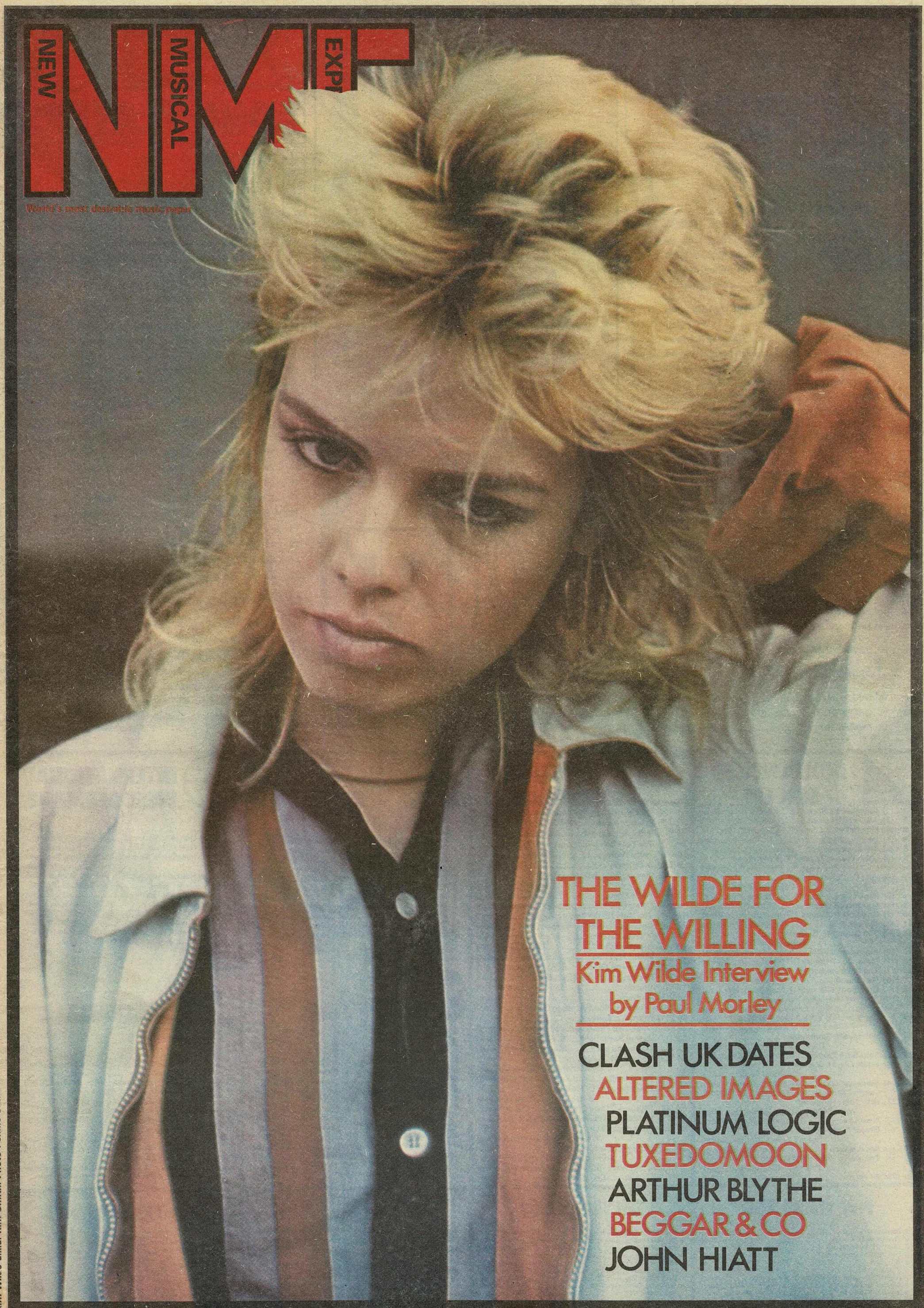


THE WILDE FOR THE WILLING

Kim Wilde Interview by Paul Morley

CLASH UK DATES

ALTERED IMAGES

PLATINUM LOGIC

TUXEDOMOON

ARTHUR BLYTHE

BEGGAR & CO

JOHN HIATT

Kim Wilde a.k.a. Kim Smith. Photo Pennie Smith a.k.a. Miss Wild.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	(16)	**PRINCE CHARMING**	**Adam & The Ants (CBS)**	2	1
2	1	TAINTED LOVE	Soft Cell (Bizzare)	8	1
3	6	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	3
4	8	START ME UP	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	4	4
5	4	JAPANESE BOY	Aneka (Hansa)	6	1
6	18	SOUVENIR	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	3	6
7	3	HOLD ON TIGHT	ELO (Jet)	5	2
8	20	HANDS UP	Ottowan (Carrere)	3	8
9	2	LOVE ACTION	Human League (Virgin)	6	1
10	8	ONE IN TEN	UB40 (Dep Int)	6	8
11	13	EVERYBODY SALSA	Modern Romance (WEA)	3	11
12	27	SLOW HAND	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	2	12
13	5	SHE'S GOT CLAWS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	4
14	19	RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	4	14
15	7	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	4	5
16	10	THE THIN WALL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	10
17	23	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW	Hi Gloss (Epic)	2	17
18	(—)	BIRDIE SONG	Tweets (PRT)	1	18
19	(—)	IN AND OUT OF LOVE	Imagination (R&B)	1	19
20	(—)	ENDLESS LOVE	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)	1	20
21	22	PRETEND	Alvin Stardust (Stiff)	2	21
22	(—)	SO THIS IS ROMANCE	Linx (Chrysalis)	1	22
23	11	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clarke/RPO (RCA)	8	2
24	(—)	ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	24
25	(—)	HAND HELD IN BLACK AND WHITE	Dollar (WEA)	1	25
26	27	PASSIONATE FRIEND	Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)	3	26
27	(—)	AS THE TIME GOES BY	Funkapolitan (London)	1	27
28	14	GIRLS ON FILM	Duran Duran (EMI)	8	5
29	17	GREEN DOOR	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	8	1
30	15	CHEMISTRY	Nolans (Epic)	4	15

Linx in at No. 22. Pic: Paul Cox

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	(7)	**DEAD RINGER**	**Meatloaf (Epic)**	2	1
2	(14)	TATTOO YOU.	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	2	2
3	(—)	DANCE	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	3
4	2	LOVE SONGS	Cliff Richard (EMI)	11	1
5	4	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	16	3
6	(—)	SONS & FASCINATION. . .	Simple Minds (Virgin)	1	6
7	1	TIME	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	1
8	3	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	12	2
9	5	HI INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	20	4
10	(—)	WALK UNDER LADDERS	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	1	10
11	15	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic/Cleveland Int)	11	9
12	6	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	15	1
13	(—)	RAGE IN EDEN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	13
14	10	PRETENDERS II	The Pretenders (Real)	6	6
15	20	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	16	1
16	9	SHOT OF LOVE	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	6
17	13	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	22	3
18	8	KIM WILDE	Kim Wilde (Rak)	11	2
19	(—)	COVER PLUS	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)	1	19
20	11	BUCKS FIZZ	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	11
21	24	BOY	U2 (Island)	3	21
22	17	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	42	1
23	16	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	43	1
24	18	TRAVELOGUE	Human League (Virgin)	3	15
25	19	BELLA DONNA	Stevie Nicks (WEA)	7	11
26	23	LEVEL 42	Level 42 (Polydor)	3	23
27	(28)	JU JU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	11	10
28	(—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Beach Boys (Capitol)	2	28
29	(—)	ROCK CLASSICS	LSO (K-Tel)	5	9
30	(22)	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH	Motorhead (Bronze)	12	1

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Release The Bats**	Birthday Party (4AD)
2	(3)	**All Out Attack EP**	Blitz (No Future)
3	(2)	**One In Ten**	UB40 (Dep Int)
4	(5)	**Inconvenience**	Au Pairs (Human)
5	(6)	**Kitchen Person**	Associates (Situation 2)
6	(4)	**I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys**	The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
7	(—)	**Just Can't Get Enough**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
8	(9)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
9	(8)	**Puppets Of War**	Chron-Gen (Fresh)
10	(7)	**One Law For Them**	4 Skins (Clockwork Fun)
11	(13)	**Motorhead**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
12	(—)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
13	(10)	**Mattress Of Wire**	Aztec Camera (Postcard)
14	(11)	**Nero**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
15	(21)	**The Resurrection EP**	Vice Squad (Riot City)
16	(15)	**Neu Smell**	Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
17	(17)	**Ceremony (12" remix)**	New Order (Factory)
18	(20)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
19	(—)	**She's In Love With A Monster Man**	Revillos (Super Sell)
20	(—)	**Holidays In Cambodia**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
21	(16)	**Four Sore Points**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
22	(18)	**Smiles And Laughter**	Modern English (4AD)
23	(14)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
24	(—)	**Leather Bristles, Studs & Acne**	GBH (?)
25	(22)	**Brave New England**	Walter Mitty's Little White Lies (Hip)
26	(12)	**New Life**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
27	(—)	**Grass/Trade Unions**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
28	(—)	**Are A Mwana**	Bananarama (Demon)
29	(—)	**Tribute To The Punks of '76**	Friendly Hopefuls (Abstract)
30	(25)	**24 Hours**	The Chefs (Graduate)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(4)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
2	(2)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(25)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
4	(1)	**The Last Call**	Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
5	(10)	**Early Years**	Fall (Step Forward)
6	(28)	**In Concert**	T Rex (Marc)
7	(5)	**Playing With A Different Sex**	Au Pairs (Human)
8	(3)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
9	(19)	**Cover Plus**	Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
10	(8)	**The Only Fun In Town**	Josef K (Postcard)
11	(6)	**Document And Eye-Witness**	Wire (R. Trade)
12	(7)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
13	(13)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
14	(14)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
15	(16)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
16	(—)	**Fire Escape In The Sky**	Scott Walker (Zoo)
17	(15)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
18	(9)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
19	(—)	**Caught In Flux**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
20	(11)	**Drama Of Exile**	Nico (Aura)
21	(20)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
22	(12)	**Action Battlefield**	N. A. Steppers (Statik)
23	(18)	**Mesh And Lace**	Modern English (4AD)
24	(23)	**Sons Of Thunder**	Dr Alimantado (Greensleeves)
25	(30)	**Fresh Fruit**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
26	(17)	**Black Sounds Of Freedom**	Black Uhuru (Greensleeves)
27	(26)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
28	(29)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam & Ants (Do-It)
29	(22)	**Firehouse Rock**	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
30	(—)	**Imflammable Material**	Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops.

REGGAE

1	**Love Me Tonight**	Trevor Walters (Ital)
2	**Phone Line**	Mystic Harmony (SS)
3	**Fatty Bum Bum**	Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
4	**Serious Thing**	Satellite (Startrack)
5	**Sweet Feeling**	Black Stones (Jah Lion)
6	**Magic**	D. Dubbery (SS)
7	**Use Me**	Diana (Silver Camel)
8	**Summertime Blues**	Investigators (inner City)
9	**I Like Your Move**	Karen Dickson (N.K.)
10	**Show Some Love**	One Blood (King & City)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

FUNK

1	**Arthur Adams**	You got the floor (Incultation)*
2	**Captain Sky**	Station Brake (WOMT)*
3	**Candy Bowman**	Feel My Love (Prism)*
4	**The Jonses**	Summer Groove (Good Records)*
5	**Geraldine Hunt**	Heart to Heart (Prism)*
6	**Mike T**	Do it any way you wanna (Bluebird)
7	**Dr York**	Shake n skate (Groove)
8	**T Life**	Something that you do to me (Arista)*
9	**Mean Machine**	Disco Dream (Sugar Hill)*
10	**Central Line**	Walking into sunshine (Chrysalis)

Compiled by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, W1.

(* Denotes import)

INTERNATIONAL WEST GERMANY

1	1	**Dance Little bird**	Electronics (Philips)
2	2	**Bette Davis Eyes**	Kim Carnes (EMI)
3	3	**Flieg Nicht So Hoch Main Kliener Freund**	Nicole Jupiter (Jupiter)
4	13	**Rain In May**	Max Werner (Metronome)
5	7	**Only Crying**	Keith Marshall (Polydor)
6	8	**Hold On Tight**	ELO (Jet)
7	6	**Oh No No**	Bernie Paul (Ariola)
8	4	**Star On 45 Vol. 2**	Stars On 45 (CNR)
9	5	**Chequered Love**	Kim Wilde (Rak)
10	11	**Maldetta Primavera**	Loretta Goggi (WEA)

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

AUSTRALIA

1	3	**Planet Earth**	Duran Duran (EMI)
2	4	**Bette Davis Eyes**	Kim Carnes (EMI)
3	1	**Who Can It Be Now**	Men At Work (CBS)
4	2	**Stars on 45**	Stars on 45 (Mercury)
5	6	**Jessie's Girl**	Rick Springfield (Wizard)
6	7	**Making Your Mind Up**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)
7	5	**Turn Me Loose**	Loverboy (CBS)
8	8	**All Those Years Ago**	George Harrison (Dark Horse)
9	16	**You Drive Me Crazy**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
10	14	**Louise (We Get It Right)**	Jonah Lewie (Stiff)

Courtesy — Kent Music Report/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Dancing Queen**	Abba (Epic)
2	**The Killing Of Georgie**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
3	**Can't Get By Without You**	Real Thing (Pye)
4	**I Am A Cider Drinker**	The Wurzels (EMI)
5	**Aria**	Acker Bilk (Pye)
6	**Mississippi**	Pussycat (Sonet)
7	**(Light Of Experience) Doina De Jale**	Georghe Zamfir (Epic)
8	**Blinded By The Light**	Manfred Mann's Earthband (Bronze)
9	**You Don't Have To Go**	Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
10	**I Only Want To Be With You**	Bay City Rollers (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

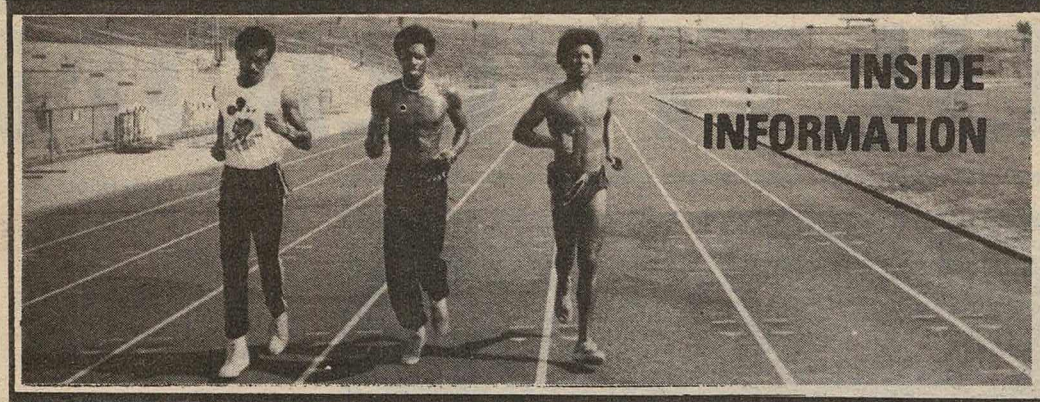
1	**Hey Girl Don't Bother Me**	The Tams (Probe)
2	**Did You Ever**	Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)
3	**I'm Still Waiting**	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
4	**Maggie May**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
5	**I Believe (In Love)**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
6	**Nathan Jones**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
7	**Back Street Luv**	Curved Air (Reprise)
8	**Tap Turns On The Water**	C.C.S. (Rak)
9	**You've Got A Friend**	James Taylor (Warner Bros)
10	**It's Too Late**	Carole King (A & M)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Distant Drums**	Jim Reeves (RCA)
2	**All Or Nothing**	Small Faces (Decca)
3	**Too Soon To Know**	Roy Orbison (London)
4	**I'm A Boy**	Who (Reaction)
5	**You Can't Hurry Love**	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
6	**Little Man**	Sonny and Cher (Atlantic)
7	**Yellow Submarine**	Beatles (Parlophone)
8	**Working In The Coalmine**	Lee Dorsey (Stateside)
9	**Got To Get You Into My Life**	Cliff Bennett (Parlophone)
10	**God Only Knows**	Beach Boys (Capitol)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Wild In The Country**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**Johnny Remember Me**	John Leyton (Top Rank)
3	**You Don't Know**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
4	**Kon-Tiki**	Shadows (Columbia)
5	**Reach For The Stars**	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
6	**Michael**	Highwaymen (HMV)
7	**Jealousy**	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	**Cupid**	Sam Cooke (RCA)
9	**Hats Off To Larry**	Del Shannon (London)
10	**Get Lost**	Eden Kane (Decca)



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What went on at this year's summit benefit.

Last gang hits town — for a week

THE CLASH play a short series of British dates next month, their first since June last year. And their schedule climaxes in a string of seven nights at London's Lyceum Ballroom, the longest-ever engagement for any act at that venue.

The London shows run from Sunday to Thursday, October 18-22 — then, after a couple of days' break, conclude on Sunday and Monday, 25-26. These are preceded by appearances at Manchester Apollo (October 5 and 6), Glasgow Apollo (7 and 8), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (10) and St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (15).

Tickets are all at the standard price of £3.50, though there are some additional tickets at £3 available for Manchester and Glasgow, and they are on sale now at all box-offices. Promoters are Straight Music.

Prior to their British outing, the band play a week from September 23 at the Theatre Mogador in Paris, with The Beat and Wah! as their special guests — and as soon as they finish this stint, the building is being demolished!

Geldof goes Pink

BOB GELDOF of The Boomtown Rats is to make his film debut for director Alan Parker in the movie *Pink Floyd — The Wall.* Shooting began in London this week, with location sequences around England and at Pinewood Studios to follow — though the in-concert segments are already in the can, having been filmed at Floyd's summer shows at Earls Court.

Geldof has the leading acting role in the picture, taking the title part of Pink. Based on Floyd's hugely successful album 'The Wall', the movie is being produced by Alan Marshall from a screenplay by the band's Roger Waters. It's scheduled for release by MGM next summer.

Just back from Ibiza, where the Rats have been recording a new album, Geldof commented: "It's something any artist would want to do. It's a natural step to take. Of course, I could fall flat on my face, but it's an exciting challenge. I'm aware of the pitfalls involved in a musician making the transition to film star, but I have the highest respect for Alan Parker as a director."

This commitment won't delay any of the Rats' own plans, as their new LP isn't due for release until January, and their next UK tour will be timed to coincide.

Teardrop Trio

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have slimmed down to a three-piece following the departure of bassist Alfie Agius and keyboards man Jeff Hammer. Both joined the band at the beginning of the year, and have since played on one British and two American tours.

The change is in keeping with leader Julian Cope's policy of maintaining a flexible line-up, based around himself and drummer Gary Dwyer. But current guitarist Troy Tate has been retained, and these three now comprise the nucleus of the group, who have just started work on their album 'Ther Great Dominions' for November release.

The LP will also involve other musicians including Dave Balfe, who played keyboards on the 'Kilimanjaro' album, and brass and string arrangements will be featured on a number of tracks. It's being co-produced by Cope and Clive Langer.

Record & Tour News page 41

'NEW' MARLEY LP SPARKS MASSIVE INDUSTRY FEUD

Island boss attacks release of 12 year old demo tapes

By Roz Reines

A BIZARRE CONTROVERSY has been sparked off by the planned release of an album by Bob Marley on the WEA International label. Chris Blackwell, founder of Island Records (Marley's current label) has publicly denounced the album, 'Chances Are', as "tacky exploitation" and a record company assault by press release has ensued.

'Chances Are' is a collection of early material which dates from the period '68 to '72 when Marley had joined forces with Johnny Nash and his business partner, Danny Simms.

The album consists of eight tracks: 'Reggae On Broadway'; 'Gonna Get You'; 'Chances Are'; 'Soul Rebel'; 'Dance To The Reggae'; 'Stay With Me'; 'Hurting Inside' and 'Lonesome Feeling'. All titles are voiced by Bob Marley with Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingstone. Rita Marley is on backing vocals.

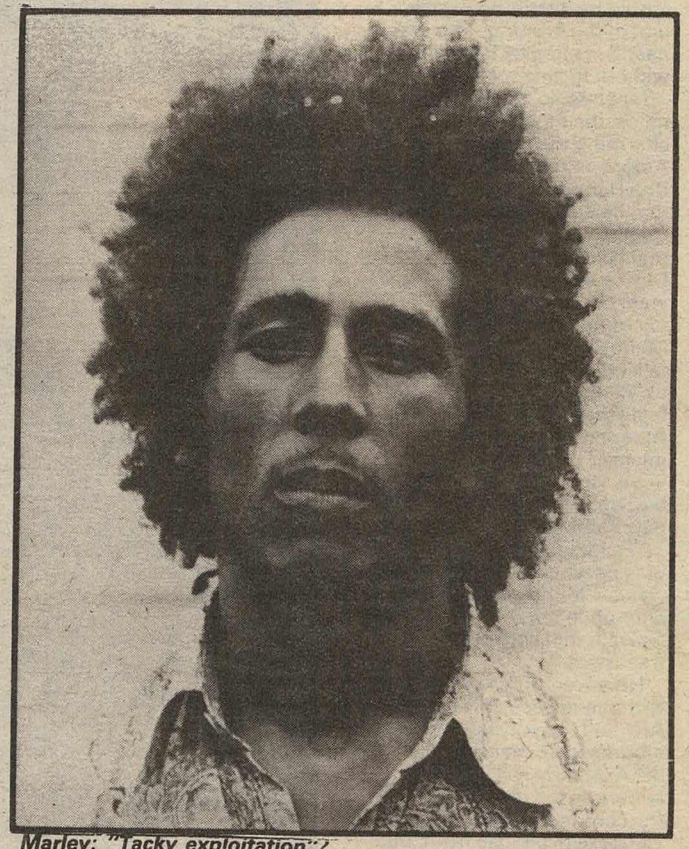
'Chances Are' was overdubbed in New York at the Powerstation studio. None of the Wailers, Marley's band, were involved in the overdubbing which was done after Marley's death.

In a statement issued on September 10th, Chris Blackwell deplored WEA International's decision to release the album saying that "Island is dismayed that a company of WEA International's stature would sink to such levels of exploitation".

Blackwell claims that the tracks on 'Chances Are' are a mixture of Marley's early material and song demos but the record is being presented — through its sleeve artwork — as a 'new' Bob Marley album. In fact, the sleeve features a picture of Marley as he was during his later years and not in the period of '68 to '72 when the album was recorded.

The WEA album is being released against the wishes of Bob's widow, Rita Marley.

In a counter statement, issued on September 11, WEA International's Senior Vice-President Fred Hyaan proclaimed the quality and authenticity of 'Chances Are' and registered shock and disappointment with the reaction of Island Records.



Marley: "Tacky exploitation"?

Hyaan stated that the tracks on the album were done as full recordings by Marley and not as song demos. With regard to Blackwell's criticism of the album sleeve, Hyaan replied that the photogrpah of Bob Marley has been chosen because it reflects the qualities of peace and happiness by which we would like to remember Bob.

As far as Rita Marley is concerned, WEA International are aware of her expressed desire to acquire the rights to distribute the 'Chances Are' album in Jamaica and the Caribbean. "Mrs Marley has never expressed to any representative of Danny Simms or of WEA International any objection to the artistic quality of the recordings."

In a statement issued on September 11, Rita Marley said "I have not given my consent or my blessing for this album to be released and it is not right for them to go ahead with it."

Her lawyer, David Steinberg, added that Rita Marley had certainly not approved of the artistic quality of the tape.

If everything had gone according to plan, 'Chances Are' would have been launched at the Reggae Sunsplash Festival in Jamaica in August this year. The

Continues over

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1+1×1=MULTIVIZION

MARLEY FRACAS

■ *From previous page*

festival was dedicated to Bob Marley.

In fact, a WEA International 'promotional team' attended the event. This included Fred Hyaan, Danny Simms, publisher David Simmons, WEA worldwide co-ordinator on the project Janet Oseroff, and American radio personality Bob Hamilton. Resident seer, the Rasta elder, Mortiner Planner, was also on hand and available for interviews. It was pointed out that Planner was Marley's original mentor and adviser, and he was also the first one to bring the Reggae King to the attention of Simms and Nash.

The first indication that everything wasn't going smoothly came during the official Sunsplash press launch at the Disco Inferno, when it was announced that press kits on the new album would be distributed at the end of the evening. This was nastily denied by Hyaan without further explanation.

Meanwhile, the following day at the hotel, Planner was charming the pants off the American radio personality Bob Hamilton, by telling him that he was a white cannibal. Smiling sweetly he told me that I was a poison pen scribe. During our interview, Planner was more interested in expounding his theories on Marley's death than he was in talking about his life circa '68 to '72. For the record, Planner feels that Marley was killed in America where he was injected with a cancerous virus. He said, "If they could bug up Watergate, they could bug Bob Marley."

"Rubbish," said Danny Simms when told of Planner's views, "Marley wasn't big enough in the States then to warrant that kind of treatment."

However, Simms feels that with the release of 'Chances Are' and the subsequent three albums to be marketed by WEA, Marley will become known as the greatest artist of the century. Simms has some 72 tracks to choose from, but the emphasis will be very much on Marley's love songs.

"We're trying to take some of the mystique away from Bob Marley," publisher David Simmons further explained to me, "because his entire life wasn't all revolution and religion.

"Bob Marley was basically a young ambitious guy who wrote love songs — a family man who loved women and soccer."

Simmons isn't at all keen on the image of Bob Marley as a Rasta since "Rastas are alienated to the average man in the street because they look so strange and smoke ganja."

Under the circumstances, it was perhaps unfortunate that Simmons and Co. missed the high point of the Sunsplash Festival which was Stevie Wonder's moving dedication of his song 'Master Blaster' to Bob Marley and his poignant rendition of 'Redemption Song' which was performed as a duet with Bob's wife Rita — when the Marley mystique was very much in evidence.

They did however catch Steel Pulse on the first night, a group which Simmons felt "could go a long way just as long as they take all that revolutionary stuff out of their songs . . ."

Despite Sunsplash turning out a non-event as far as the launch of 'Chances Are' goes, Simms amd Co. retained their high spirits. On the phone from New York, the worldwide co-ordinator, Janet Oseroff, reported that, "Everyone over here is just thrilled about this whole thing, we're sure that it's going to be even bigger than we first expected. And do you know what is really exciting?" she enthused, "Rod Stewart is possibly going to do a version of 'Stir It Up'. Now isn't that something?"

One wonders what Marley himself would have made of all this.

"That's how show business go, sister — there's just no other business like it . . ." — Mortimer Planner.

The omni-directional gaze of Multivizion. Pic: Graham Smith

"There's dignity in labour/So don't treat me like dirt/You want blood for money/But I'll give only work."

THESE MULTIVIZION boys are a little confused. Their topical harangue against work as the be-all and end-all of life has been received as hippy-drippy irrelevance by *Sounds*, and dismissed as worthless socialist dogma in Mr Baker's (only slightly self-indulgent) singles column.

The confusion is compounded by the fact that their record is already a weighty dancefloor selection. Getting to people's heads via their feet — surely the perfect equation?

The disc represents the collision of Frank Dew's pertinent social view with the sleek funk vision of Freeez bassist Peter Maas — a union compounded by several joint-Freeezers and the brittle guitarings of ex-Teardrop Mick Finkler.

For the past months Dew has been refining the acapella-based Multivizion exhortations with fellow singers Joe Jardin and Brad Vine. He presented 'Work' to his Freeez friends, who were impressed enough to pile into vigorous rehearsal. On hearing the results, Peter Kent of Situation 2 Records wanted to offer an album contract straightaway, but Multivizion finally agreed on a much looser singles arrangement — and then watched in dismay as their thunder was stolen by 'Chant No. 1'.

However, any illusions that Multivizion are a funk band pure 'n simple are due to be shattered. The Freeez connection is now at an end. There are other diverse and contrasting paths that Multivizion are set on pursuing.

The next single may be any one of three current songs: Frank Dew's 'Rocky Road' which would feature a hefty footstomp/handclap beat with solo trumpet accompaniment; Joe's soft reggae 'Time On Our Hands'; or Brad's off-beat funker 'Where Will We Be Next Year'. The Multivizion influences are as wide as their intended aims — as a snap survey reveals.

Ten tracks important to the well-being of the trio:

'Inside America' — Jackie Jones
'Tear The Roof Off The Sucker' — Parliament
'Caravan Man' — Lew Lewis
'No Woman No Cry' — Bob Marley
'Say A Little Prayer' — Aretha Franklin
'Word On A Wing' — David Bowie
'I'll Take You There' — Staple Singers
'Bela Lugosi' — Bauhaus
'Dreadlocks Dread' — Big Youth
'Requiem' — Killing Joke

The importance of Cabaret and Entertainment appears uppermost in the collective Multivizion Theory: Dew's love for the slick black soulster line-ups of recent decades, combined with Joe Jardin's pop sensibility — *TOTP, Jackie,* visuals, clothes, video, colour — and definitely no nasty old 'gigs'. Whilst the three singers are opposed to any permanent group set-up to perform live, they are also reluctant to resort to backing tapes or similar easy options.

Their dreams of gigantic jazz orchestras and choral support, while seemingly currently impractical, show a laudable enthusiasm for experiment and crossover — and combined with Words that Work (in all senses) only go to demonstrate further the Multivizion endorsement that grey has had its day.

— JAMES T KIRK

The Spirit Lives On

JA BURSTS INTO TRIBUTE SONGS

THERE ARE at least six reggae "tribute" records to Bob Marley currently available .

Maybe I'm guilty of inverted racism, but they don't carry the taint of pure rip-off one would automatically assume to be the case in similar rock'n'roll circumstances. After all, the influence and effect of Bob Marley extended far beyond mere musical matters: it's stating the obvious to say that the position of Bob Marley, and not only to blacks, was that of inspirational, spiritual leader.

"Some say that Bobby is a prophet," reminds **Lue Lepki** on the otherwise rather lacklustre 'Tribute To Bob Marley' put out on the Joe Gibbs label. On the **Horace Andy** 12" that carries exactly the same title, the singer declares: *"He's gone in the flesh / But his spirit lives on"* — the whole point, indeed, of all these records.

With the benefit of Andy's sweet voice, his Disco 45 is the most moving of these singles, though it's closely followed by **Lone Ranger's** 'Tribute To Marley' on Studio One. In common with several other of these records, DJ Lone Ranger's song sprinkles its lyrics with lines from Marley songs such as 'Exodus' and 'War / No More Trouble'.

The ultimate conclusion of such quoting no doubt will be in the Bob Marley disco medley record that will inevitably appear.

This method is also the basis of **Errol Scorcher's** 'Sounds Of Hon Marley', a joyous ditty from the boys at Channel One that is currently the biggest of the tribute hits.

Considering the oddness of **Ranking Joe's** John Lennon tribute, which was slotted into an LP set of quite spectacularly obscene rude reggae, it seemed best to be sceptical of the 12" 'Special Dedication To Bob Marley' that he performs with **Papa Tad** and **Jah Screw.** Obviously he's become an expert at the genre, however. Or perhaps he's more comfortable with his subject-matter: this DJ epic is a passionately fervent, gospel-flavoured performance that, as well as quoting one-liners from Marley songs, hammers home the point that *"We must find a cure for cancer / Because it kill off me reggae father."*

It is up to **Jah Thomas,** though, on the Disco 45 'Tribute To The Reggae King' he recorded with **Scientist,** to take this cancer issue one step further, when he considers the currently prevalent conspiracy theory concerning the death of Bob Marley: *"Them say 'im die of cancer / mis say there is more question than answer."*

Aware of the high technology available to bullying big powers for destroying their enemies with cancer, by beaming radiation at them — it was recently revealed that the Russians had for years literally bad vibed the US Moscow embassy — there is a current, paranoid(?) belief in certain quarters that Bob Marley's contraction of the disease was not due entirely to natural causes.

Obviously his mythology is only just starting to grow.

—CHRIS SALEWICZ

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

LESLEY WOODS
of The Au Pairs

PEOPLE
Walter Benjamin
Faye Dunaway
Bertolt Brecht
Hilda Ogden
Charlie Parker
Pauline McLoughlin

FILMS
Bad Timing
Some Like It Hot
Cabaret
Badlands
Cat On A Hot Tin Roof
Sweet Charity

RECORDS
Natural Woman.....**Aretha Franklin**
Blase.....**Archie Shepp & Jeanette Lee**
Cut.....**Slits**
Sweet Thing.....**David Bowie**
Use Me.....**Grace Jones**
Gimme My Gun.....**Dr Alimantado**
Dance This Mess Around.....**B-52's**
Sex Machine.....**James Brown**
The Great Curve.....**Talking Heads**
Give Me Back My Man.....**B-52's**

OBJECTS OF DESIRE
Virgin Olive Oil From Marseille
Fridge Full Of Red Stripe
Montage
Maria Schneider
Chinese Clothes
Trumpets

DRINKS
Banana milk
Margarittas
Jack Daniels

Pic: Anton Corbijn

SCOTLAND YARD SPY ON BOW WOW WOW

SCOTLAND YARD has been investigating RCA Records and Malcolm McLaren's management company. The police kept both organisations under surveillance for two weeks to see if either was guilty of corrupting a minor — in the shape of Bow Wow Wow's teenage vocalist Annabella.

This revelation came to light last week during a hearing at Bow Street Magistrates Court, when McLaren applied for permission to take Annabella to America for the band's debut tour there. But the police admitted that, following their enquiries, they didn't consider the girl's morals to be endangered.

McLaren then produced a chaperone who, he said, would accompany Annabella throughout the tour — and this seemed to satisfy the court. But there was an unexpected hiccup, when Annabella's mother arrived suddenly and went into the witness box.

She was asked if she wanted her daughter to do the tour, and replied: "Yes, providing a restriction is imposed on RCA preventing them from marketing her as a sex kitten in America." The magistrate said this matter was out of his jurisdiction, whereupon Mum gave her approval — as did the court.

The Bow Wows cavort on the bank while two inconspicuous CID men spy from the water's edge.

Permission was granted literally in the nick of time, as the band left for the States only 48 hours later, and were due to open at the New York Roxy on Tuesday.

Immediately on their return, Bow Wow Wow headline a string of UK dates, kicking off with a show at London Strand Lyceum on October 8. They're going out under the banner of the "Only In It For The Manet Tour", and other confirmed gigs are at Bristol Locarno (12), Brighton Corn Exchange (14), Nottingham Rock City (16), Birmingham Town Cinema (19), Hanley Victoria Hall (20), Cardiff Top Rank (21), Newcastle University (24), Edinburgh Valentino's (25), Glasgow Mayfair (26), Liverpool University (28), Sheffield University (29) and Bath Pavilion (31). More dates will be added.

It's still hoped to have their debut album in the shops next month to coincide with the tour, even though plans for Annabella to appear nude on the cover have been scrapped, due to the considerable controversy they engendered. A completely new sleeve is now being prepared, but still based on the theme of a Manet painting.

THE HI-FI SURPLUS STORE

MYSTIC SCRIBE DISAPPEARS

Rumours now reaching W.I. indicate that your usual scribe has been spotted in Amsterdam snapping pics and buying diamonds with a selection of Persil packet tops and Green Shield Stamps. He (not one for unloading lorries) must have forseen the massive deliveries which have now arrived, of turntables, amps and speakers which once again allow us to offer complete systems at £109.

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OCTOBER	4	LIVERPOOL Empire	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	5	DERBY Assembly Rooms	£3.75, £3.25
OCTOBER	6	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	7	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	8	PRESTON Guild Hall	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	9	GLASGOW Apollo	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	10	EDINBURGH Odeon	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	11	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	12	HULL City Hall	£3.75, £3.25, £2.75
OCTOBER	13	BRADFORD St. George's Hall	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	15	COVENTRY Coventry Theatre	£3.75, £3, £2.50
OCTOBER	16	HANLEY Victoria Hall	£3.75
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OCTOBER	19	ST. ALBANS City Hall	£3.50
OCTOBER	20	ST. ALBANS City Hall	£3.50
OCTOBER	21	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER	22	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4, £3.50, £3
OCTOBER	24	ST. AUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum	£3.75
OCTOBER	25	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	26	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	27	OXFORD Oxford Theatre	£3.75, £3.25, £3
OCTOBER	29	GUILDFORD Civic Hall	£4

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GUILELESS IN NUNEATON

MICK DUFFY sees eye-to-eye with the geezers from Gaza

Eyeless. Pete Becker and Martyn Bates (hatless).

Pic: Bryn Jones.

INSIDE THE distant aircraft hanger, 3,000 people are paying homage to rock and roll.

The interminable racket has something to do with the recent Futurama ritual. More specifically, those earth-rumbling bass frequencies belong to Blue Orchids — who'd be embarrassed to learn that from where I'm sat, in a nearby field chatting with Eyeless In Gaza, they sound like a pick 'n' mix of Led Zeppelin, Motorhead and the Stones.

Pete Becker screws up his face in disgust. "YEEUUGH! That's awful!"

But be reasonable, Pete. Blue Orchids are Futuramists — amongst our brightest new hopes.

"BLEEUUGH! Horrible! YEEUUGH!"

He means rock is dead. Again.

"All these bands here today are so *traditional*," pipes out Martyn Bates, the other half of the Eyeless In Gaza duo. "So conventional. They've all got bass, drums and guitar. They look like the first rock groups. They sound like the first rock groups. This isn't the future. This is the end of the world!"

BEFORE THE Apocalypse, check out 'Caught In Flux', Eyeless In Gaza's new LP, their second this year. Brimming with unique ideas, as much as any other record of this still young decade it's a rejection of old values grown stale. Eyeless refresh the parts other bands don't know how to reach and forge faraway ahead of visionless contemporaries still tangled by rock toots some 30 years old.

"You don't have to acknowledge the past to make new music or be different," insists Pete. "Yet when certain people see us they make certain comments like 'You're only 'alf a band. Where's your drummer? Where's the rest of you?' Then they want standard gig entertainment — they expect us to look whacky or macho and project some kind of showbiz image. Ha!

"So we play and when we've finished they go, *'Is that it?'* And we say, 'Yeah. That's it. Bob's yer uncle — we've done it' . . . And they just look sick."

Mischievous deviationists, Eyeless In Gaza could hardly expect their peculiar brand of modern moves music to be accessible to *everyone*. But don't they realise they're flirting with elitist tricks?

"Well it all depends how you approach us," says Martyn. "If you're breathlessly expecting some rock and roll climax then you're bound to be disappointed. But if you're prepared to give something new a chance, you could get to like us. Anyone could — young punks, middle-aged housewives.

"You've just got to keep an open mind and forget about your cultural conditioning."

Eyeless In Gaza are flexible enough themselves, and will always consider making the odd compromising gesture in the name of common sense. So when they were offered £250 for a 20-minute apprearance at Futurama 3, as practical economists in need of a new amplifier they were prepared to suppress their distaste for the Great British Rock Festival.

"Well we've got to live," reasons Martyn. "And we need the money. Though we hate to get caught up in all the trappings of the music business — such an unreal world, full of unreal, pretentious people. We don't need that shit!"

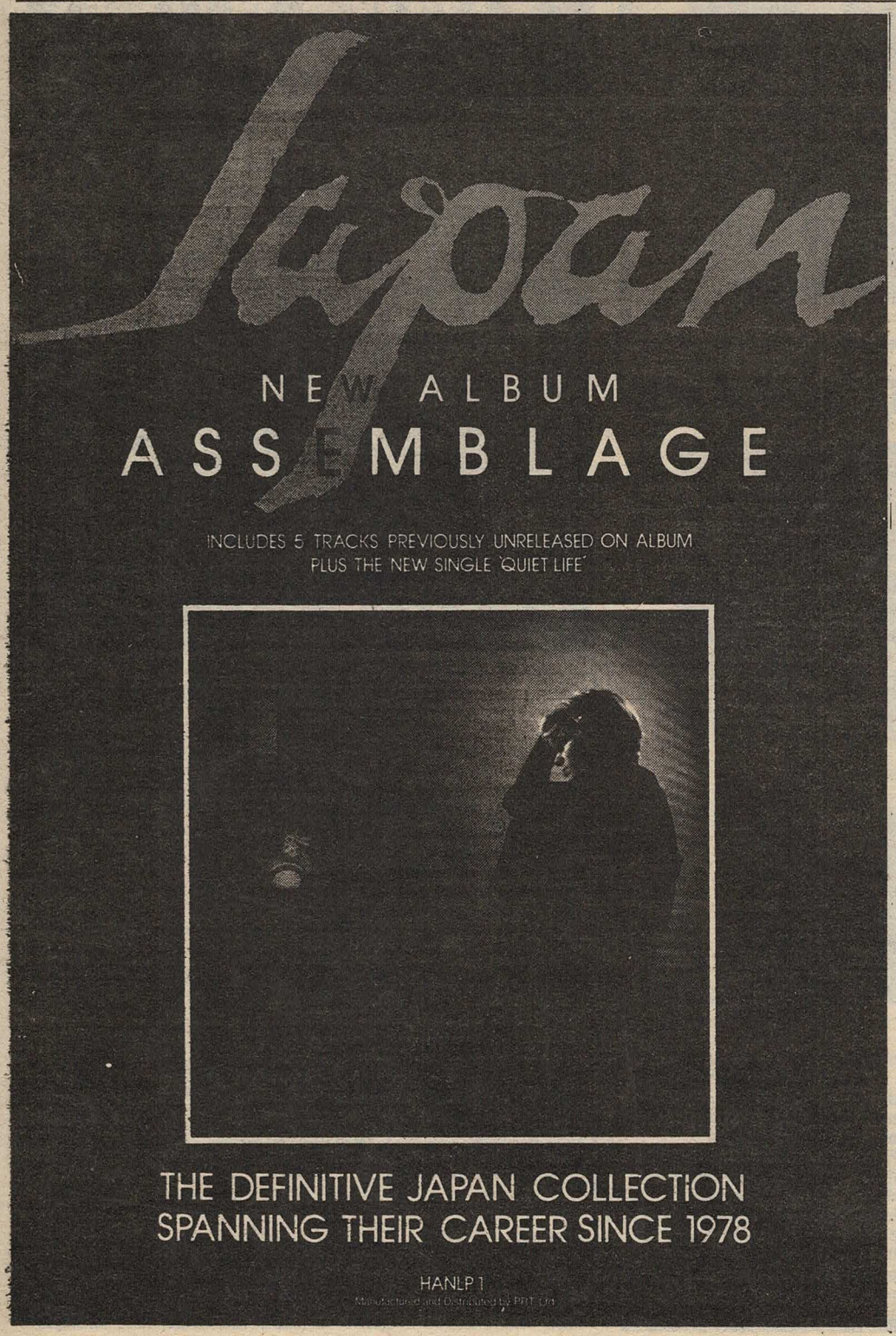
And wishing to remain as detached as possible from the business, they refuse to go professional — though they'd make a viable touring proposition, having gathered a strong grass-roots following; they confidently expect to sell about 10,000 copies of the new LP. At home, in Nuneaton, they're glad to do their day jobs. Martyn is a hospital worker and Pete is a lab technician.

"There's no doubt our jobs help keep our feet on the ground — keep us in touch with reality," says Martyn. "We'd never want to be pop celebrities, everyone saying how wonderful we are and us ending up believing them. Spending all our time at cocktail parties. You're not useful to society like that. You're just a blown up failure. Useless."

So Eyeless are worthwhile members of society?

"Well, we do worthwhile jobs in the day and like to think we produce worthwhile music at other times. We're just not totally engrossed in the music world, that's all. When we get fed up with the band we'll just pack it in. And that won't break our hearts if things have gone sour because we'll have other things to go to, other interests to fall back on."

He means the common interests normal people have who live in ordinary towns. Well folks, *that's showbiz.*



CORRECTIONS: Our Typesetter Regrets. . .

The text to Brian Griffin's book *'Power — British Management In Focus* is by Richard Smith and the address of *ZG* Magazine and *ZG* Music is 23, Montrell Rd, London SW2 rather than 32, Montrell Rd, as printed previously.

A CAVALCADE of the new wave fraternity not unknown for preening themselves and falling about in public bade farewell to one of their leading lights, John McGeoch, last week. As the couple emerged, man and Jan, from Finsbury Town Hall, his new alma mater Siouxsie "the only intelligent people here are children" — and who could argue? — Banshee arrived. And Richard Jobson presented two love birds in a cage to the lucky couple.

—RAY STEVENSON

DON'T KNOCK OPPORTUNITY

BELINDA HARRIS was one of 15 thespian aspirants to receive their training in acting, singing, production and other technical theatrical skills under the Manpower Services Commission's 1980–81 Youth Opportunities Programme. Thanks to them, she discovered a talent for jazz singing which she exercised performing with their YOP People's Theatre Group at London's Cockpit. But when the programme's official year came to an end, the company disbanded and "went their separate ways, some into theatre and some into other jobs."

Belinda, however, remained with the YOP, and with the help of her sister Sammy as writer / director, formed a theatre troupe of her own — The London Performance Company. The company's first show, 'Government Health Warning' attempts to reflect the breadth of theatrical experience Belinda was able to discover while with YOP, including drama, mime, dance, and lots of music. The troupe is comprised of ten people — all, except Belinda, still in day jobs or still students — and includes three musicians from the London Jazz Youth Orchestra, a dancer and a mime artist.

Their 'Government Health Warning' can be seen this Thursday and Friday (September 17 and 18) at the Village Theatre, Production Village, 100 Cricklewood Lane, London NW2, at 8 pm. For OAPs, YOP members, and the unemployed, tickets are priced at 50p and for others, at 80p.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

***VOX* magazine is a Dublin vehicle religious in its devotion to the pursuit of now-ness — sorry, *challenge*. Editor Honest Dave Clifford is now admonishing those who would make a better media to "first make yourself known and then be capable of delivering the goods" — certainly a reasonable objective even in depressed, recessed times. It's one that *Vox* also seems to have accomplished since *Thrills'* original recommendation last summer.**

New issue 7 (45p plus 15p p&p) includes The Scars on Scotland, Tokyo Olympics, the obligatory Throbbing Gristle piece ("you know, for the life of me I can't remember any more about the actual music"), The Cure, bits from lecturer Alistair MacLennon's reading/performance at the recent 'Work Made Live' week

DO IT'S VIRGIN ANT-ICS

A WAVE of suicidal Indies Chart fans were this week to be seen leaping off high kerbstones following the news that Do-It Records, heroes of the go-it-alone fraternity, were to sign a pressing and distribution deal with Sir Richard Branson's Virgin Records.

Pete Dolan, a one-time Virgin employee, now domicile in the marketing and sales section of Do-It, explained: "We don't wish to knock the independent distributors who have helped us in the past because without them we just wouldn't have got this far. But now the time has come when our records have got to be handled with more efficiency, through a major record company. Virgin are going to licence our stuff abroad and our up-and-coming issues by such artists as The Mothmen and Anthony Moore will be more easily obtainable in Europe and other places."

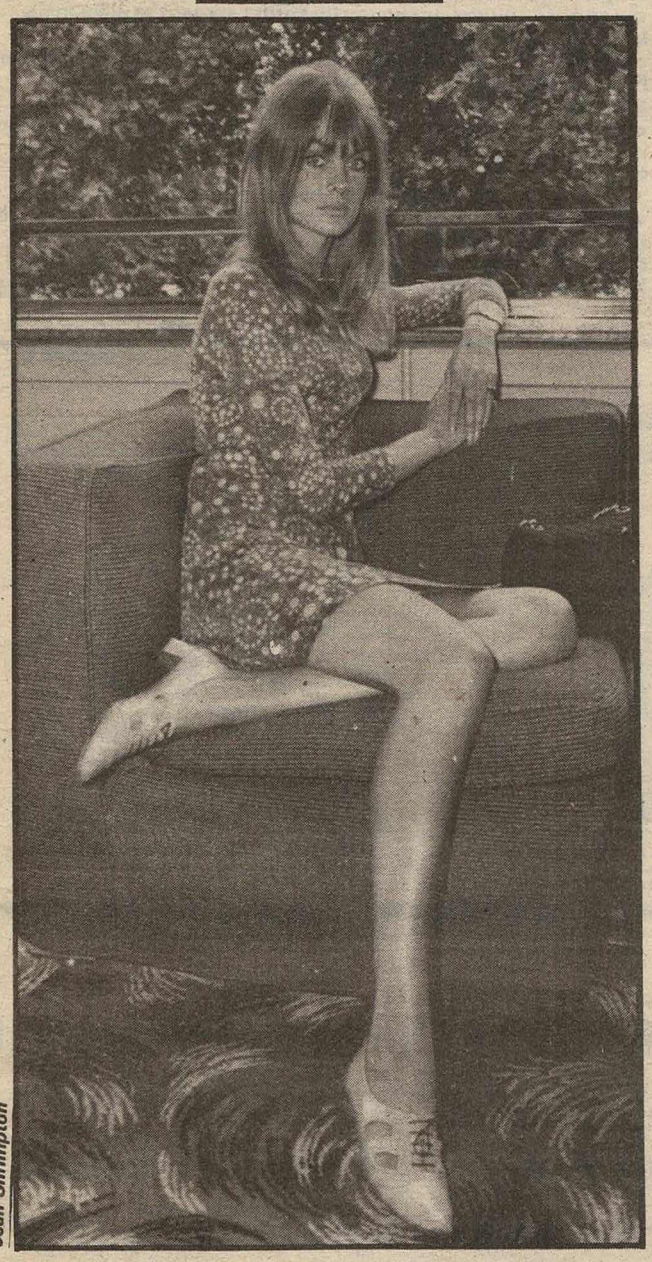
Though Do-It's catalogue includes some fine singles by Adam & The Ants, plus the 'Dirk Wears White Sox' album and (whisper it not) several unissued tracks, the label has been strangely reticent to promote these items in the way that Decca — another former Anthill — hoped to push *their* Ant demos before getting stung with a court injunction. Dolan claims that Do-It have not been pressurised in any way and that the label merely felt that bandwagon jumping was a must to avoid.

"I guess that we could have pulled some more tracks off the album and given ourselves some good singles, but we really didn't want to exploit 'Dirk'. After all, we feel it's done pretty well on its own merit."

Meanwhile, Adam's current label CBS are currently beaming fit to bust — for they are the folk responsible for distributing all Virgin's releases and will now be handling both old *and* new Ant droppings. The system wins again.

— **FRED DELLAR**

ARCHIVE FUN



Jean Shrimpton

A RARE Op-Artunity to see two of rock fashion and fantasy's most memorable, influential Faces on September 30, when the Scala Cinema in London will be showcasing a pair of vintage verite items. There's Lesley Hornsby (better known as Twiggy)'s original screen test for Ken Russell's *The Boyfriend*, shot in '64 with the Twig in rainbow-sequinned mini, dancing to Tamla Motown ('Jimmy Mack') while a determinedly psychedelic camera swirls in and out, round and round. *Models* is an earlier Swinging '60s documentary of Jean Shrimpton's day-to-day life at the top . . . including her makeup and dress rituals, her famous friends and flames, all captured in a style as heavily dated as its subject matter. The Twig and the Shrimp will be showing with a sophisticated '80s update of the Face biz in New York — Fred Wiseman's elegant feature *Model*.

— **CYNTHIA ROSE**

EX-COASTER ACCUSED

CURTIS ROBINSON'S deep bass voice contributed one of the '50s' great lines on The Coasters' 'Charlie Brown' hit: *'Why's everybody always pickin' on me?'*.

Robinson joined the group in the early '50s and when he left them he eventually returned to his hometown of Decatur, Alabama. Most recently he was an employee at Decatur City Hall. But right now his earlier words, if he ever thinks of them, must echo with irony. For he stands convicted of assault with intent to kill — a charge which arose from a Ku Klux Klan 'riot' last year in Decatur.

Klansmen, robed in their traditional hooded sheets, attacked a group of blacks who were peacefully protesting the conviction of a mentally-retarded black youth, charged with the rape of a white woman — wrongly, the protesters contended. The Klan are alleged to have run wild in the Decatur streets — slugging women and children and wielding axe handles and billy clubs on black heads and backs. Two blacks were shot in the head and more wound up in hospital with a miscellany of injuries.

Robinson was in his car with his wife and five children when the Klan tore through and, he says, the racists shot his tyres and hammered his car with their clubs. He claims he was 'forced' to shoot a Klansman when the mob allegedly rushed him with clubs raised. He used the gun he kept in his car — with a legal permit — for that self-defence so beloved of the gun lobby.

Strangely none of the KKK were arrested after this assault. However, a 300-strong parade of Klansmen did march on Decatur Hall to demonstrate. And a (white) prosecutor charged Curtis with intent to murder.

Last October, Robinson went before an all-white jury which apparently ignored colour videotape of Klansmen in action, including the smashing of Robinson's car, as well as testimony from police officers who said they would have "used their guns, too" for 'self-defence' in such a situation.

The jury convicted Robinson: the first time a black has been convicted, ever, of a crime against a robed Klansman.

Southern Poverty Law Centre attorneys are now appealing the case, which seems it may have to leave Alabama for real justice.

— **CHRIS ROWLEY**

Jack Salem about to get his lot: "Get thee behind me Kurt Barlow!"

MUCHO MACHO!

THE FASHIONABLY dispassionate scrutiny of the documentary camera fell on the former world middleweight boxing champion last Tuesday night (**Minter**, ITV); exposing with surgical candour the guts of the ultimate sport. Most other sports place some sort of team ritual, or at the very least a net, between the competitors, but not boxing. Boxing is all other sports laid bare. In slow motion, all the others look quite graceful. Boxing just looks uglier.

Fifty minutes wasn't long enough for David Drury (who made the recent *City!* documentary) to communicate the physical punishment, but he caught every drop of the psychological sweat as Alan Minter prepared to try and regain the title he lost to Marvin Hagler in 1980. To do this, Minter had to beat the new No. 1 challenger, Mustapha Hamsho, the protege of two virtual caricatures of American boxing managers.

Drury followed Minter through training in London's Thomas a Beckett gym to the pre-fight build up in Las Vegas and into the ring at Ceasar's Palace, mixing close-up interviews with frank casual footage. It took three months of negotiations with Minter and his father-in-law manager to set it up; significantly, there was no mention of money. But the motivation lay elsewhere anyway. Minter spoke vaguely of the fame, but it was obviously the fight and the ability to win the fight, which fame was merely the proof of.

Winning the fight depended on psychological as well as physical preparation. Minter is an agile and proper sort of fighter who is well able to think on his feet. His opponent Hamsho was what Minter's coach called, in the jargon, an "animal". Minter was constantly told by his coach that it would be a matter of skill vs. brawn, and then he was told it again by his manager, and then he told us. No doubt Hamsho was being told the same sort of thing, with the emphasis on the brawn. These psychological press-ups reached a silent, nerve-racking crescendo in the dressing room before the fight. For a few uncanny moments, Minter seemed to actually *grow* in physical size.

The tension that had been building for months exploded in the ring. Minter's corner was wired for sound, and the constant simultaneous barking of the coach and the manager grew more and more hysterical, as Minter seemed less and less capable of hearing it. He went the full ten (American) rounds and finally lost by a handful of points.

No case was made either for or against the Noble Art by Drury's passive cameras. If you thought boxing was a violent, crude, vulgar display of male machismo you were probably not persuaded otherwise. I happen to like it for that reason, but I think what people really find repulsive is not the display itself, but the vicarious pleasure it affords to perverts like myself. The sport itself has an admirable logic. What is repulsive is the pushy managers, the hangers-on in the gym, and the look of rapture in the ringside faces.

Bowing says something about human nature that was reinforced by a crude display of national machismo titled **The Defence Of The United States** (BBC1, Thursday). What it says is not pretty: vicariously or otherwise, humans are always keen to assert their superiority over other humans. Compared to the business of international conflict, boxing is almost Olympian in its refinement of this tendency.

The Defence Of The United States, the first of four American TV documentaries to be shown over the coming weeks, claimed that the Russians now believe a nuclear war is "winnable", though no Russian was on hand to say as much. Remove the words America and Russia from the script and you would think a

● *continues over*

PAUL RAMBALI goes the distance with the week's TV

VOX/MZUI(?)

in Dublin, a look at Ludus, The Fall, more Bad Poems (don't *any* good poets contribute to 'zines these days???), and quite lucid reviews of both LPs and singles.

The latter are guaranteed to get you interested in treats like Dome's 'So/Drop' single (AC. Marias AC) or 'An Evening With Quentin Crisp' (the LP). Editor Clifford has also put together his own round-up of the work of Dome itself and its ex-Wire proprietors, Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert. This is quiet useful as a history and supersedes (barely) the nouveau banality of the usual rock-is-dead-there-are-more-guaranteed-alternatives rap. It does, however, stop short of including the duo's recent London experiment MZUI — the construction of a conceptual/musical adventure playground in a warehouse conducted with illustrator Russell Mills, who contributed two large sculptural pieces.

MZUI, for those who attended, participated, or just collect *Vox*-vetted artefacts, is also available now via the magic of tape.

During the 25-day run of their installation, the collaborators used their gallery as a recording studio and its visitors as participant musicians, to come up with 50 'limited edition' tapes. These are all different of course and each is signed by the three collaborators. To interested parties these are available on a first-come first-served basis for £2.50 incl. P&P from Rough Trade, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W11. *Vox* from 449a South Circular Rd, Rialto, Dublin 8, Ireland.

— **CYNTHIA ROSE**

Lowry

"Could we pursue for a moment the line that you're a bunch of money and power-crazed individuals using any means you can for self-advancement and the acquisition of ever more wealth — because, as a self-seeking type myself, that's the only kind of motive I can really understand."

D. Visions

■ *From previous page*

great deal of fear was being drummed up over a mysterious evil bogeyman whom many claim to have seen but only as some sort of ghost on their scanners. Only a humble marine with his finger on the button dared to imagine what this bogeyman was actually like.

As military expert followed military expert in the martial rhythm of the editing, an image formed of Ronald Reagan like a medieval king surrounded by seers, soothsayers, astrologers and sages all busy gazing at charts and divining omens upon which he is supposed to act. They used to think their reasoning was foolproof in those days too . . .

The programme ended with a Possible Nuclear Scenario: the decimation of a town in the American heartland by a Russian bomb, casualties astronomical, disruption total. Much the same thing was achieved by far more apocalyptic means the previous night in a TV adaptation of Stephen King's **Salem's Lot,** (BBC1, Wednesday) directed by Tobe Hooper, who made *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre,* and starring David Soul and James Mason.

The first part, on Monday night, was a typical cod US TV production with weak dialogue and a disappointingly run-of-the-mill nemesis. I haven't read any Stephen King but I had expected something more original than a New England vampire. And David Soul spent the first half wandering around asking people whether they thought a house could be inherently evil, an idea borrowed from an H. P. Lovecraft story called *The Shunned House.*

The conclusion promised to be a barrel of cliches, if not laughs, but in the event this viewer was forced to bite his tongue. David Soul discovered that he was actually very frightened by a house that could be inherently evil and he wasn't the stuff of which heroes are made, either. Several dark and gruesome twists in the story (though apparently not in the book) brought the calamity to a frayed, unhappy and all-too-human end, with David Soul's fiancee dead and worse as a result of him being such a weak, feckless specimen.

Weary of humans, I turned to **The World About Us** (BBC2, Sunday) for an hour of *Sexual Encounters Of The Floral Kind.* But the sex life of plants proved to be even more complex and haphazard than the sex life of humans, involving the services of millions of small, ugly intermediaries who do things like "licking the sweet nectar from the stamen like a lollipop", compared to which the wet patch seems a small price to pay. And yet even the little pollen are seen jockeying for position, struggling unconsciously to assert themselves over other little pollen like Minter and America before them. What a wretched and uncivilised scramble life is on the whole.

Raw-paint applied by Gary Panter

GRAPHIX GO RAW

GARY PANTER is an American new wave cartoonist who is mostly familiar in England for his brief stint as a syndicated strip-ist at the now-defunct *New Music News.*

He hit those pages through his connection with California's *Slash* magazine (not defunct exactly, but 'resting'), where his character Jimbo achieved cult status as trademark new waver. Panter's art can now be found adorning the cover of the oversize *RAW* graphix magazine ("the magazine that lost its faith in nihilism").

***RAW* comes out of New York (though Panter doesn't), and is published between two and four times a year at $4.00 plus $2.00 air mail postage addressed to RAW Books, 27 Greene St, New York, New York 10013, USA.**

Why do I urge you to send and spend? Because there's *so much* between those coloured covers and it's so varied. There's Jimbo, of course, in a Neil Younglike predicatment where he assumes the role of Native American whose cartoons — yes, he's a cartoonist too — take over from him in true Flann O'Brien fashion. *"The scripts entertain but barely suffice to disguise the scream behind the snicker,"* muses our boy as he strides across the plain in his loincloth, tenaciously clutching his stone-tipped spear.

But even Panter's paintings pale a little when it comes to editor Franscoise Mouly's feature 'Food for Thought', which includes enough Junk Food Fax to impress even a hardcore addict like myself — as well as the old story about the experiment where the rats fed on cereal boxes were healthier than the rats who ate the cereal.

There's also the most hell-for-leather, exuberant and totally visual cartoon strip you'll have seen in ages ('Crash' — the story of a car crash); and other delights like 'Growing Pain' where baby becomes maniac car magnate in a photostory which mixed John Heartfield with *Photo-Love* magazine.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

The Lone Groover — Benyon

HMM—SO THIS IS TH' PSYCHEDELIC REVIVAL.....
TONIGHT TH' FROG SUPPOSITORIES PLUS + PCUS INSIDE MY HEAD ARE PIXIES AND CREAM WITH TINY PINK BUBBLES
WHICH MAKES THESE DUDES NOUVEAU HIPPIES!
PEAS!
PEAS!
HI, MAN! WHAT STAR SIGN ARE YA?
ER, I DUNNO, MAYBE CANCER...
OH, RILLY?
BUT THERE'S SOMETHIN' NOT QUITE RIGHT ABOUT THEM..
BLEEDIN' CANCERIAN WETS.....
OOOAAR66HHH!!
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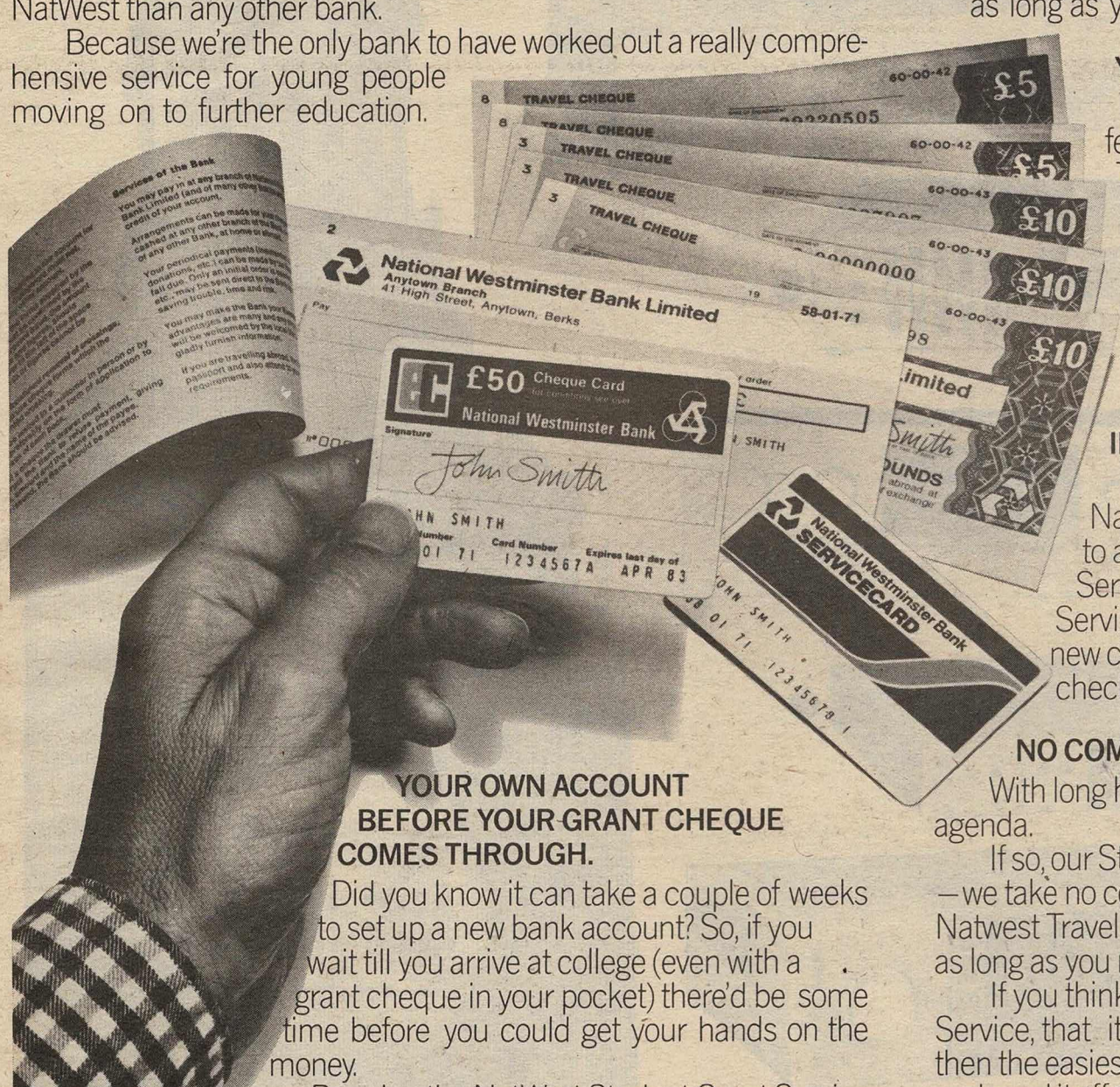

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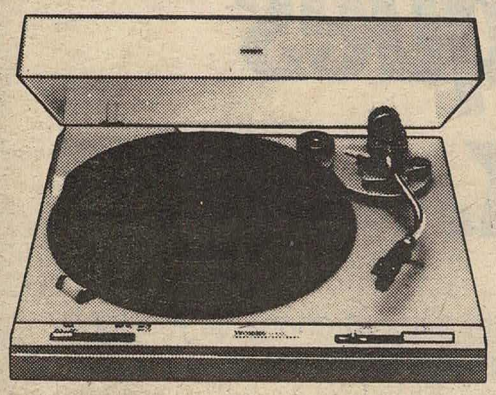

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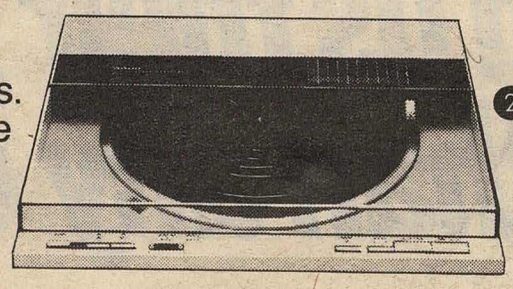

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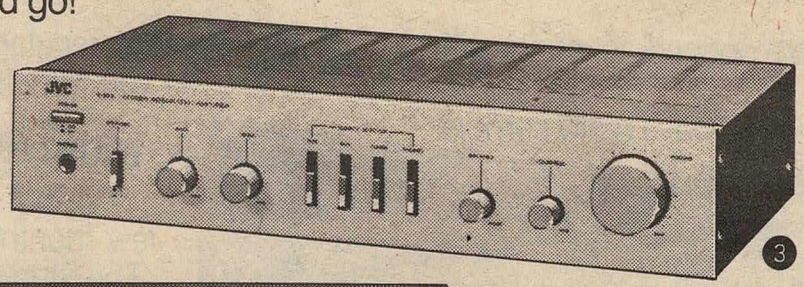

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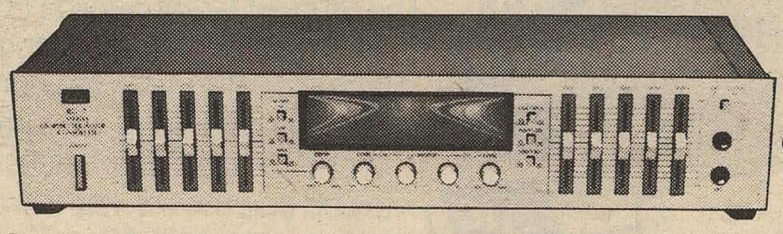

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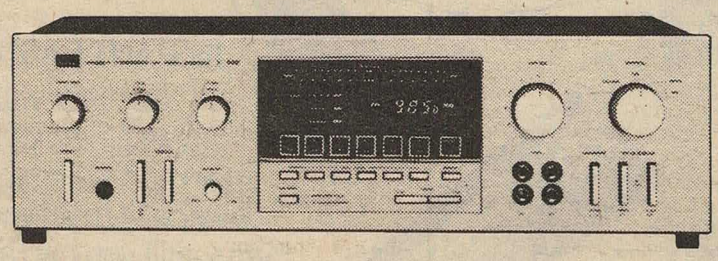

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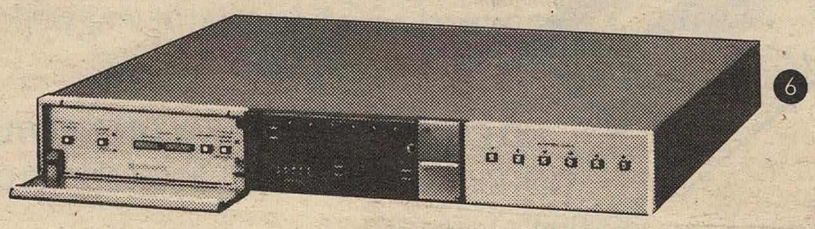

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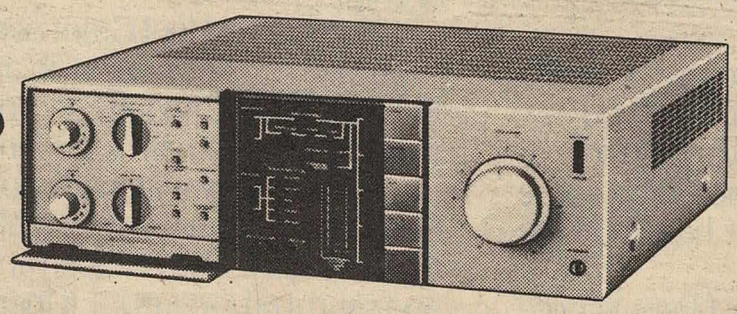

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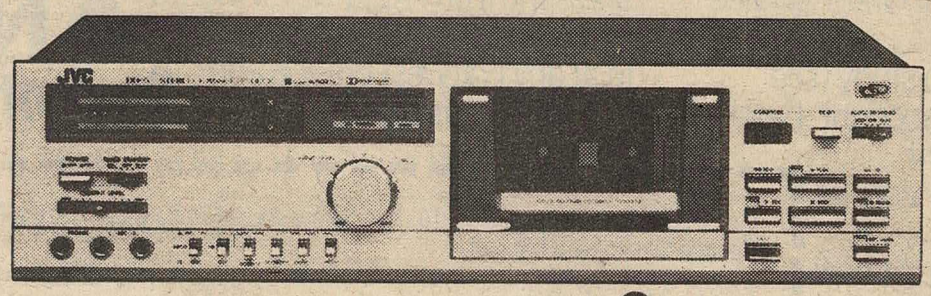

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GENETIC ENGINEERING

Martin Rushent and Alan Winstanley

Paul Tickell meets electrodiscotronic producer supreme Martin Rushent and undergoes a course in Genetics, Humans and Buzzcocks.

Photos:— David Corio

"THERE ARE loads of guitarists who can play anything, but when it comes to ideas, being original, they're useless, instrument players not musicians," says Martin Rushent, friendly and insistent at the same time.

He takes a look around his quarter of a million pound studio — situated in the Berkshire village of Streatley — and then settles his eye particularly on the Linn drum machine and Roland MicroComposer, which both played important roles during his production of The Human League's 'Love Action'.

"All this equipment is the great equaliser, doing away with all that virtuoso crap: the true artist is the decision-maker, deciding what to play and what not, what lyrics to use and what not . . . Carl Palmer, for example, isn't a good drummer because he can't take decisions: he's got no taste. That's what soul is: lots and lots of decisions, all slammed together."

Phil Oakey's got soul.

Martin Rushent grows eloquent on a cup of tea. Alan Winstanley, his business partner in Genetic, a label as well as a production company, sits silently. Al, producer of Madness, Teardrop and Tenpole, only speaks when the subject of soul turns into the topic of funk.

"If Pigbag is English funk, then I like it."

Martin is less enthusiastic, not so much about Pigbag but Funkapolitan and other modish outfits.

"I've yet to hear some English funk. Funk's a mean groove, but what I've heard is limp. It's just a fad. Maybe all fashions are false, but some have something more genuine, developing organically and establishing themselves before they explode. Punk had a lot of momentum before anyone realised it was happening."

Martin was soon on to that one, producing The Stranglers, Gen X and Buzzcocks. Equally quickly, though, he became involved with Steve Strange and friends. Martin laughs as only a man can who wears his chords casual and his beard untrimmed.

"I loved Blitz, I'd been involved in a very dour hard-edged vibe before that, especially with The Stranglers." (Clashes with Jean Jaques forced him to part company with the band two days before work was due to start on 'The Raven').

"Punk degenerated into an art form, got real serious and boring. Blitz was so silly it seemed like fun again. I got drawn into the scene through pure coincidence, the fact I used to have an office above the club."

This was over two years ago when Genetic was part of WEA's Radar enterprise. There was all kinds of funny business with Radar, though, with Costello, Lowe and The Pop Group leaving, and WEA knocked it on the head. Genetic went down too and to keep afloat financially had to sell its Visage rights to Polydor.

Martin probably wouldn't have wanted to stay hitched to the WEA monolith anyway; the unknown bands he was pushing at the time didn't appeal to the company, especially to the obscure individual who was carrying out the Radar mop-up: this character thought that early reports on Joy Division and Spandau were jokes.

Genetic is now marketed by Island, and so far Martin, who's spent most of the last two years on the practicalities of having his studio completed, has only signed one act — Pete Shelley. In fact, Martin's interest in electrodiscotronics stretches back beyond Blitz and was initially fuelled by Pete. Just listen to the second side of the third Buzzcocks album 'A Different Kind Of Tension', where you can already hear the freshened pop experimentalism of Shelley's 'Homosapien' single, recently produced by Martin.

"Electronic music, without giving it a Futurist tag or whatever, is very important to me. So far we've only nibbled around the edges. Most electronically based records are quite simple."

However, as a producer he's no technocrat, even if he does believe in keeping abreast of the latest technical developments. He puts feel and instinct first and whatever a band may want out of him.

"There are ground rules: you just fiddle about with the mixes till your hair stands on end. Mind, I think you can over-rate the producers' role. It's important, but it's silly to think you can radically change a band. What you do is follow your nose, find out what is required of you by the band — arbiter, mentor or leader. You don't just jump right in there: there's a certain amount of subtlety in finding the right role."

The human touch: Martin feels that he found that right away with The Human League, whose album he's still working on. He can relax with them, laugh and joke. He believes that this camaraderie is essential: without it people can't make the free-and-easy, almost silly, suggestions which often turn out to be strokes of genius.

"Until you make a record, you can never experience the feeling which comes from a good session. If an outsider comes into the studio, it breaks the spell. That's not elitist, it's just that you have to be part of things from the very beginning when you've got four or five people chasing something singlemindedly for hours at a time. It looks laborious to the outsider but to those involved it's like a hunt. It must be what these guys get off on chasing foxes — not that I'm that type; I wish they'd chase ideas and not foxes."

THE 'HUNT' is hard work. If you're out recording at Genetic and want to feel like a million pounds, then you can book into a hotel. If you want to work like a million pounds, you can stay in what was an old 8-track studio but is now a sort of spartan Ponderosa bunkhouse. Not that Martin is in any way puritanical, he just likes to get his priorities right. He's glad, for instance, to be living away from the London scene.

"It's very easy to get hyped up on being known. You walk into a club in London and get puffed up on your own self-importance. It happened to me. It can end your career if you follow all that stuff through."

It's almost incongruous to think of Martin even bothering to consider the metropolis and its liggeramas. Out in Streatley next to the studio is his . . . well, it's too big to be a house and not quite large enough to be a mansion. There's a swimming pool too. He has a wife and three children to support. And five cats, three dogs and a goat. Martin obviously relishes his situation but he doesn't dwell on it with all that love-it-out-in-the-country-think-I-was-always-meant-to-be-a-squire crap.

When Genetic increases its roster of one he likes to think that the other signings will be able to work in various permutations, in the way that early Motown put together various artists and arrangers. Genetics: playing around with the possibilities; another kind of engineering and a different sort of production.

Shelley's album has been seven months in the making, off and on. Martin believes in care, and it's what he admires in other producers, especially Chris Thomas, Tony Visconti and Steve Lillywhite. A kind of loving.

"This studio is my guitar."

Alan Winstanley says nothing, playing the part of the big quiet fellow and meaning every second of it.

Martin stands up at the end of the interview and rubs his paunch.

"Do you really want to take photos of us wallies?"

Pre-punk he engineered ELP, Gentle Giant, Yes and TV jingles. He got his first production break through Shirley Bassey. She took a liking to him. Easy.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

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WHERE'S THE URALS?.. SECOND ON THE LEFT PAST THE LADIES CLOAKROOM, I THINK..
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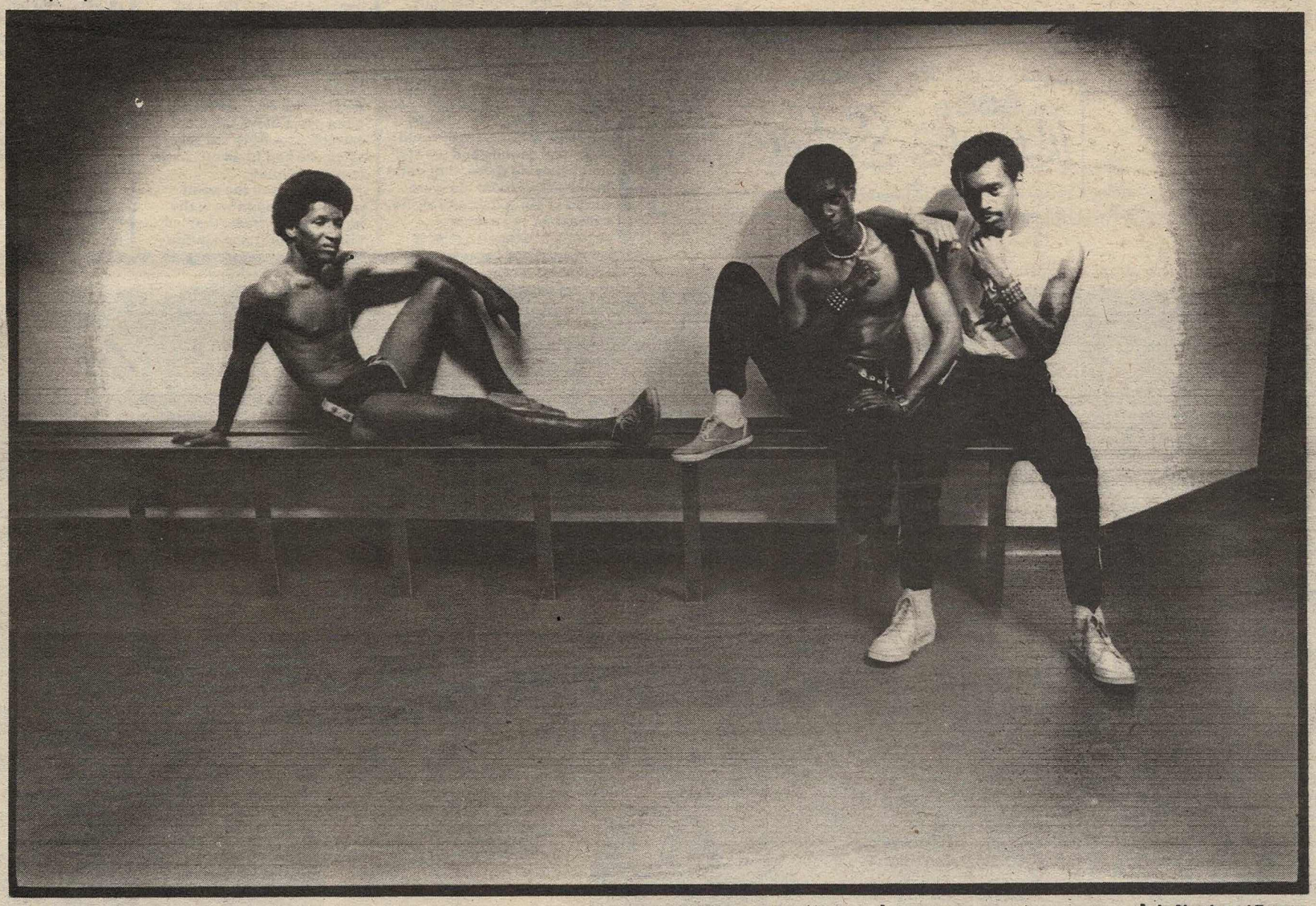

Lloyd Bradley encounters Beggar & Co and discovers how they avoided flunking the funk
Photo Jean Bernard Sohiez

SOME TIME IN the summer of '79, I spent an evening in that Mayfair meeting place for down-market Saudis, Gullivers, to witness the launching of a young black band by a guy with bleached blond hair who looked like a caricature of an ageing rock star turned used car salesman.

He made it all sound *very* important: we were present for the dawning of a new era! Britfunk/jazzfunk had arrived! Deliverance was at hand for the UK's youth and this group, with his help (or was it the other way round?) were going to set the pace.

The band, an eight piece and laden with brass who conjured up the ghost of vintage Kool, were Light Of The World, and the perox with the overbearing manner was Chris Hill.

What a pace they set: motorway cafes were gearing up to put chicken'n'rice'n'peas on their menus to meet the demand created by LOTW gigging anything up to 15 nights a week across the length and breadth of the country, usually just down the bill from their mentor when he wasn't explaining to anyone who would listen about *our music* and how much he *believed*.

Meanwhile, back in the 'new tomorrow', the sun was climbing a meridian and instead of investing in homegrown talent the kids were shelling out for the wares of US jazzerscumtranquilizers and instantcelebritiesessionmen. The we're-going-to-do-it-from-Hackney fanfare was proving uneconomical, so a decision was taken by the blow-dried powers that be for LOTW to inject some Los Angeles mystique into their second album.

Wayne Henderson (ex-Crusader) and Augie Johnson (Heatwave), plus a whole load of local sessioneers were hired to work with the boys on it in sunny California. The mediamachine was well and truly wound up, and we were assured that the apocalypse was 'soon come'.

It never *quite* made it though. Instead of the promised blockbuster, there was 'Round Trip', a sterile effigy of the group that I saw blowing up a storm in Gullivers that even remixed was not enough to repel the trans-Atlantic hordes that wrested control of the discos and specialist shops.

After that, LOTW — the band who were going to do it all over everyone — split up into three factions: Incognito, three members who opted for the cultist, intricate muzac that jazz/funk has evolved into; a duo currently getting something (but no one seems to know what) together, working as Bello-Augustin but may emerge still tagged Light Of The World; and Beggar & Co who play no nonsense dance music for and with anyone who happens by.

The first two are still under the auspices of the old LOTW helmsmen (who are less boastful now), and Beggar & Co aren't. Yet it is the Beggars who have looked down on the national charts from the top, and may well do it again with the new one. So, I went to talk to the trio's trumpeter Kenny Wellington to find why the little Beggars have got there and the big band flunked the funk.

"I FEEL, THAT it's largely due to the Beggar & Co sound being the true sound that Light Of The World should've had," Kenny explains.

There's certainly nothing like faith in what you're doing, but enlarge please.

"What us three are doing, is more where we started from with records like 'Swinging' and 'Midnight Grooving' (the first two LOTW tracks, and the only two that I've kept). Now a natural progression from songs like that would've took us much further than the 'Round Trip' album which although we thought it a good idea at the time, using those people gave it a West Coast flavour playing around our sound, making it not the true sound that us guys living in North and East London would've got.

"It became a potpourri (what a nice word) of Los Angeles and Tottenham instead of just being us learning our instruments and doing the best we could. I feel that as it was, it fell on neither side, import or homemade and missed both markets.

"Beggar & Co is just us, and to me it is an honest sound and the kids related to it much more than a lot of the old Light Of The World material that had so many outside forces involved, that it could've been coming from anywhere."

Quite a frank statement for a young pop star, or for anybody else for that matter, but that being the case why do it in the first place?

"Everybody was kinda

Continues over

This year's winners: "Mother Hen" from St. Paul's School, Barnes.

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BEGGARS

From previous page

starry-eyed and dreamy — yeah, we'll use those guys. . .yeah, it'll be great. It was a trip, and we just went along with the tide. I wouldn't actually say we were puppets, but we weren't far off!

"It wasn't entirelty negative though, as only after doing that we could see. . .well, us three saw. . .what was happening and realsed that it wasn't quite in our best interests. So we decided to pay our own money and make a record the way we saw fit.

"That was 'Somebody Help Me Out', which our record company knew nothing about until it was done, and was our biggest hit at the time, and that told us something. Also it speeded us up as musicians, because after listening to the guys who played on 'Round Trip' we started to get more out of our instruments, as we realized what could be done. So it had its values in the learning sense."

He talks frequently about "us three", implying that there were internal musical differences for some time; because the two factions that have recorded display very different leanings serves to underline this. How much easier is it now?

"It's a helluva lot easier for everybody, as this is the sound we feel most at home with and Incognito are doing the stuff they are happiest about. Right from the start, certain types of songs were written by different groups of us in collaboration.

"It was us that wrote the up stuff and the others that did the more involved pieces. You see we tried to find a happy medium where people could enjoy the sounds and we still enjoy playing them, that point in between where we were proud of our music and at the same time sell a lot of records. It's much easier to find that point as three different entities, coz we don't have to worry about compromising each other.

"Even though everybody liked a lot of jazz influenced music, some of the guys were veering more towards the technique of their ability rather than just playing with feeling. Me, Baps and Breeze think that if it feels good then just do it. I mean, not everyone wants to be a Bob James or a Miles Davis. Those guys are 40 when I'm just in my early 20s!"

That is probably a major reason for their success as — contrary to what a lot of people believe — records sell on the emotion involved, and the public *can* tell when they are being sold short. As important, however, as this emotion factor, is the ability to relax while doing it, and the exposure they had as LOTW put them in a position where not only were all eyes on them, but people *wanted* to see them as well. Not having to be pioneers anymore eased the physical and mental strain.

"That constant touring was killing us, and it was a big factor in why we broke up. It reached a point where we'd be travelling to gigs and sitting there looking at each other saying, This is a bad case of 'again' man, and it's not doing us any good. It stopped our shows being anything special too, cos people were saying, If I don't see Light Of The World tomorrow, I'll catch them next week down the road.

"An awful lot of that had to do with the fact we were new and not totally aware of how things worked and we were told that this touring was the done thing. Also, being an eight piece band, and not earning a lot from our record sales, we had to go out there to make money.

"But it got to the point where we couldn't see the forest for the trees, then on that last tour the reception we got at Hammersmith was amazing and that had to be the time to say, OK, now we're gonna lay this horse to rest.

"Then there was that British funk spearhead thing, it really put us on a spot. We never wanted to spearhead anything, just play music that we hoped people would like, but if they didn't then too bad. We enjoyed a sound and didn't see why there should be any stigma attached to playing it.

"Everybody used to herald us as leaders of a so-called movement, but I'll openly say that a few of us guys looked at Linx and said those guys have really got it together and are in control of where they're going. Although it could be fair to say that we might've opened a door slightly to enable other bands through, in our time we've learned a helluva lot from watching guys like Linx."

Interesting, as the guiding force behind LOTW was publicly rude to Linx at a Christmas dinner last year which came not a 1000 years after Sketch and Dave opted for Chrysalis. But that's neither here nor there.

"AFTER LISTENING to this interesting life behind the painted smile, asking, What about Spandau? becomes sort of irrelevant. But I did.

Kenny palmed it off with, "We did the horns for them."

It's a happy, freewheeling relationship between the two bands that could well produce some good dance tunes, so I left it. In fact, I left the building and stood in the bookie's thinking how much better it could have been if both LOTW and my horses had been handled properly and allowed to follow their noses.

Beggar will be alright though, of that I'm sure which is a lot more than I can say for my win double!

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27	Liverpool Warehouse	3	Bristol Uni.	15	Manchester Poly
28	Aberystwyth Uni.	6	Tiffany's Bath	16	Oxford Poly
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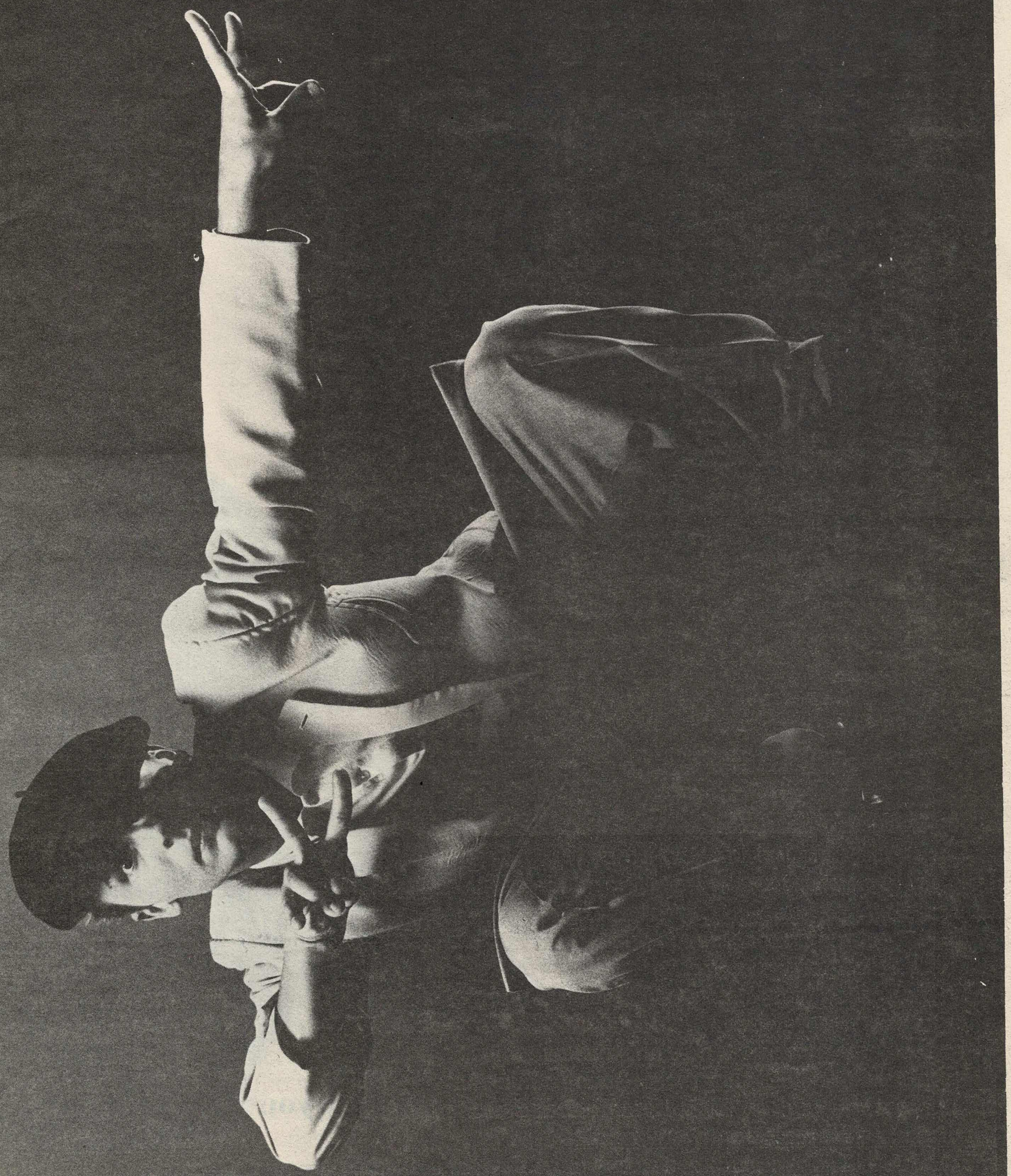

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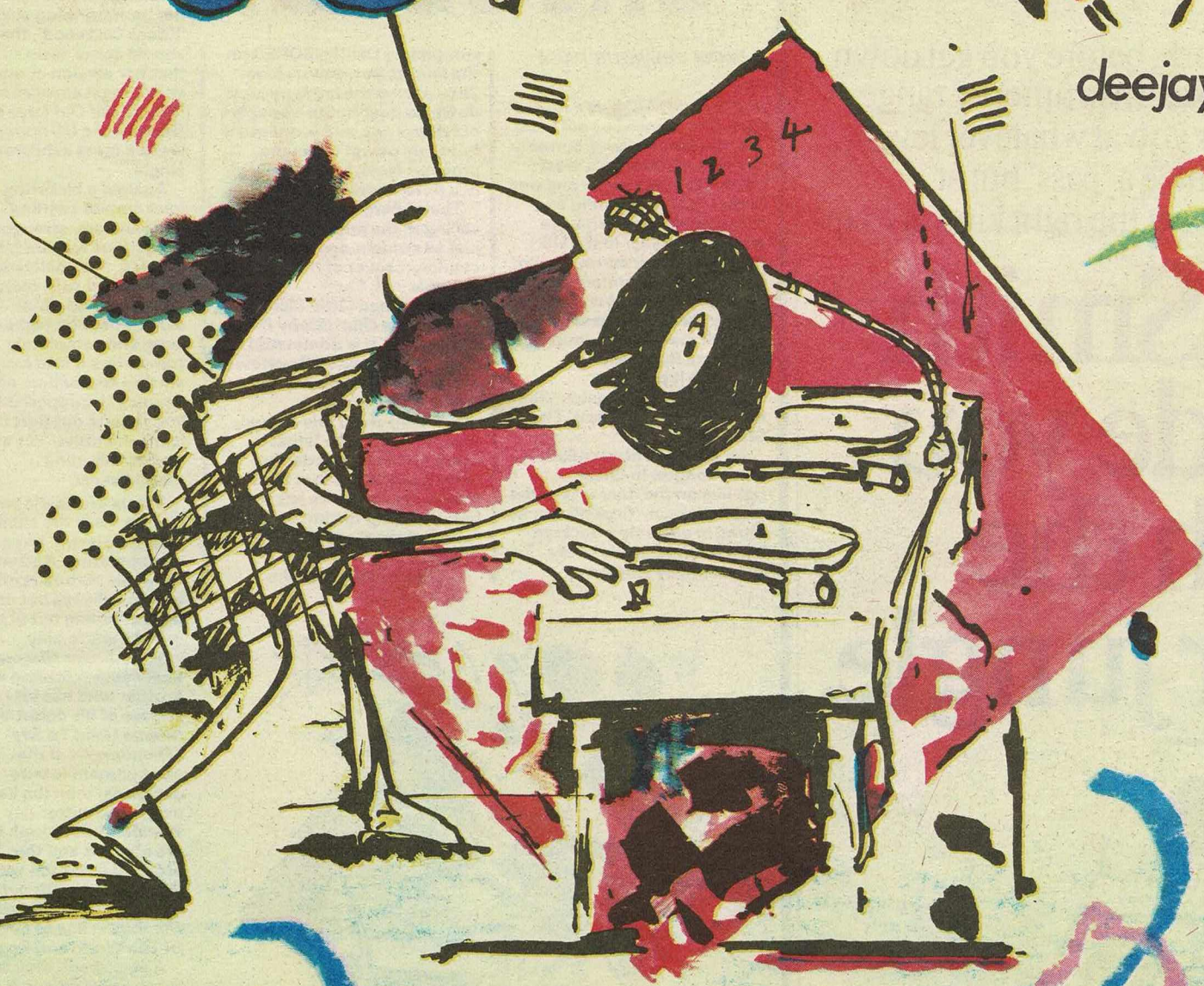

Another Sunday night. Another set of singles. Another typical weak. Another cache of contemporary classics!

In some ways we've never had it so good. Never had it so fast and frisky, so diverse and diverting as we have it today. Not in the past five years anyhow . . . not since the initial excitement of punk fizzled and faded away has the pop motion been as captivating and colourful as it is here and now.

It's obvious!! The year is not even over yet, but already 1981 looks certain to go down as a watershed on a par with 1976: the past 12 months have witnessed a revolution in music and style every bit as vital as the chaotic musical chairs of early punk.

But whereas punk was tagged and tamed with almost contemptuous ease — its original purity tainted by too many leather-jacketed rock 'n' roll leeches, lags and lepers — the upheavals of the past year have been harder to pin down. The changes have been more subtle — some of the sleepers up here haven't even noticed anything yet! — and all the better for it.

If Spandau and Ze are the two most obvious musical mastheads of this leap forward into '80s soul and style, then they are also just the tip of an enormous iceberg: from Darnell and Defunkt on the turntables of the country's leading clubs to Depeche Mode and the new Dexys on *Top Of The Pops*, good old, grey old, mouldy old rock 'n' roll has never taken such a battering!

This year's finest singles are best heard in the clubs. Most of the better records of the past few months have been aimed squarely at the heart of the dance — at a generation with their backs to the wall but their feet out on the floor; a generation who look like leaving those rotting old rock leaves in the grubby gutter where they belong.

And, when the best that rock music has to offer is phoney progression, pointless gothic punk, patronising oi and pap-psychedelia, well, who can really blame them?

AT THE moment, masterful new dance records are cropping up just about every week, sometimes in the most unlikely places. This week, most of them happen to be American, although this is not always the case: the next fortnight sees the release of the first singles from Sheffield's ABC ('Tears Are Not Enough') and Kent's Haircut One Hundred ('Favourite Shirts') while the debuts of such vital new talents as Blue Rondo and Stimulin are certain to follow before the end of autumn. If current live form is anything to go by, all four debuts are guaranteed to be intelligent and innovative records that never lose sight of their basic dance floor objectives. I can hardly wait!

The last of the summer singles wine, however, is American. And some of it is well worth savouring. For starters, one could do a lot worse than waking up to get down to . . .

. . . *Tom Tom Club*, the surly Talking Heads offshoot piloted by bassist Tina Weymouth and drummer Chris Frantz. Their gorgeously whimsical *'Genius Of Love' (Island)* takes up from where the bewitching 'Wordy Rappinghood' hit left off. A thoroughly modern mixture of Weymouth's fragile, lovelorn vocals and some wispy synth treatments, 'Genius' is clever without ever being over-intellectual, giving TTC a distinct edge over that other Heads splinter group, the Byrne–Eno faction. And any record which namechecks the likes of Blow, Bootsy, Bohannon and Brown has got to be worth investigating . . .

. . . . as is any record bearing the production fingerprint of *August Darnell* (well, let's forget about Funkapolitan for now), the Manhattan soul genius with more plugs this year than the London Electricity Board. This week's mention comes on account of the 12-inch-only release of a discomixed *'Going Places' (Ze / Island)*. The opening track of Darnell's truly timeless rap musical 'Fresh Fruit', the song has been lengthened by the addition of an extended horn interlude in the hope of picking up the vital disco plays that could help push the current Creole seven-inch — with 'Latin Music' as the '-side — to the tip of the Top Thirty . . .

. . . already on the cusp of

□ *OVERPAGE*

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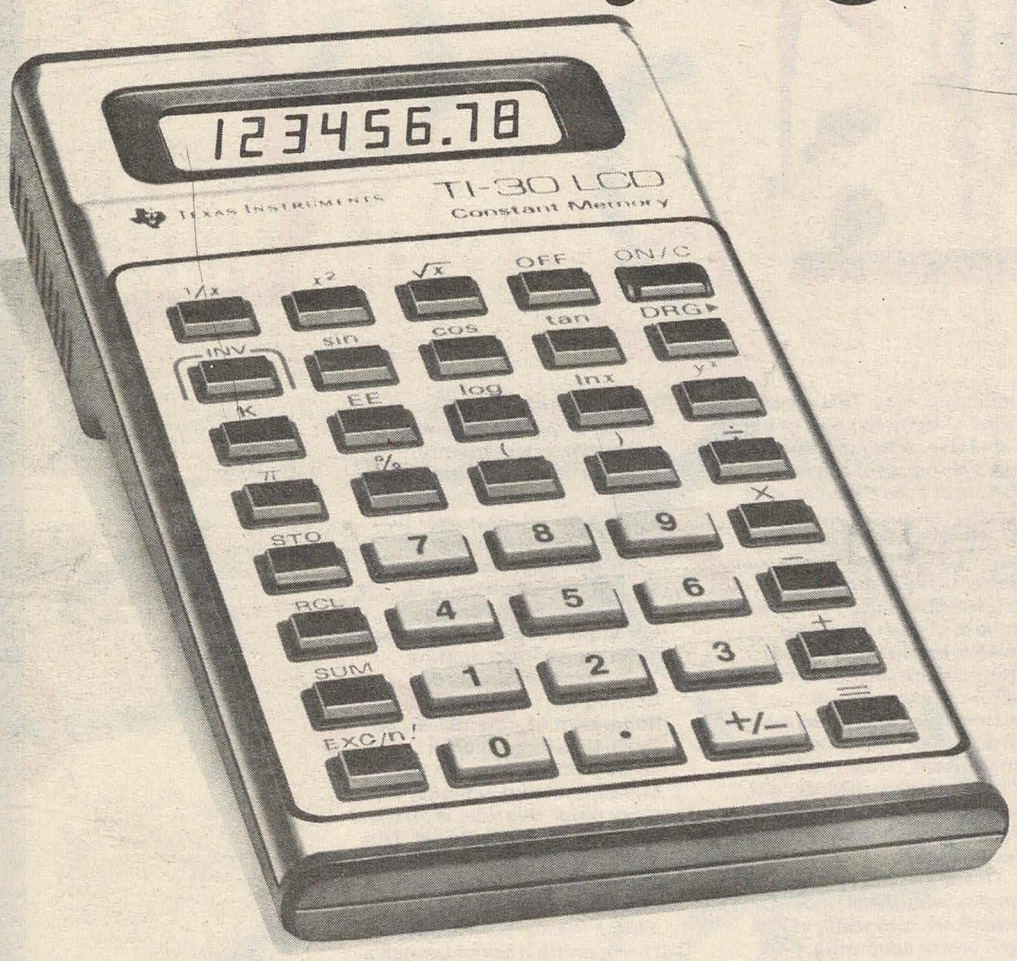

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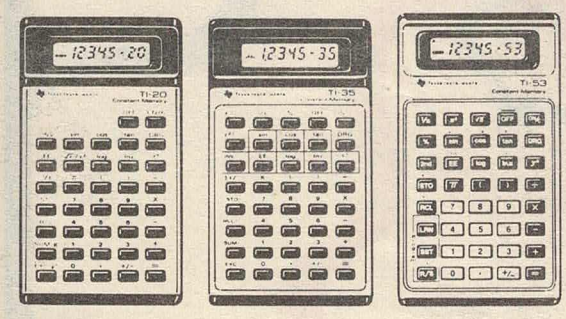

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SINGLES

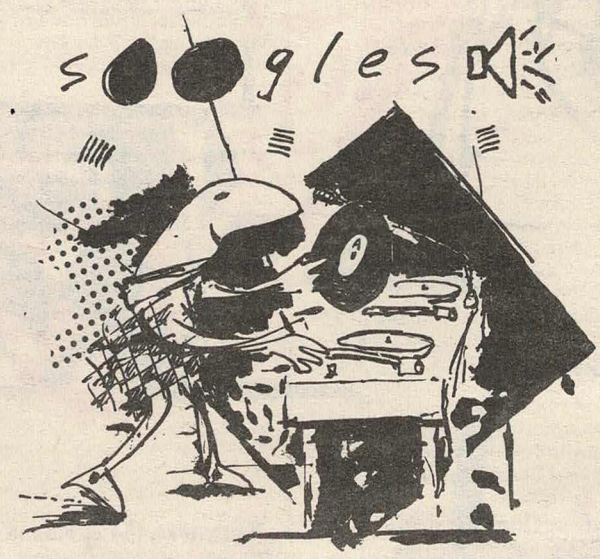
☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

that chart, though, is a record from San Francisco soul band *The Boystown Gang,* current darlings of America's west coast gay community and one of the most interesting and provocative new names to emerge this year in the US funk field. Their current minor hit *'Ain't No Mountain High Enough / Remember Me' (Moby Dick)* is a pleasant enough medley of a couple of old Diana Ross relics, although it pales to insignificance alongside their magnum opus 'Cruisin' The Streets'.

An utterly crazed collation of, er, tongue-in-cheek rap-libs on the finer arts of the street pick-up, 'Crusin'' can be found in severely truncated form on the flipside of the chart medley single or completely UNCENSORED on the import Boystown album. They played the latter version down Le Beat Route a couple of Fridays ago and produced a full-scale power cut in the process! Now, is that the sign of a potent record or what?

Their follow-up, already selling in the import shops, is just as strident and brassy. A confident cover of the ten-year-old, Sly Stone-penned Little Sister hit *'You're The One' (Moby Dick US import),* it is dominated by the typically muted Boystown horns, a punchy piano, some wonderfully concise drumming and a fine-voiced female singer. The latest word on the transAtlantic wire, however, is that the chanteuse has since left the band, leaving the immediate future of the Gang in some doubt . . .

. . . if you ever saw the breathtakingly glamorous *Top Of The Pops* appearance that *Amii Stewart* put in for her barnstorming cover of 'Knock On Wood', then it should come as no surprise that her version of one of this year's most covered songs *'Where Did Our Love Go' (Handshake US import)* is this week's most exhilerating single.

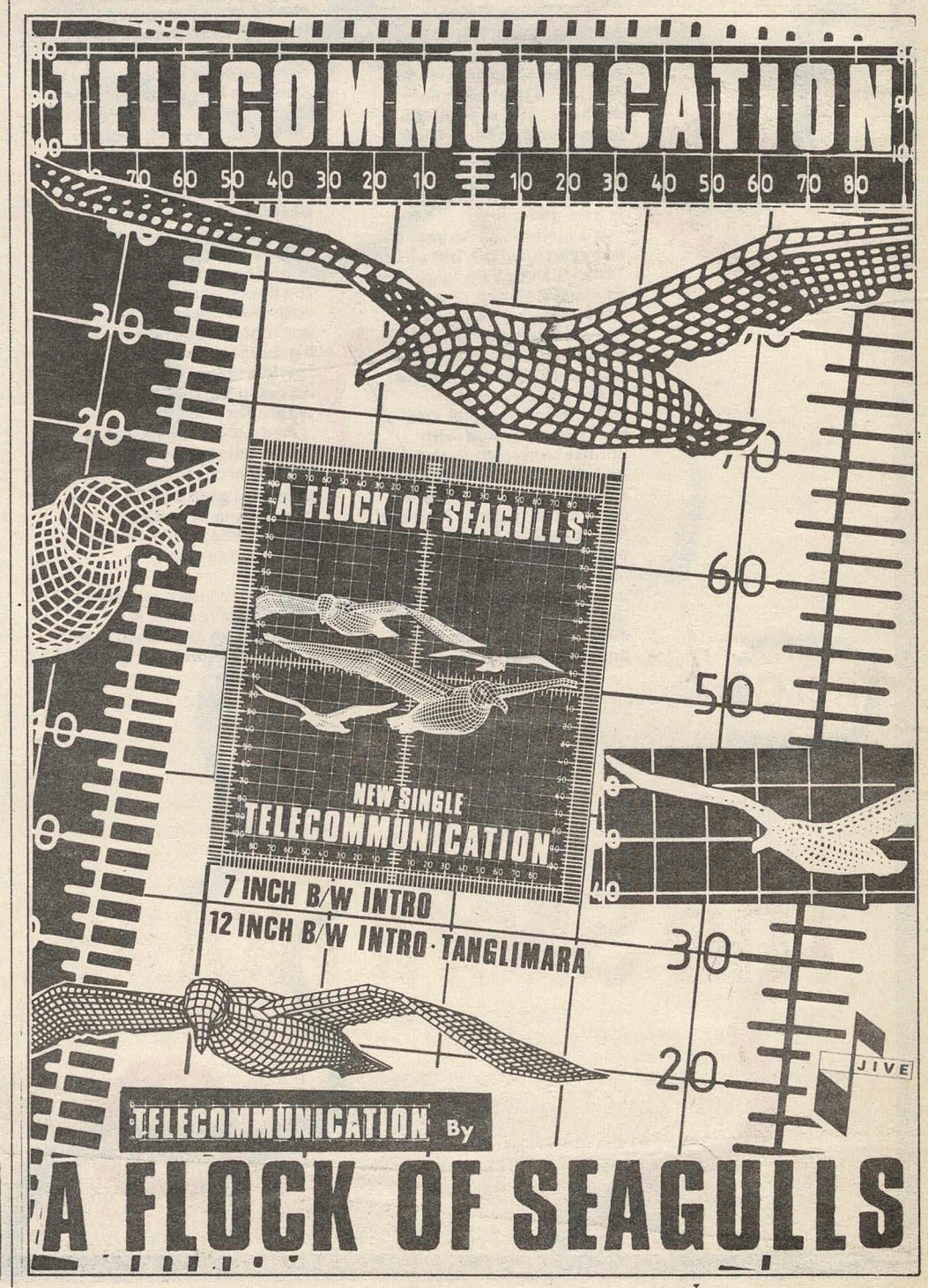


Against a bickering backdrop of swirling synthesisers, arranged by the ubiquitous Narada Michael Walden, Amii delivers a clipped and curt, marvellously accomplished vocal exhibition. She takes a sad song and completely transforms it into a proud and stirring accusation, always keeping the upperhand. Eat your hearts out Soft Cell, *this* is the definitive '80s cover of a classic '60s song . . . magnificent!

Stevie Wonder's two singles since the sublime 'Master Blaster' have been disappointing. And when a cat of his stature is off-colour, you can always bet on some mice crawling out of the woodwork to play.

Take *Junior Giscombe,* a beefy young Brixton soul brother who has just seen the release of his debut single *'Mama Used To Say' (Phonogram).* If the arrangement is pure Jacksons, then the vocal is even purer latter-day Stevie Wonder. But though his debts are obvious and the production far too cluttered, the promise of Junior's songwriting shines through. File next in line to Linx, Light Of The World and Beggar.

Also a shade Wonder-struck are the mysterious *B,B&Q Band* — that's Brooklyn, Bronx and Queens — whose superbly soulful *'I'll Cut You Loose' (Capitol)* is a soft-focus blend of New York Latin,



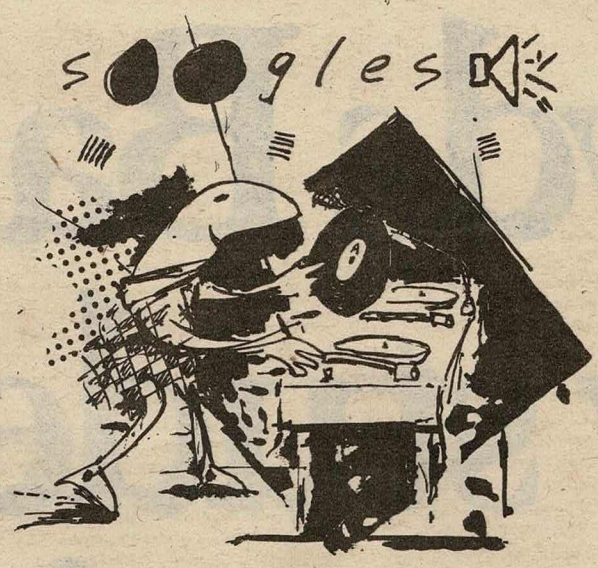
reggae and funk, not ten million light years away from 'Master Blaster' itself . . .

. . . though many of them have degenerated into pap-parodies of their former selves with about as much urgency as Greenwood's England on the attack, the New York rappers can still come up with the occasional gem, usually on one of the two only reliable rap labels, Sylvia Robinson's Sugarhill and Bobby Robinson's Enjoy.

The Disco Four's staccato *'Do It, Do It' (Enjoy US import)* is a mild disappointment after the wit of their 'Move To The Groove' discomix — an *NME* single of the week back in April — but it is still livelier than most current rap. Fiery and furious, it has enough rap-lunacy and spontaneity to make even the listless bass and drum backing track seem dynamic.

The Mean Machine, on the other hand, have a superb backcloth for their *'Disco Dream' (Sugarhill US import).* Against a drastically re-vamped bassline of Grace's 'Pull Up To The Bumper', they slip from English to Spanish and back again for their mischievous mouthings on everything from punk and funk to sex and love: *"Love thyself and love thy brother/We're all God's children no matter what colour/Forget about drugs and don't be dumb/Come on everybody, let's have some fun!"* Yeah!

Three records stand out from this week's customary clump of re-issues: a great four-track EP from *Buddy Holly (MCA)* featuring *'True Love Ways', 'It Doesn't Matter', 'Raining In My Heart'* and *'Moondreams'; The Dead Kennedys' 'Holiday In Cambodia' (Cherry Red)* — great concept, shame about the single — and *Bunny Wailer's 'Riding'*



(Solomonic/Rough Trade). The latter, out earlier this year as a 12-inch Jamaican import, is undoubtedly one of the reggae standards of the summer, fully deserving the wider availability it is now getting courtesy of Rough Trade. A lilting, melancholy song, it is not as sprightly as some of the stuff on the elusive Bunny's Island LP 'Sings The Wailers', harking back instead to his darker 'Blackheart Man' days . . .

. . . one of this year's most worthwhile album re-releases was 'Heart Of The Congos' (Go-Feet), a re-issue which has prompted the erstwhile Congos leader *Cedric Myton* back into action. His new single *'Can't Take It Away' (Go-Feet)* maintains the link with Handsworth rockers The Beat, but enlists the support of Special *aides de camp* Rico and Dick Cuthell for an inventive stepper, not dissimilar from some of the recent Black Uhuru waxings . . .

. . . although I'd rather not even mention it, I feel duty-bound to report that there is a new *Police* single out this week. Sting and his clumsy cohorts — even at their poppiest — have always been a blind spot with me and there's absolutely nothing in the dirge-like *'Invisible Sun' (A&M)* to change that. A synth-ridden protest against government oppression and wickedness, it has none of the deftness or the inherent humanity of, say, UB40's 'One In Ten' . . .

. . and so to where we came in. Club records. Two more exceedingly danceable singles of recent weeks — *MSO*'s strident salsa of *'Columbia' (Mainstreet)* and *Arte Noir*'s heavily percussive tribal rant *'African Connection' (EMI)* — have been distantly written off in these very pages during recent weeks in the sort of reviews that wouldn't know a dance step if it poked them in the crotch. Consider them hereby recommended. Don't bother buying the things though. Just move to the groove — we don't need that elder-statesmen groove thang!

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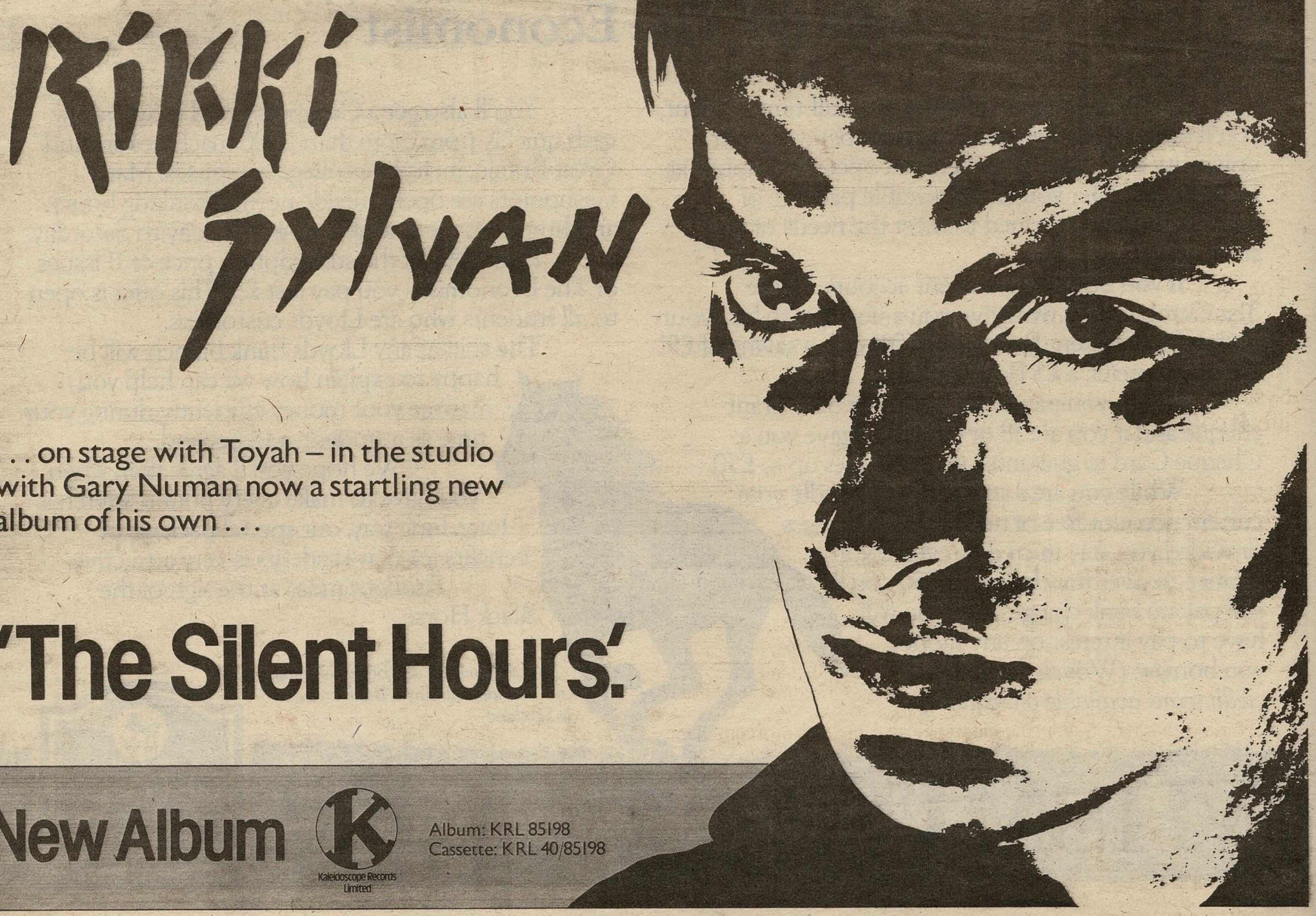
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Platinum LOGIC

THE final extract from TONY PARSON'S new novel, published by Pan Books

Felix is an MOM Records employee — a plugger. His destination is the radio station and the goal, to push Deuce Berner's new single onto the playlist. He will do almost anything to achieve this . . .

IN the parking lot under the offices of MOM Records, Felix finished loading the cardboard boxes of brand new records onto the passenger seat of his car. He slammed the door shut and slipped into the drivers seat. He pulled out his comb and started to fix his hair in the rear view mirror.

"Excuse me," someone said, tapping on the window.

Felix peered through his shades at a dark haired young man in a suit and tie. Felix had never seen him at MOM before and he didn't look like the parking lot attendant. Felix snapped on the door lock. "What's on your mind, pal?"

"Are you Felix?"

"It depends — who are you?"

"My name's Ben Chasen. I start work here today. They told me to come along with you while you do the rounds."

Felix relaxed. "Okay, jump in," he said, throwing open the door. "Dump that junk in the back there." They took off. Felix eyed his companion.

"Ben Chasen, huh? Any relation to the old man?"

"He's my father."

Felix chuckled. "Then what you doing down here in the front line? Ain't there an empty seat on the board for junior?"

Ben laughed easily. "It's not a permanent number."

"Nothing is in this game, pal."

"But that don't mean I don't want to do it good."

"Stick with me, kid," Felix said, cutting up a yellow cab. "Best promo man in the business. Two years I been doing it." he nodded at the cardboard boxes. "Selling that crap to the radio stations and the clubs and the stores. Racking up the hits." he smirked. "The acts think their talent gets 'em success, the label thinks it's their marketing but I know what it is. It's me . . ."

Ben grinned at him.

"I'm special," Felix said, slamming on the brakes. He switched off the ignition and reached into the back for the cardboard boxes. "And I'm not planning to make a career of this, either."

In the foyer of the radio station harassed-looking men and women stood around a large notice board, chain-smoking or sweating or whining or, very rarely, laughing and grinning like idiots.

"Who are they?" Ben asked Felix.

"Pluggers."

"What are they doing?"

"Waiting at the wailing wall. Up on that notice board the station pins its Featured Fifty playlist for the next week." Felix loped up to the girl on the reception desk. "Mel Williams in?"

She nodded. "But he's not seeing anybody."

"That's okay. I'm not just anybody." Felix started for the lift, Ben following him, still looking over at the promo people at the notice board.

"Why are they in such a mess?"

Felix hit the elevator button. "Why do you think, pal?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Then I'll fill you in — when you're a plugger your job is getting your label's product on the air. If the product don't get airplay it don't sell. And if enough of your product don't get airplay, you're gonna be looking for new employment."

"But there was so many of them."

"Sure. There's thousands of new records released every week, and every one of 'em has got pluggers trying to get 'em airplay. But the playlists are tight — most stations only got about twenty to thirty records on their playlist, and they only add maybe half-a-dozen every week." The elevator arrived and Felix smiled as they stepped into it. "So most pluggers are not happy people and, consequently, are not pluggers for very long."

They were whisked up to the twenty-fifth floor. There was another girl behind another desk waiting for them. Felix cackled. "Secretaries and security guards. This is a town of gatekeepers, pal." He rested his cardboard boxes on the girl's desk. "Mel Williams wants to see me." The girl checked her clipboard. "What's your name and what time is your appointment?"

Felix had already picked up his heavy load and was halfway down the corridor. Ben tried to keep up with him. "It's okay," Felix shouted to the girl. "I know the way." Music was coming from behind a door at the end of the corridor. It came in bursts — a song began to play, went on for just a few seconds, came to an abrupt halt and was replaced by another one. "I'll go where your music takes me," muttered Felix, struggling to open the door with his hands full. Ben came to his aid and they went inside.

There were two men in the room. One of them was a faded blonde who had had his gluteus maximus length hair cut off a year ago but who had yet to get the hang of blow-drying it. He wore a suit and a shirt but the suit was flared and the shirt was open-necked and wide-collared. The other man dressed his large limbs in pre-faded denim and a Donna Summer promotional T-shirt. There was more hair on his chin than on his head but he spent sixty minutes every morning in front of his bathroom mirror combing a denial. He was Mel Williams, a programming director. The faded blonde was Leo Sole, a D.J. Sole was sitting by a stereo system, reading the label aloud from every record he picked from the large vinyl heap at his feet before sticking it on the desk until his boss Williams grunted, indicating he had heard enough, which usually took ten seconds at the outside.

Both the programming director and the D.J. looked up at Felix as he entered the room with Ben, who they chose to ignore. "Who let you in, asshole?" Williams greeted Felix warmly.

'Mel, have I got some new spins for you, old pal!"

"No, asshole, you haven't."

Leo Sole stared at everyone dolefully.

Felix carried his cardboard boxes over to Williams' desk. He tried to put them down but there wasn't enough room, what with the piles of records already covering it. He held the boxes against his abdomen with one hand and used the other hand to sweep a clear space on the desk. Records bounced off the shag carpet, but Felix found somewhere to park his boxes.

"Watch what you're doing, asshole," Williams said.

"Oh, Mel!" Felix said, selecting a record from a box. "Are you going to love this!"

"No I'm not, asshole. Why can't you make phone calls that I don't return and never get past my secretary like everyone else? It'd save you an awful of lot of heartache, asshole, it really would."

"Mel, you know I wouldn't bother you if you didn't HAVE to hear this stuff. Listen to this, Mel, this has been getting a lot of tonnage everywhere." Felix put a record on the stereo and dropped the stylus as delicately as if he was washing a newborn baby.

"Da-da-da-da-dum-dum," he sang along. "What do you think, Mel? Huh, Mel?"

"It stinks, asshole."

"Maybe you're right, Mel, maybe you're right. Yeah, you are."

"Look at all these records, asshole. You see all these records?

"Yes, Mel, I see them. Indeed, Mel."

"They come up here in batches of a hundred, asshole, and we've got a backlog of *seven* hundred."

The door opened and a messenger came in carrying a huge brown envelope. He deposited them on the floor and walked out again.

"You see, asshole? Now I got a backlog of *eight* hundred and yet you still think I'm just a guy who can't say no."

"How about this one, Mel?" Felix dashed across to his cardboard boxes, grabbed a handful of records and rushed back to the stereo. "Excuse me, Leo. What do you think, Mel? No, Mel? How about this one? Been getting an *awful* lot of tonnage out on the West Coast."

Williams consulted a chart in the latest edition of *Record World*. "You're lying as usual, asshole. It ain't been getting any tonnage at all."

"What's tonnage?" Ben asked Felix.

"Heavy airplay. Who's he?" Williams asked Felix, pointing at Ben.

"Ben Chasen. Nathan Chasen's son. Ben, this is Mel Williams. Mel, this is —"

"Do you know what your father once called me?" Williams asked Ben accusingly.

"No," said Ben.

"Mel, you can't trust the *Record World* chart, Mel, it's out of date."

"It's the latest chart, asshole."

"Yes, Mel, but the tonnage has been very recent."

Williams picked up a computer print out and studied it. "Asshole. Our own researchers say that record ain't been getting no tonnage either."

"But Mel, you know what a bunch of worry-warts those researchers are, Mel, with all their computer analysis and market research and opinion polls and all, Mel, don't you, huh?"

"You're right, asshole," Williams said, tossing the print-out to one side.

"Yeah! That's the spirit, Mel!"

"But the record still sucks, asshole."

"Mel, it does suck, I can see it now. How about this one, Mel? It's a sleeper, gonna be showing in next week's chart for sure, probably with a bullet, I shouldn't wonder."

"No, asshole, no."

Felix ripped the needle off the record. "What about this one, Mel? It's a turntable hit. D.J.'s all over the country are playing it. Mel?"

"What do D.Js know? They're all assholes."

"Got any good T-shirts?" Leo Sole asked Felix.

"Sure! Sure!" Felix rummaged around in his cardboard boxes for some promotional T-shirts. He started throwing them to Sole.

"Hey asshole, you got one of the new Deuce Berner album in a very large size?"

"Of course, Mel, here you are, Mel, have a couple. Here, have all of them, Mel."

"I don't want all of them, asshole."

"Of course not, Mel, please let me pick them up for you."

"Thank you, asshole. Look, just leave the records and get out, okay? We've got work to do, haven't we, Leo?"

"Absolutely, Mel."

"You *have* to listen to one more I've got for you, Mel!"

"Out, asshole."

"Look at all these records I've got to listen to, asshole. Look."

"Garbage, Mel, all garbage." Felix grabbed a handful of non-MOM product and threw it out of the window. "Garbage, Mel."

"We're on the twenty-fifth floor, asshole. If that stuff hits somebody on the street, it'll kill them. Get out now, or I'll get security and you'll be going the same way as that other garbage."

"Mel, Mel, the new Deuce Berner single, Mel!" Felix waved the record above his head maniacally.

"Leave it with me, asshole, and I'll give it a listen."

□ OVERPAGE

Illustrations: Jill Mumford

Platinum LOGIC

Jailbait — four sex dreams — are MOM Records' latest property. Their new album is released and their manager organises a "promo" party, with a raffle prize to fulfil fantasies . . .

□ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Now, Mel! NOW!" Felix put the single in his mouth and got down on all fours, barking and panting, nodding his head and rolling his eyes and shaking an imaginery tail. He rolled on his back waving his arms and legs, only playing dead when Mel Williams agreed to listen to the record immediately.

"I said *now*, not in five seconds time, asshole."

Felix jumped up and raced over to the stereo. As the record played, Williams pursed his lips and grimaced disdainfully. "Asshole," he said, when the record ended and Felix continued to gaze at him at expectantly as he had when the record was playing. "I like it."

Felix literally jumped for joy, clapping his hands and roaring triumphantly before falling to his knees and kissing Williams shoes as the programming director told Leo Sole to put the new Berner 45 on the playlist. "Asshole, you are slobbering all over my new suede shoes."

"I'm sorry, Mel, I'm sorry. Here, let me wipe them for you."

"Just leave, asshole."

"I'm on my way, Mel. But before I go, allow me to give you *this*." Felix handed him a small polythene bag full of white powder,

Williams smiled. "Thank you very much," he said. "Asshole."

Felix and Ben didn't speak until they were descending in the elevator.

"All those records," Ben said.

"Yeah."

"How do all those companies stay in business?"

"Plenty of them don't, pal," Felix said. "Even though plenty of them — the ones who got any sense at all — just do a real minimum pressing of about fifty records of each piece of product and if it don't make the playlists of a sufficient number of stations then the record company will delete that piece of product right away, drop it from the catalogue, cut their losses and forget all about it. Only one out of every ten records released makes any money anyhow. Most of 'em are losers."

"I guess that was cocaine you gave him, huh?"

Felix shook his head. "No, it wasn't cocaine." He took out his comb and slicked back his hair. When he had finished he ran his fingers over the teeth of the comb, holding it up for Ben to see the white powder that came away.

"*Dandruff?*" Ben said. "You gave him dandruff and let him think it was cocaine?"

Felix nodded. "I hope it gives him brain rot. The asshole."

What a swell party it was.

Up in the hospitality room on the top floor of the MOM Records building one wall was completely obliterated by a massive blow-up of the cover of the new album, "Jailbait — Behind Bars!" The cover depicted the five members of Jailbait locked in a prison cell wearing their stage costumes, suitably ripped and torn, especially Candy's cheerleader outfit.

Their wrists and ankles were handcuffed to the bars of their prison cell and they stared — moist mouths open and aghast, eyes wide with pupils dilated in a mixture of anticipation and apprehension, their bare flesh quivering with fear and excitement — they stared out from behind the bars into the face of their jailer, a mysterious figure who was out of the picture except for his long, dark shadow and the silhouette of his set of keys which fell threateningly across the wall of the prison cell behind his captured prey. The party goers — press, photographers, record label personnel, hangers-on and sundry other freeloaders — gazed at the blow-up when they entered the room but soon had their attentions diverted.

Scattered around the room were the members of Jailbait themselves, each of them dressed in exactly the same violated scanty *couture* they had worn for the album cover session, each of them sitting at a table with their wrists and ankles handcuffed to the hardbacked chairs they were sitting on.

Felix smiled happily as he directed the most important guests present to their privileged places at these particular tables.

"A classic example of life imitating the MOM Records Art & Design department," he giggled.

"I would have thought that their music would have been more than sufficient for them to get by on," Suki said. "But I guess MOM knows best."

"Every time," Abbas smiled.

Through the huge quadrophonic speakers mounted high up near the ceiling in the four corners of the room, the album was played over and over again at top volume.

The guests milled around aimlessly.

They downed as much of the buckshee booze on offer at the bar that they could consume without throwing up and sometimes more. They sampled the selection of sweet, creamy cakes provided by the two jolly hippy girl bakers and caterers who ran the Patisserie Erotica in the Village. Their motto was — if you can dream it, we can bake it. The cakes were sculptured in the shape of long, shapely legs respendent in black fishnet stockings, high heels and scarlet garter with a few inches of smooth pinkness visible above the stocking top, or else baked in the shape of mammoth buxom sweetmeat breasts with a pair of ripe cherries on top. It was all subtle stuff.

The guests gawped at Jailbait and commented on how they didn't look like their photographs (who does?). But, as their star was still in the ascendant and their signatures on the recording contract were still wet, it was very much an Emperor's New Act situation where the guests talk of *doing favours* concentrated without fail on the good points of the girls' physical appearance, ignoring Brooke's dumpy figure, Wanda's flat chest and Lola's hammy grossness.

In many ways it was just another music business party — guests gossiped, threw fits, drink and food at each other, got in fights, got thrown out, had their drugs and their photograph taken, talked to people with their eyes constantly flicking away to check if there was anyone else more important around who they could be conversing with.

But, most of all, the guests blithely and unanimously ignored the purpose of the party, the loud music being played at them over the huge black speakers aiming at their heads from the ceiling, the new album "Jailbait — Behind Bars!" on MOM Records.

They were much more concerned about what they could shovel or guzzle into their stomachs, who they could snub or suck up to in the status games being played vigorously all over the room and ogling the stars of the show, working out how they could get into their beds or conversations.

Suki watched the members of the band as they reacted differently to the vortex of noisy, bacchanalian festivity whirling all around them . . .

Ricki was too tranked out to be affected by anything outside of the lethargic stodginess slopping around her brain. The only expression other than total blankness that she managed was when someone shouted something flush in her face and then laughed raucously. On these occasions Ricki would nod and smile wanly, no matter what verbal offal they were waffling, it was all the same to Ricki . . .

"She's okay," Felix assured everyone as he slipped her another valium or two, "she's just having one of her dizzy spells."

Wanda was pensive, more calm and self-possessed than Suki would have thought possible under the circumstances, patiently leaning her head back as Felix tipped a fortifying brew down her throat, answering dumb questions with intelligence, slapping back the wandering paws with a withering look, riding it out. She looked as though she was doing something she thought was wrong, but she was willing to go through with it if it would help her career, even if she was glad that her parents couldn't see her now . . . Brooke and Lola were surly, sullen, reeking with potential violence, thinking all this was beneath serious musicians . . .

"No, I'm telling you," Felix told them, "Yehudi Menuhin does this sort of thing all the time."

"Those old kraut disco producers will do anything to move a few units," Brooke grumbled.

Eventually Lola had honked up enough cocaine to be beyond such trifles as dignity and was laughing like a foghorn, playing her role as a burlesque queen in bondage, enjoying all the attention and seeing the suckers lap it up, loving every moment.

Candy smouldered, crossing and uncrossing her legs a lot, dipping her cleavage and moving her mouth like a pouting goldfish, lips parted with interminable promise. Felix had pointed out good people for her to smoulder at and she obliged enthusiastically, a paragon of heavy-lidded conscientiousness, ignoring the sad, green-eyed anger of Brooke as if it didn't exist.

"You save a fortune on your marketing budget with a band like this," Abbas said. "You don't need to hire models to pose for the ad campaign or the album cover, you don't have to hire sexy girls in slit skirts to take the product round the music press or suck on the tongues of the programming directors . . . you save a fortune . . . the band can do it all themselves."

"Have you picked out the winner of the raffle yet?" Felix said.

"Not yet," Abbas said.

"What raffle?" Suki said.

"You'll see," Abbas said.

Felix finished his tequila sunrise, combed his hair and clambered on top of a table. He held his right hand above his head and brought it down with a theatrical sweep, as if

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holding a starting flag. It was worthy of Cecil B. De Mille working on a low budget — as one, the members of Jailbait broke their chains and jumped to their feet. Everyone gasped. Jailbait ran for the stage, unfettered, free.

"Wafer-thin tin alloy," Abbas explained. "Got them from a costume hire store on Broadway."

"What's this raffle?" Suki said.

He ignored her.

Jailbait were slipping into their instruments and poses. Something was missing. They hadn't cast off their chains as one. Not quite. Ricki was still sitting down, still handcuffed to her chair. She had missed the signal. If Felix hadn't gone over and had a quiet word in her ear, she would probably still be sitting there today.

She made her way apologetically up on stage, strapped on her guitar and they tore into "Y.W.C.A", "The Boys In The Back Room", "Starlet Motel" and "Stiletto Love", all tracks from the new album, all of them mimed, very badly. Nobody noticed. Or if they did, they didn't care. Jailbait were leered and cheered at and when it was over they went to get something to eat.

The food they were allowed to eat was waiting for them on silver platters. Lollipops and bananas. This was the only kind of food Felix had given the band permission to eat at the party.

"Lollipops and bananas," he enthused, "that's the only kind of food that can be eaten in a sexy fashion."

Ricki munched on her banana absent-mindedly. Then she was distracted. She saw something shiny and bright jangling metallically a few inches from her face. Downered out and dozy, she pawed at whatever it was blindly, like a myopic magpie. Felix lightly slapped her on the back of her hand.

"Don't do that, honey," he gently scolded her. "Just go with the nice man."

He was a podgy little ginger man with a red freckled, white skinned forehead that was rapidly annexing his skull and half the back of his neck. He was wearing a leather jacket and he was too old to wear a leather jacket twenty-five years ago.

"Who's he?" Suki said. "And why is he waving his car keys at Ricki?"

"He's something in advertising and the winner of the raffle," Abbas said.

"What did he win?"

"Ricki."

"Isn't it great?" Felix said, literally rubbing his hands together. Ricki followed the bald red man's ring of keys in a tranked-out trance.

"I'm going to stop this," Suki said, going after her.

Abbas grabbed her arm.

"You sign the talent," Abbas said. "How it gets marketed is up to me."

"Does Candy know about this?" Suki said.

"This has got nothing to do with the band's lead vocalist," Abbas said.

"Ricki was selected for the prize because she is . . . she is the most *malleable* member of the band," Felix said.

"Yeah," Suki sneered, "thanks to you and your little black bag, Felix, you bastard. The poor kid doesn't have a clue what's happening to her. Let go of me, Abbas!" she shouted, and shook him off angrily. She turned to Candy. "Do you know what they've done?" she demanded.

Candy gobbled down a mouthful of banana.

"What?" she said.

"They had a raffle. A night with Ricki was first prize."

Candy stared at them hatefully.

"You lousy bastards!" she said.

Suki looked around for Ricki and chrome-dome. They were nowhere to be seen.

"Now, hold on just a second, Candy," Felix said, trying to placate her.

"No, you hold on, Felix," Candy said, "it's about time you learned once and for all that you can't get away with stunts like this!"

"Calm down, Candy, calm down," Felix said soothingly.

"I will not calm down until we've had this out!" she shouted. Suki looked at her proudly.

"You're always plotting behind my back," Candy seethed, "and you're going to wise up to the fact that you can't get away with it!" Felix started to lose his patience with her. "Stop trying to throw your weight around, kid," he said heatedly, "I'm just about sick up to here with you."

"You'd be *nothing* without me!" Candy screamed at him, everyone at the party watching them now. The open palm of his hand cracked hard across the side of her face.

Her white-knuckled fist split his lip open.

Suki tensed herself, ready to pitch in and slug it out if Felix or Abbas tried to hurt Candy again.

But Felix was recoiling, clutching his bloody mouth, cowered with no heart for any more fighting. Suki glared at Abbas. He shook his head, smiling easily.

"Next time — remember!" Candy bawled at Felix. "*I'm* the star of this outfit and if any member of this band is going to be the winner *or* the prize in any kind of competition we're involved in — it's got to be ME!"

Suki stared at her incredulously.

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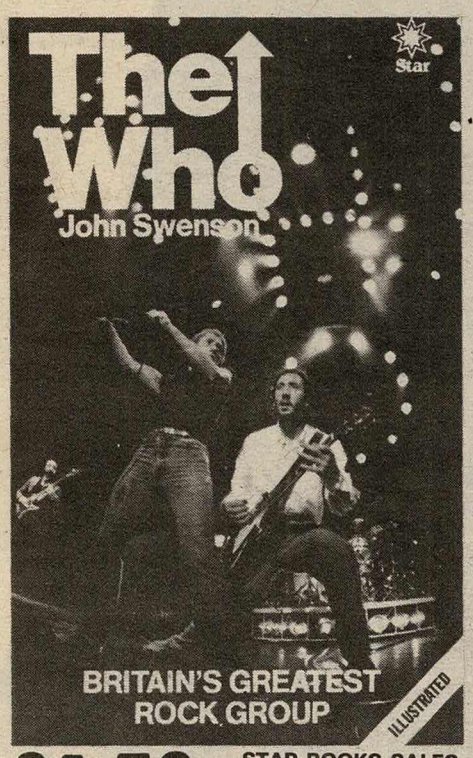

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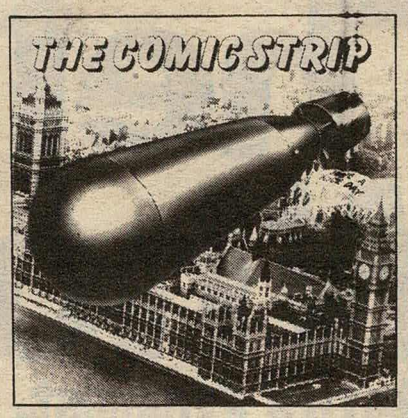

Album: HA HA 6001

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GIMME THE MOONLIGHT...

. . . The Tuxedomoonlight, that is

ANDY GILL shakes the mothballs out of his DJ, straps on his cummerbund, and discusses the finer things in life with Tuxedomoon

BRYN JONES focuses on a few pertinent points

TUXEDOMOON's music has been filtering through to these shores for three or four years now, originally as a series of hard-to-obtain singles and EPs on their own label, and more recently via the Charisma/PRE link-up with San Francisco's Ralph Records, for whom they've made two LPs ('Half-Mute' and 'Desire') and a few 45s.

A peculiar combination of electronic keyboards, violins, saxes, bass, rhythm box and occasional guitar, it covers a wide spectrum of styles and moods, bringing to the (contemporary pulse a range of textures more associated, perhaps, with classical passages, Poppy Nogood's Phantomband and jazz, and the occasional hint or sliver of serious kitsch (witness the widescreen reading of 'Holiday For Strings' which closes 'Desire').

Their name tells a history of Fred and Ginger, Busby Berkeley and B-movie sentiment, but the only constant factor in the music is a pervasive air of mystery and unease, strangely akin to the atmosphere of '40s *film noir*. It's as idiosyncratic a musical vision as exists in this rock-strewn world, a carefully balanced tack between the poles of personal and cultural history. Original, unique and new, but somehow timeless: Tuxedomoon tunes, like Kraftwerk's, seem to have existed forever.

Formed in 1977 when keyboard/saxist Steven Brown and keyboard/violinist Blaine Reininger met whilst studying electronic music at college, they're now the only survivors, besides The Dead Kennedys, of the early punk flourish of San Francisco, a scene with which they had at best an uneasy alliance.

"It was a love/hate relationship," explains Blaine, a big laconic Chicano with a highly-developed sense of irony and a stage presence which combines elements of Nero and a gypsy fiddler. "They wouldn't let us into the secret cloisters of hipness for years, until everyone else disbanded."

Expanded to a quartet by the addition of guitarist/bassist Peter Principle and actor/vocalist/token Chinese-American Winston Tong, Tuxedomoon played everywhere in the city except rock clubs — coffee houses, lofts, parties — until financial necessity forced them into places like the Deaf Club (a bona fide club for the deaf, where drinks had to be ordered in sign language). Later on they added film-maker Bruce Gedulgig, to pursue their interest in what they call "live movies", a mixed-media combination of music, mime and film.

"We try to take advantage of what people are already doing, and just plug it in with whatever we're already doing, so they don't have to follow a bunch of directions that we give," says Peter. "Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't, but when it does it's a lot more rewarding than if everyone's just following your instructions."

The most extended example so far of this working method occurred a while ago, when they were over here to work on an "experimental music and performance" project at Nottingham's Clarendon College, a week's residency which entailed a series of lectures at schools in the area and workshop sessions with local dancers, film-makers, performance artists and musicians (including a 16-year-old church organist and a string quartet of 12-year-olds), culminating in two performances at the end of the week which attempted to tie together the various themes and forms they'd been working with.

An ambitious stream of quests and questions, tensions and tableaux, the event made up in conception and execution for what it lacked in coherency. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't, but it was never less than interesting, and a healthy change from the usual Pavlovian rockshow stimuli.

"We went around the schools every day," explains Peter, "giving a lecture-cum demonstration in which we played some music and talked to the audience and tried to gather people who were interested in working with us on this performance.

"We thought that instead of giving lessons on how to use our equipment and letting everybody come up and just twiddle knobs for four hours, we'd try to do something more constructive, so we tried to synthesize something out of all the local volunteers. It seemed like the best thing to do."

TUXEDOMOON'S next major project is an opera — tentatively scheduled for an October premier in Rome — certain sketches for which were previewed in a section of the Clarendon performance entitled 'Ghost Sonata', involving shadowy muslin-covered figures accompanied by violin, grand piano and bass.

Peter explains, or tries to: "It's to do with the belief that a lot of logical thought-forms are obsolete, that it's time to be a lot more intuitive, because things go so fast past you now that if you think from A to B to C you're missing out on a whole lot of things that are happening in the time it takes you to think like that.

"We have to take lessons from — dare I say it? — computers, the way that they set up different webs of communication between the various proponent chips. And that's what we have to do with our brains, rather than having the eyes and ears separate. They're not separate when you're walking in the street, but they're separate when you're thinking, and that's not a valid way to live any more."

The opera, like all their theatrical work, will probably be non-narrative (i.e. have no story-line) in form, relying instead on an associative use of images.

As Peter says, "Life doesn't conclude, why should art? Nothing makes any *sense* in the long run, it's just *experience*, and how you interpret it."

LIKE ALMOST every group these days, Tuxedomoon are actively involved in video work, a medium which they're far better equipped to deal with than most. Their video of 'Jinx' (a track off 'Desire') is one of the most striking and imaginative "rock" videos I've seen, dealing bravely with themes of obsession, repression and voyeurism and containing a few salty little scenes such as the one showing Blaine brushing his teeth in a foam-filled toilet bowl with toothpaste the colour of blood.

Not surprisingly, the video was deemed unfit for human consumption by the *Old Grey Whistle Test*, whose producer Michael Appleton considered a sequence in which shit is smeared liberally on white walls (and Blaine) a little too, ah, politically sensitive.

The group are surprised at his reaction, though I point out that such scenes are bound to have certain resonances in Britain that they wouldn't have in America. For them, the film has nothing to do with Northern Ireland, and everything to do with political events a little closer to home (theirs, not ours).

"It's funny how the song was written about two political assassinations and we ended up 'smearing shit on cell-block walls'," says Winston. "It was my reaction to what happened in San Francisco when the mayor and supervisor were murdered a few years ago. You probably don't know about it, but to us it was a pretty major event. A liberal mayor and a gay supervisor were clubbed to death by this asshole . . ."

". . . who was a cop and a city councilman," continues Peter. "He got off with 'involuntary manslaughter' because there was too much sugar in his diet. He claimed he ran amuck because he was eating too many Twinkies."

"It became a running joke in San Francisco — everybody wrote 'Eat A Twinkie, Kill A Cop' on the walls."

" 'Special Treatment For The Family Man' (another Tuxedomoon song) is about him too, because the papers carried pictures of him and his wife and kids, and everyone in the neighbourhood loved him, and he'd just killed some queers . . ."

"The city took a turn to the right after that. It was a coup. It was disguised as some random act of a madman, but . . . they immediately sacked the police chief, who refused to take the stick to demonstrators. He was the first to go."

"It got very oppressive. That's why we're here."

The group have relocated in Europe for the time being.

IT'S ALWAYS seemed to me that there are two largely distinct modes of Tuxedomoon music — poignant, evocative instrumentals such as 'Nazca', 'East' and KM', offset by the more up-tempo electronic pop-beat of tracks like 'What Use?' and 'In The Name Of Talent' — roughly corresponding to the divide between Art and the Big Beat (capital As and Bs all round, if you please). Which, I wondered, were they more interested and involved in?

"They're all the same, if you want them to be," asserts Winston.

"Right," agrees Steven, "Rhythm is important, but you don't have to have a big beat to have rhythm. Any good art is going to have rhythm you can sense one way or another. It doesn't have to be a disco beat or a rhythm box . . ."

"The music we've been doing," adds Blaine, "has tended more towards classical — not 'Classical', because that designates a specific historical period — but it's tended towards an academic tradition, major composers rather than rock'n'roll."

"The reason for doing that," Steven explains, "isn't for any esoteric or elitist kind of tendencies, but because to us, *that* is popular. We listen to a really wide spread of music; rock'n'roll is just one element among many."

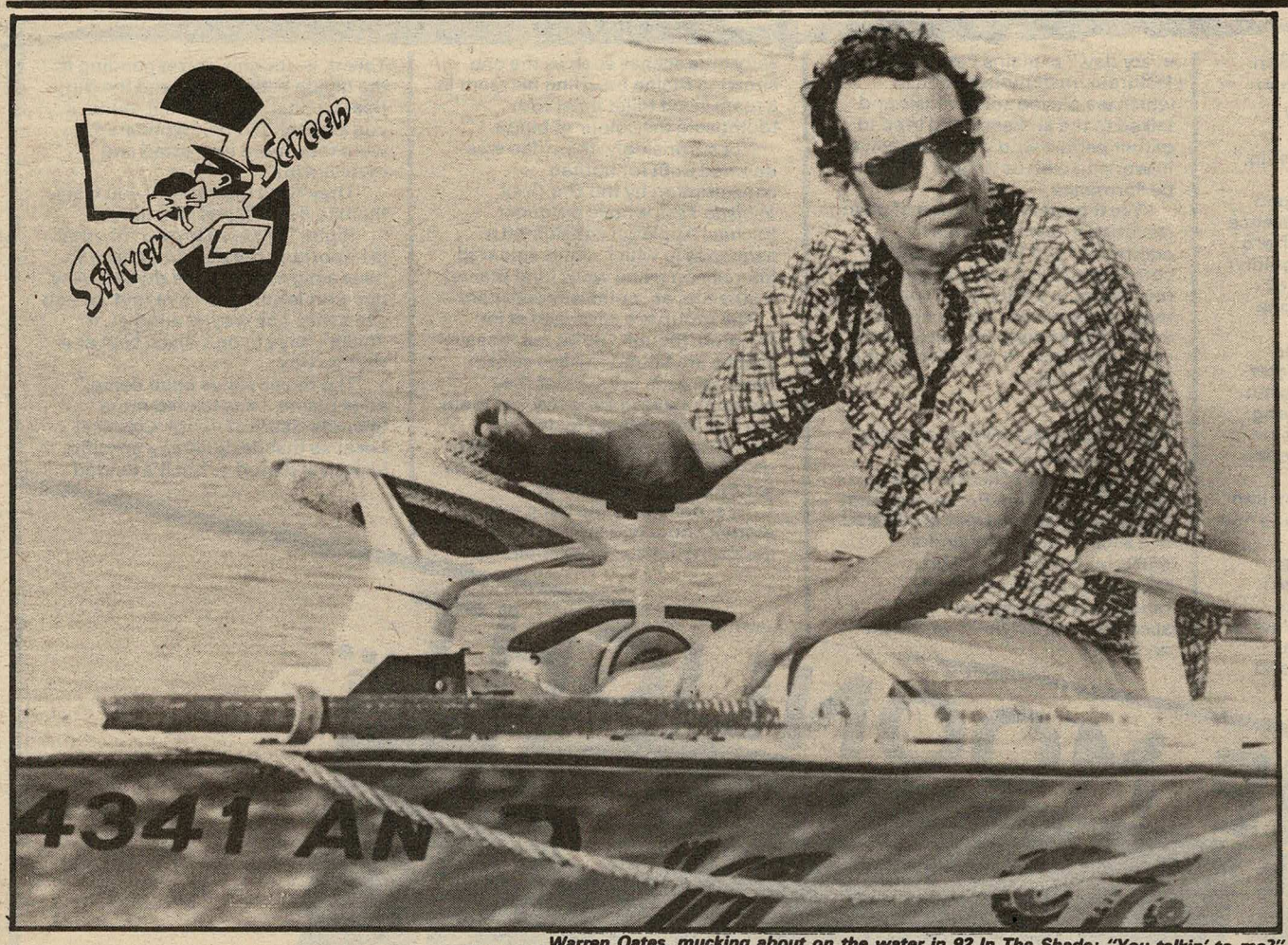
"We just exploit everything at our disposal," Winston sums up. "I like to think of us as renegades ransacking the vaults of art, throwing things in the pot and letting them stew, then feeding them to people. Our only homage to the past is the dirty socks we find by the bed. That reminds us there was a yesterday!"

But isn't there a danger that this approach will alienate more people that it captivates? Surely the effect of any artistic enterprise is largely dependent on the number of people it reaches?

"That brings us back to the Big Beat," says Blaine. "That's the language of a certain number of people. We were playing for these 12-year-old kids, and we went in playing this effete music, and they made no bones about telling us it was a bunch of bullshit — 'Play something we can dance to!'. So we took a break, came back in and played some things that were more in their language.

"It's important: you can't go and play suites and so on to people who're more used to a disco beat. It has no meaning to them — it's like speaking Filipino in a German town."

"That's why it's important to know both languages," adds Bruce. "If you can throw a little Filipino in with your German, people will learn to appreciate both . . ."



Warren Oates, mucking about on the water in 92 In The Shade: "You talkin' to me?"

Mann's gotta do what a man's gotta do...

DIRECTED by Thomas McGuane in 1975 and adapted from his own novel, *92 In The Shade* is a real curio — and good with it. For a start there's McGuane's dialogue (he scripted *Missourri Breaks* and *Rancho DeLuxe*), by turns oblique, literary, funny and demotic — plenty of cursing. Then there's his direction, somewhere between Monte Hellman and . . . the deep blue sea. The film is set on the Florida Keys and concerns the rivalry, and perverse friendship, between Nicol Dance (Warren Oates) and Tom Skelton (Peter Fonda). Both are boating and fishing guides, Oates seedy and embittered, Fonda fresh-faced but hard-headed, born into wealth but determined to go it alone as an entrepreneur. These two are pretty offbeat and eccentric characters but they have nothing on Skelton's hypochondriac 'poet' father or his grandfather (Burgess Meredith playing a tetchy lascivious lawyer — well, Sylvia Miles is his secretary).

The film takes a despairing view of human relationships and below its quirkily grotesque surface there's a lurking violence: doom in the sun, with wisecrackers getting gaffed to the sound of jaunty muzak. The editing and camera work may be haphazard, but McGuane puts the right actors and lines together. He deserves another directorial chance; he, not John Schlesinger, would've been ideal for *Day Of The Locust*. Maybe he could try his own novel *Panama*, also set on the Keys and about a fallen TV star who snorts coke, listens to The Eagles, suffers from cosmic nausea and keeps losing his false teeth . . .

Paul Tickell

(92 In The Shade** receives its British premiere this Saturday, September 19, at London's Scala cinema, Kings Cross, on a double bill with Michael Mann's excellent **Jericho Mile.)

Violent Streets

Directed by Michael Mann
Starring James Caan, Tuesday Weld and Willie Nelson
(United Artists)

YOU MIGHT say that director Michael Mann operates on behalf of tired, middle-aged Hollywood with this excremental blend of violence and sentiment. Mann wrote some early *Starsky and Hutch's*, and he originated the puerile *Vegas* series before clinching *actual* directoral status with his made-for-TV *Jericho Mile*.

This, his first fully fledged feature, was called *Thief* until a couple of days before the previews. The change was just as well. *Thief* is too chic and discordant a title for such a morbidly one-note enterprise.

The goal is vitality — an increasingly scarce Hollywood commodity as America at large continues on its moral drift. Vitality here equals James Caan with a pistol down his pants; James Caan threatening and challenging the world in hack bellicose language; the splattering of blood and gristle; bodies flattening in painless slow motion against saloon cars and against dining room interiors.

The plot centres around Caan's accomplished gems thief — Frank — who is talent-spotted by a crime syndicate soon after finishing an 11-year stretch. They want him to give up his freelance status and, with a guaranteed easy haul, work for the outfit. Frank believes he can make the arrangement work for two or three nickings and then withdraw to harvest a family with Tuesday Weld.

Weld is fatuously billed in the press notes as Caan's "romantic interest". But she is even less than that. She is two tits at a sink fixing Frank's next meal, swallowing his meathead insults and unable to muster a single intelligent or even reliably natural line in her own defence. Weld worked hard for years to rid herself of a pretty-but-dumb tag picked up in the '50s and early '60s from simpleton trash like *Sex Kittens Go To War* and *Return To Peyton Place*. This one will do her no good at all.

It will do no good for Caan either, who is given in *Violent Streets* what should always be witheld from a performer of his erratic temperament — the freedom to rage unchecked. Caan is boorish. Nauseating. So is the tagged-on rationale which pretends there's an underlying moral message.

As Caan falls out violently with his syndicate employers (over witheld wages) we are asked to believe that the situation parallels what goes on in the straight business world. Caan, y'see, as corporate victim. Hence the vindicating mechanical gore ending.

For brains you have to look under the couch.

Andrew Tyler

Violent Streets X

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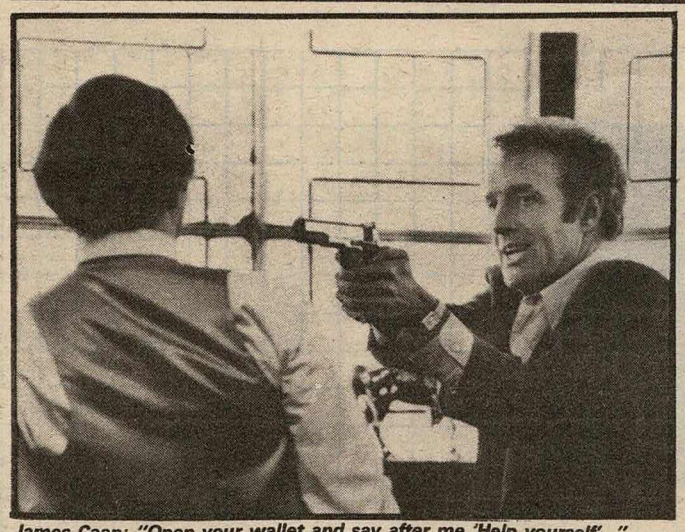


James Caan: "Open your wallet and say after me 'Help yourself'..."

Pryor ass-piration

Bustin' Loose

Directed by Oz Scott
Starring Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson (CIC)

BUSTIN' loose is what executive swingers do at weekends in a hot tub with their friends and a bottle of Jose Cuervo Gold Label tequila. It is, like California, a state of the mind; arrived at by casting off the shackles of assigned role and defaulting on hire purchase agreements. What it has to do with the latest Richard Pryor film is not abundantly clear.

In fact it is Richard Pryor's ass (and I use the vernacular) that seems to be the main subject of this film. Practically all of his character's motivation springs, indirectly, from his ass. As an inept if persistent petty criminal he lives in perpetual fear of his ass being busted. When it finally is, his parole officer has only to mention Pryor's ass — which is now his to kick or bust or, even more ominously, have as he pleases — and Pryor is instantly reminded of the debt he owes society.

Most of the dialogue between Pryor, his parole officer and, indeed, anyone else who happens along centres on his ass. It is only when Pryor begins to ignore his ass and act out of compassion and then, finally, out of love that the jokes start to get thin on the ground.

By this time, though, the show is three-quarters over and in danger of being stolen by a bus-load of charmingly disadvantaged children, whom Pryor rescues from the Big City while his own part drowns in a puddle of sentimentality.

Pryor is possibly trying to become, like all great comedians, a master of pathos, or at any rate consolidate the family market. Families on the wrong side of the Atlantic and in the wrong chromosome group may, however, be at a loss to comprehend Pryor's routines involving what Norman Mailer might have called the White Nigger (if he had a sense of humour).

But the moral, such as it is, will be clear to all: never confuse the seat of your consciousness with the seat of your pants.

And if you must, at least have Gene Wilder around to carry the can.

Paul Rambali

Sam Neill in The Final Conflict: ". . . and Jesus said 'Hey, Paul, I can see your house from here!' Thankyou, thankyou . . ."

The Final Conflict

Directed by Graham Baker
Starring Sam Neill, Rossano Brazzi, Don Gordon and Lisa Harrow (20th Century Fox)

OR *Omen Part 3* — and with any luck the last. The malign infant Damien, Antichrist and son of Satan, is now a fully grown man, head of a world charity (which also manufactures nuclear arms!) and American ambassador to the court of St James.

Yes, Britain is the place where the human race is to spend its final apocalyptic days. Damien intends dragging everybody down with him; it's either that or "a numbing eternity in the flaccid bosom of Christ". You'd be amazed at who plumps for evil — vicars, nurses, bob-a-job wolfcubs. Damien enlists the help of these simple folk in order to dispose of any male babies suspected of being Jesus Christ incarnate, returned for a second try at whipping the human race into shape.

This is a plot built wholly around the concept of the exclamation mark, and there's some pretty crude cinematography, editing and — Jerry Goldsmith or not — music to go with it. The acting is in the same league. Servants of the Lord opposed to Damien (i.e. seven Italian monks who slip out of their cowls, into civvies and across the Channel) are particularly guilty. Most of them, though, don't get much of a chance to develop their roles, being killed off by horses, foxhounds and plain stupidity.

Holding the middle ground in this uproariously ridiculous struggle between heavenly light and the forces of darkness is an Angela Barg-type TV interviewer; well, she can't be biased — BBC balance and all that. However, finally she does make a choice when an amorous flirtation with Damien turns nasty. She doesn't mind the scratches and the buggery, but when she notices The Mark of the Beat — a punky 666 tattoed on his nut — that's it: daggers out!

I've sat through some rubbish this year *(Friday The Thirteenth Part 2* etc) but this one takes the biscuit — baked in hell, of course.

Paul Tickell

Stripes

Directed by Ivan Reitman
Starring Bill Murray, Harold Ramis, Warren Oates and P. J. Soles (Columbia)

LET'S NOT mince words. *Stripes* is so unfunny it hurts. Apparently a spoof of army parade ground films, it casts Bill Murray and Harold Ramis as two downbeat buddies who join up on the promise of free food and clothing and are surprised to find that a soldier's lot involves just a little more than that. The platoon they're assigned to is comprised of likeminded misfits and psychopaths and it falls upon ramrod sergeant Warren Oates to drill them into shape. In doing so he takes them through every stock army training scene ever filmed.

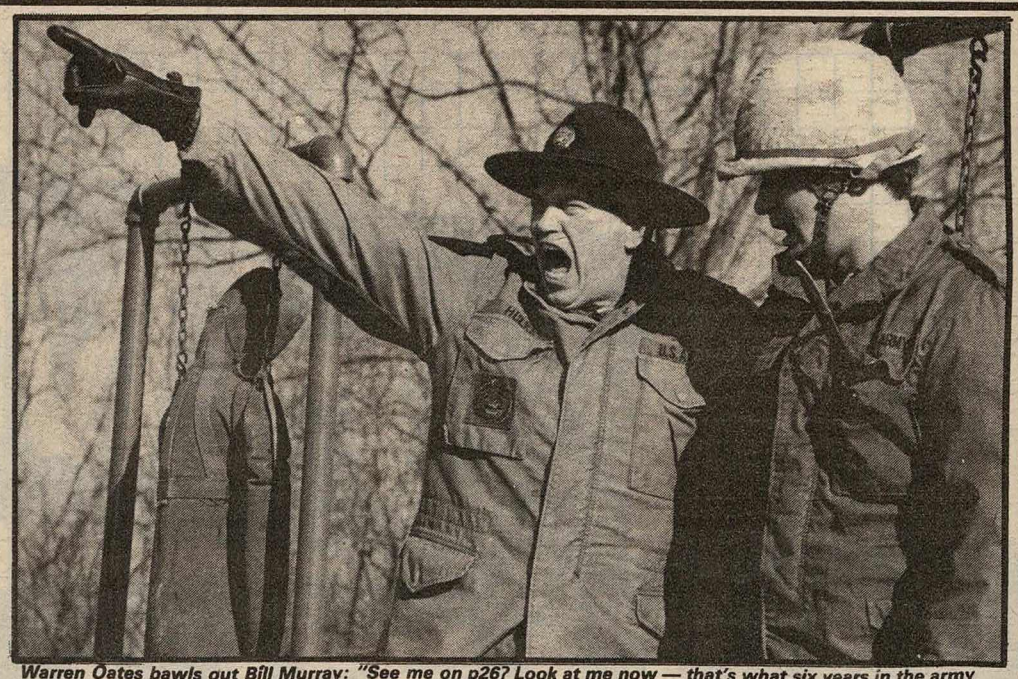
Given that they're working with a tried and tested formula, the incompetence of *Stripes'* makers in flipping the genre on its back is unforgivable. They take cheap shots at an easy target and fail miserably to score. But then their failure is as predictable as their film once it is known that they're responsible for the similarly unimaginative *Caddyshack* and *Meatballs.*

With those films they discovered that buffoonry was more viable than lampoonry and ever since they've relied on a combination of a spuriously hip reputation, as social satirists, and grossly over-indulgent slapstick to cover for a basic lack of ideas or originality.

That *Stripes* isn't totally unwatchable is only down to the genial presence of Bill Murray as the lugubrious yet likeable slob of a hero. He actually makes us feel for him early on when he claims the army is his last chance — at a debilitated 30 — to pull himself together and make something of his life.

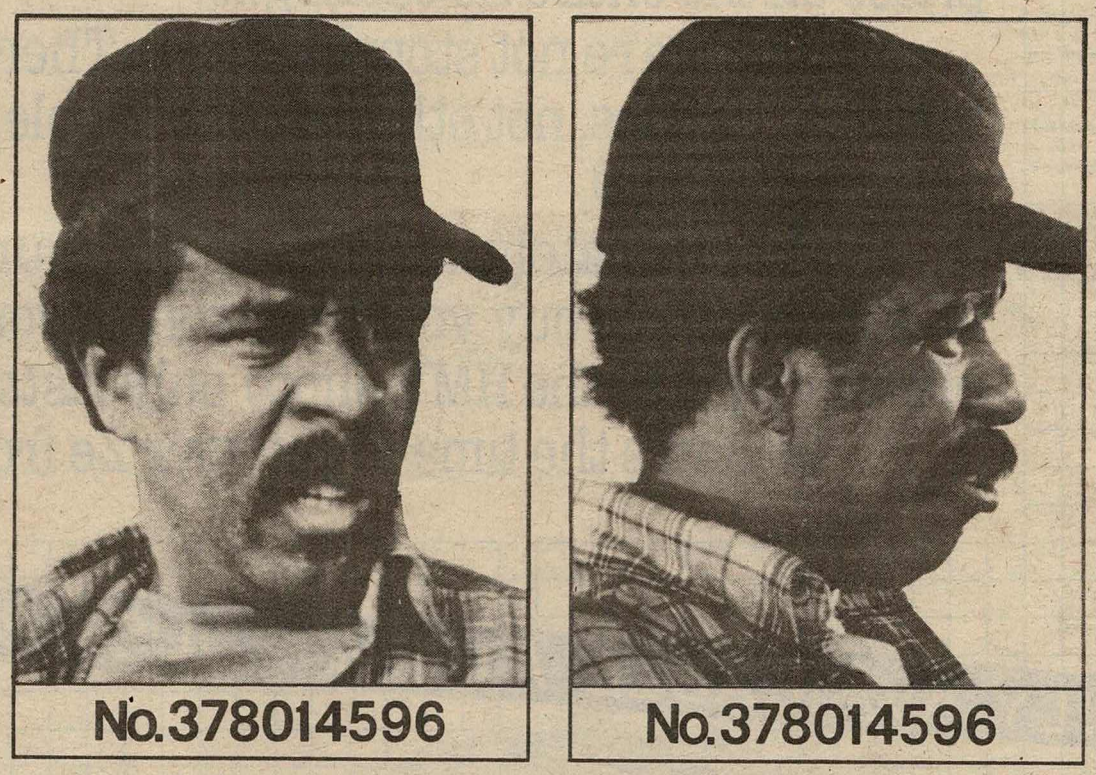
Otherwise the great Warren Oates, now looking painfully old and uncomfortable stuffed into an undersized army uniform, is sadly wasted as the all too typical tough sergeant. However at least he understands that incompetence alone isn't inherently funny.

Chris Bohn



Warren Oates bawls out Bill Murray: "See me on p26? Look at me now — that's what six years in the army does for you. Not to mention appearing in crappy films like this."

You laughed at Richard Pryor in 'Stir Crazy'...



You know he's mad.
You know he's bad.
And now he's

Bustin' Loose A

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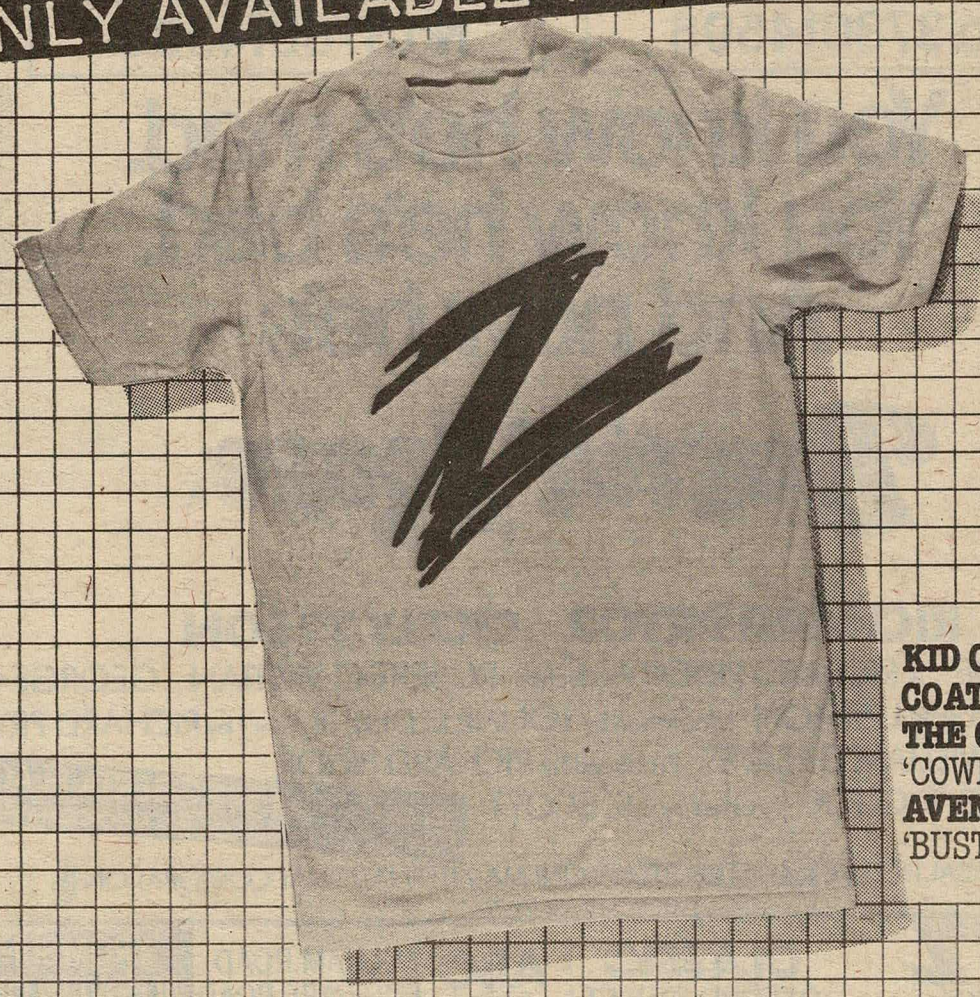

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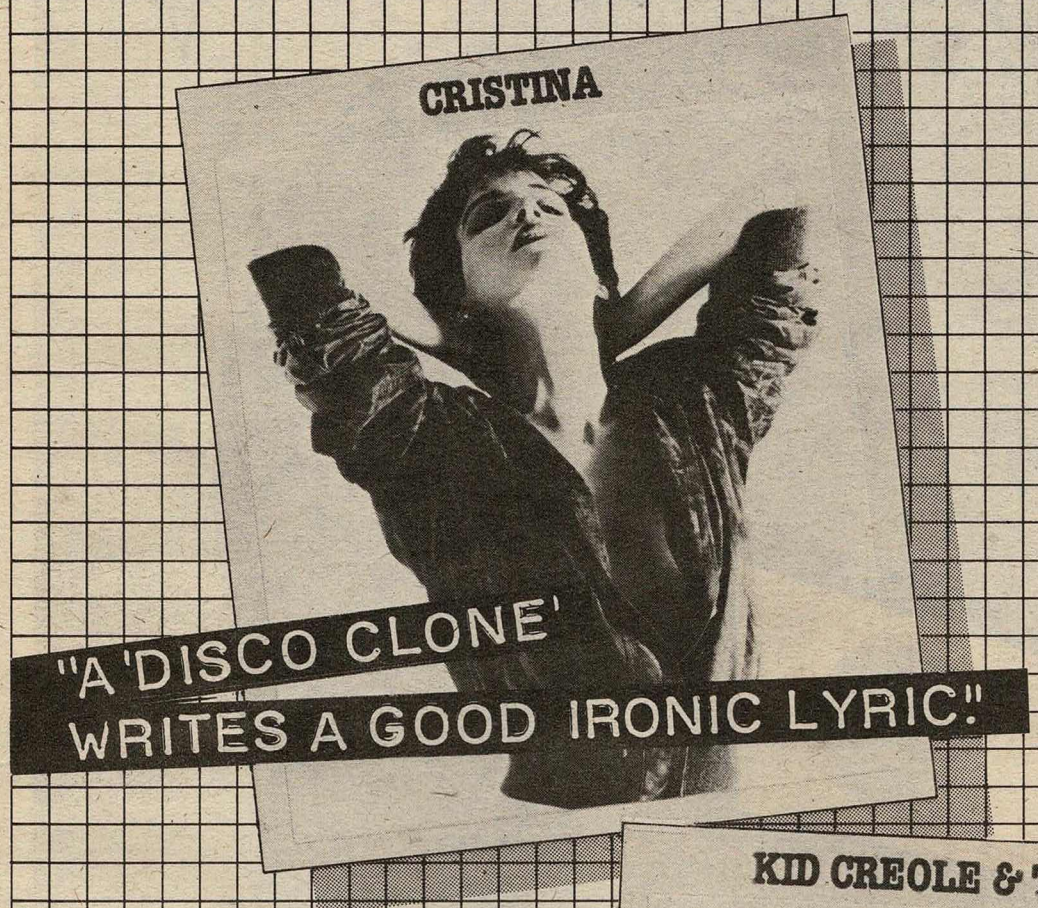

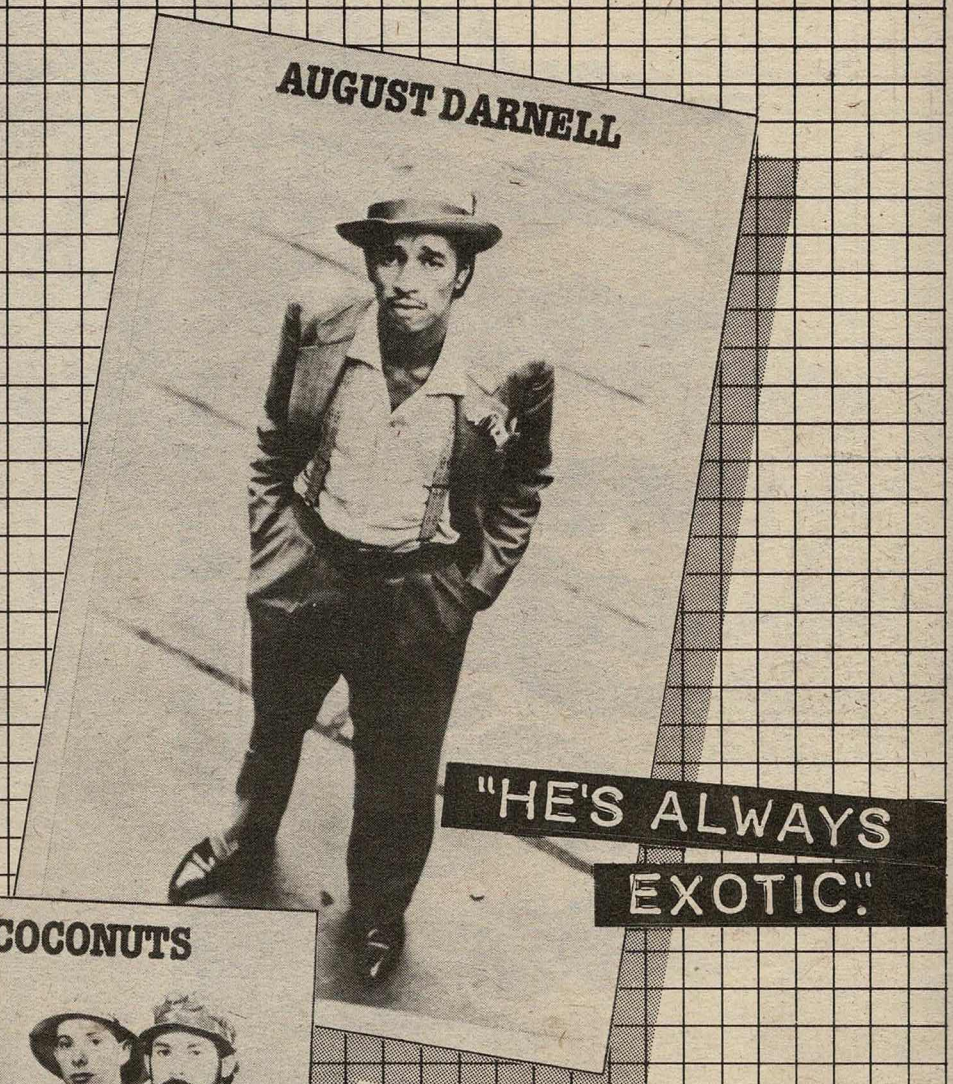

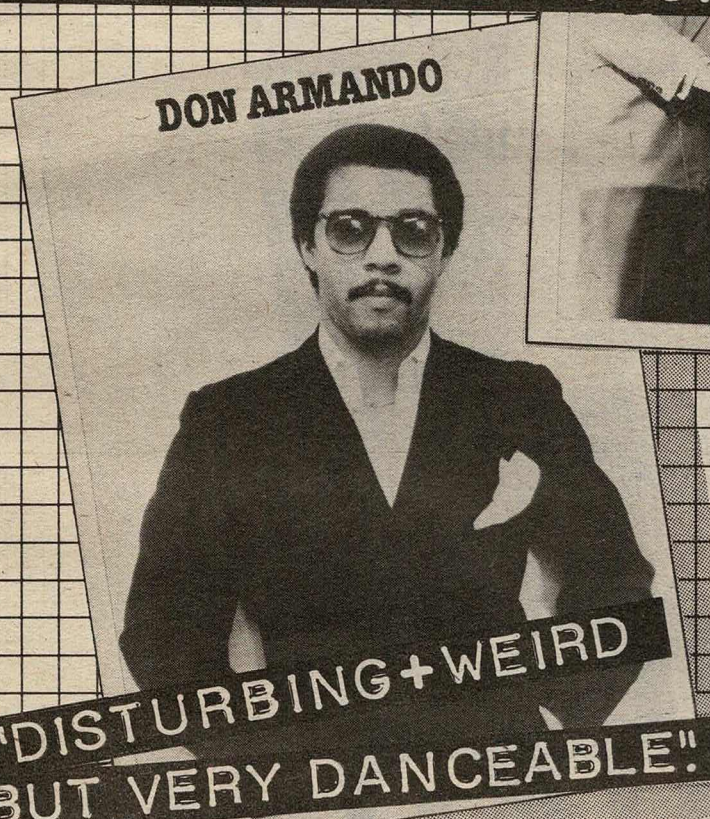

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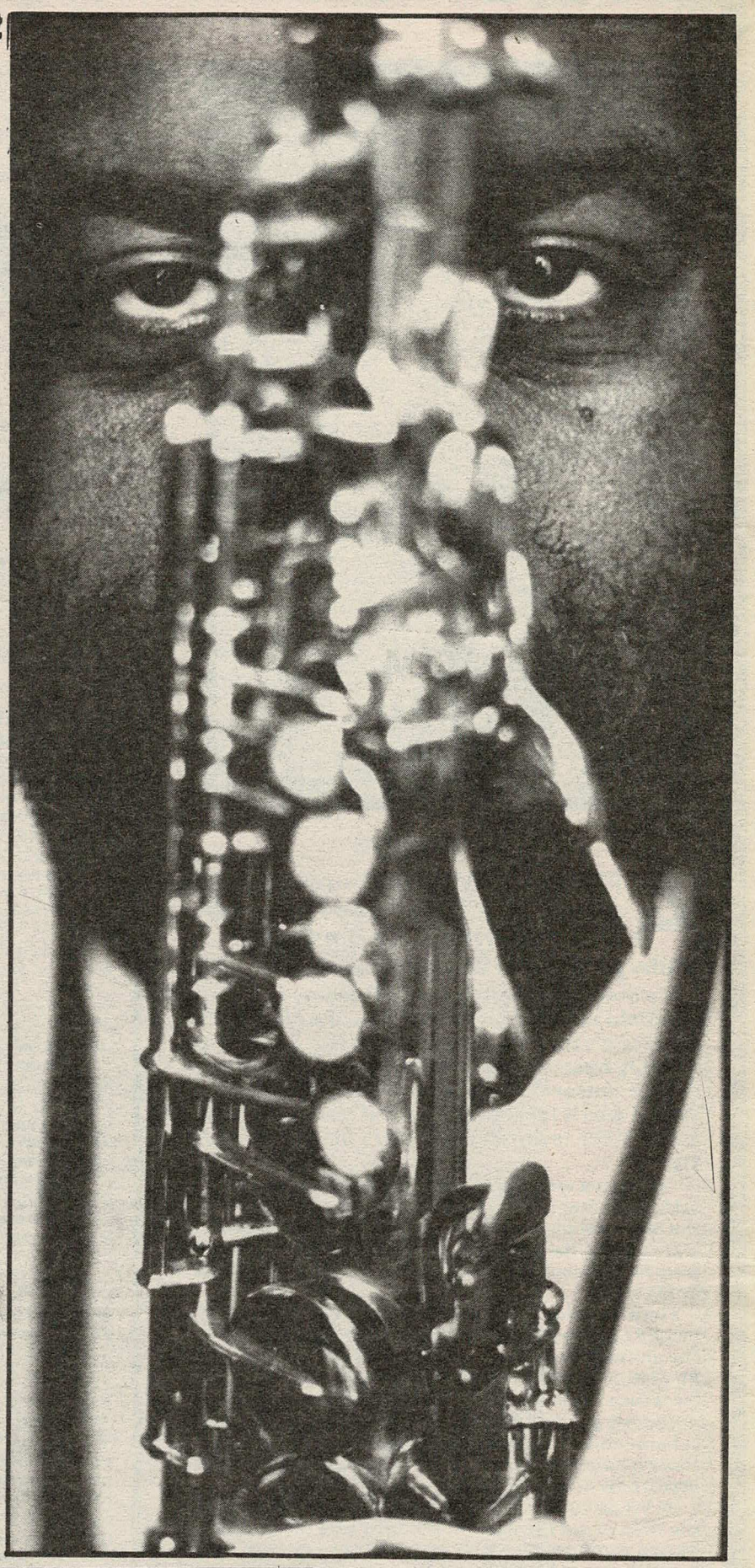
BLOWING WITH MR BLYTHE

Richard Cook meets the alto man who blew in from the coast, blew through the lofts and blew up a new jazz spirit (Blew! What a scorcher!) Blow Ups Anton Corbijn.



DO YOU play jazz, Arthur?

"HAHAHA . . . I guess that's what they call it. It's a matter of semantics. A rose is a rose, if someone calls it a tree — the quality remains. The word's been put on the music as a point of reference. People put the music I play in that category."

Arthur Blythe is a peacable man. You might not know it from his headlong, lacerating alto saxophone playing. But when his hotel room door opened we were met by an affable, good-humoured fellow. I had thought of him as being much taller, but he's rather short, looking like a dumpy Marvin Gaye. Anton Corbijn and I both towered over him.
Is he still called Black Arthur Blythe?

"Sometimes! When I was in LA it was during a period of heavy black self-awareness. It affected me too — I investigated some aspects of my people, looked into some history. I was expressing myself to the point where I was *inspired* — doing it so heavily, it was 'Please man, give me *Black* Arthur. But it was an endearment. I don't put that out front."

In the '60s the young jazz vanguard were in the forefront in the upsurge of black consciousness: Archie Shepp's 'Malcolm Malcolm Semper Malcolm' chillingly crystallises the mood of many of players of that time. But that element of anger seems to have dried up.

"Nothing remains the same. It's more sophisticated, more inside now. You just *do* — that shows who you are. That period showed me how to help myself, be more upright, keep my sanity. You don't have to go round *telling* everybody."

ARTHUR'S RECORDS speak for themselves. His three albums for CBS are the most resounding, compelling manifesto for the new jazz that you can find in the racks. 'Lenox Avenue Breakdown' mixes a hazy, summery feel with an abundance of desperately exciting blowing; 'In The Tradition' is a captivating nod to past times behind and 'Illusions', the best of the lot, seems like a summary of the achievements of the burgeoning New York scene of the late '70s.

But how is that received on home turf?

"The audience is largely white, their younger people are more in tune. I don't feel bad about it, black people support it too, but it's for the world. I don't know why the appeal to the black community isn't as strong as Smokey And The Miracles or The O'Jays, those kinda tunes. Sometimes I think they don't realise that what we're doing is an aspect of the whole. We have many grooves — the totality of our legacy isn't realised."

Until the advent of soul, jazz was always the real young black music of America.

"They want something that's danceable. There's an innate African feeling in the rhythm, but it has to have an appealing repetition, like as disco. Black music has all branched off now, but hopefully we can bring it all back together, like estuaries to a river."

Mmmm, perhaps. Maybe jazz just isn't hip enough now.

"Maybe something like that. But it hasn't been laid on the ears strong enough on a consistent basis. The radio stations only play a certain kind of music."

What about jazz stations?

"Very few. And when they play jazz, it's not the *A* music — it's the C or D music! There isn't too much music consciousness, it's too superficial. The commercial aspect — business and money, it's cool, but it's not about aesthetics. Whatever the situation is it's — take advantage of it! If it's what they want GIVE IT TO 'EM! If people accept superficiality as a standard, when they hear something heavy it's *repulsive*, it might make them *think*."

Very familiar, of course. But if this reads like a rant it didn't sound that way.

Capaciously relaxed and amply filling his chair, Arthur didn't seem about to get all riled up about the habits of the listening audience. He's on CBS after all, virtually the only representative of his particular wave to surf in on a big label contract. So how come?

Blythe pauses while he ponders on how to take care of this piece of business.

"I was pursuing my career. I got in a position to be heard and seen. When I moved to New York I got more visibility in that loft jazz period in the mid '70s. That got a lot of press coverage. Bruce Lundvall at CBS heard me. At the time they thought I was a riskable, feasible, experimental venture — sorta 'Woaaa . . . think I'll just put my *toe* in the water, not both feet'. Think they might still have their toes in," he adds ruefully.

That's understatement. Incredibly, CBS haven't even bothered to release 'Illusions' over here.

That's a drag, man. I don't know what's happening! That's the big toe in the water — we need your foot in to make it meaningful. They don't want to commit themselves! There might be some piranhas in the water!"

A new LP, 'Blythe Spirit', is due; let's hope more attention is paid this time.

We talked about the loft scene, the self-sufficiency movement among New York cats that made the city burst with new jazz activity in the late 70's after years in the doldrums.

"The music was sincere and real. It was a good showcase for new players. The whole thing was done by the musucians, they advertised it themselves, rented a space; but after it became viable, the loft owners wanted to take more money. It was a deterrent to the cats. We said man, we've got to find something else. The business side was so raggedy."

What of the New York scene today?

"I don't know really,man. New York avails itself of innovative things, but it's a very conservative city too. If a new thing comes in it has to live alongside the old thing. The punk-jazz thing is happening but it co-exists. It's not going to be the bolo punch that knocks everything out and says 'The New Champion!' *You have to wait your turn kid.*

"I guess there's different things. There's a Latin movement, I played with some of those guys. I might not be in tune." He grinned. "There's no place to check every week! But there's a lot of young musicians who are coming in, are strong, want to plug in. There's a lot of proficiency."

BLYTHE WAS here to do a one-off gig at the 100 Club, his first as a leader in this country. But this can't be put down to reluctance to play. When I asked why the short measure he spread his hands, eyes pleading — give me a break!

"I don't know — what's happening, man? I put my hands into the agency — fix me up, men! So this is what they've fixed me up with. A *week* somewhere would be ideal. Give me a chance to exhibit my wares more in England."

The wares have been a long time in the making. As a greenhorn raised in California, Blythe played around LA in the '60s with semi-underground groups like Horace Tapscott's band and the Pan Afrikan People's Arkestra.

"We were our own guides. Only Coltrane's quartet were influential to us at the time."

Finally moving to New York in 1973 he still had day jobs until going full time with Chico Hamilton, Gil Evans and — eventually — on his own.

He's now his own man with no special idols.

"There's no-one I listen to in particular. No one like Coltrane. I tried to emulate him but I had to back off, leave that alone. Now when I listen . . . maybe something on television . . . or I listen to my boys' music. Whatever's being beamed out. I don't have any particular thing to focus on. I'd like to listen to more African music."

Arthur Blythe is 41, a father and family man. Is he ever discouraged that it's taken this long to get this far?

"I've been playing since I was nine. Love for the music has been the key, not economics or prestige. When I was 18 or 19 I said if I didn't succeed by 25 I was going to do something else. I remembered when I was 35!"

He's realistic enough to know his limitations. When I asked if he thought he could progress further musically he said, "I don't know if I'm making *innovations* now.

"Creativity can last a long time if you have the stimuli. It's like, the sex drive remains strong if you remain active, as active as in your 20s and 30s. If you say, 'I'm old now' you just cut off."

Will jazz stay active?

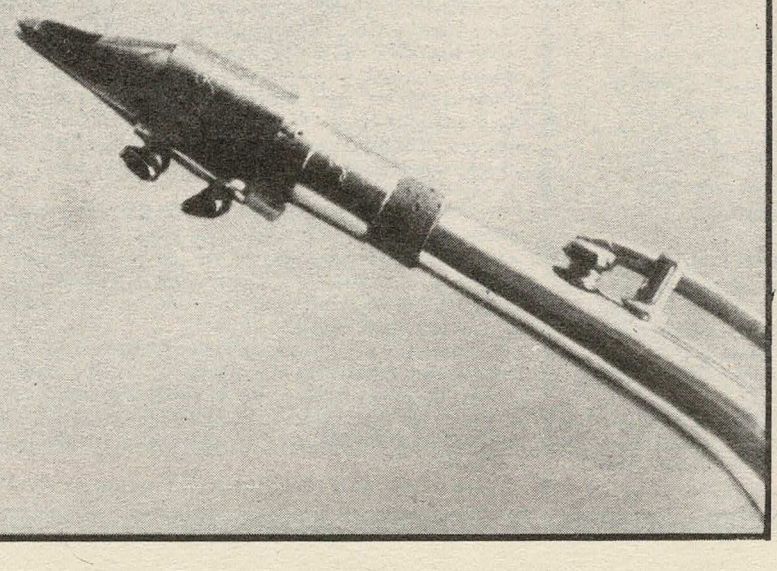
"I think so. I don't know where it'll go next. I'm dealing with the present, synthesising the past in a personal manner. It will depend on what elements of the personal manner. It will depend on what elements of the present survive."

Is sax playing difficult?

"All of the instruments seem difficult to me!"

I asked finally if he'd heard the new Miles Davis LP.

"Yeah . . . it's OK, it's alright. I wish my ears could have heard him play some harder music. *Hard.* Something *stronger.*"
Maybe Miles should listen to some Arthur Blythe records.



WILDE

Sex kitten or reluctant starlet?

Paul Morley gets next to the girl next to the girl next door and asks some embarrassing questions about her private life. Colour photography by Pennie Smith.

PART ONE

AFTER I ARRIVE back home on Friday afternoon following an honourable interview with a Ms Smith of Welwyn Garden City, the telephone rings.

It's Stephen Singleton of ABC calling from Sheffield to ask me if I'd like to hear a playback of his group's new single 'Tears Are Not Enough' on suitably neutral territory. I ask him about little details concerning the record — is it potent? Where was it recorded? — and it transpires that for some of the recording ABC were in London's RAK studios.

"When we were there," Singleton tells me, "we were asking the technicians all about Hot Chocolate records, the levels on them and everything. They thought we were having them on until we named individual tracks from Hot Chocolate LPs. *And* we heard about the Kim Wilde story!"

The Kim Wilde Story is modest enough, but it has helped contribute something fascinatingly glamorous to the gluttonous pop culture. The Kim Wilde Story Singleton mentions refers to the beginnings, and helps introduce the ineffable team. Marty Wilde, mildly notorious greased '50s pop star lately demoted to the cabaret underworld, was booked to do some recording, accompanied by his son Ricky, failed child star and brand new studio prodigy.

M. Wilde couldn't make the session so R. Wilde used the time to get his sister K. Wilde to sing through a song he had composed with his dad, 'Kids In America'. People hanging around considered the song competent enough, but when Ricky played it to RAK duke Mickie Most — oddly edifying Malcom McLaren doppleganger — he pronounced it A Hit. Star quality — Ten! He put the single out on his label.

Two singles and an LP later Kim Wilde — tactfully harnessed by Dad, brother and Most, enigmatically harnessing less reasonable forces — is as immoveable as Sting, Adam, Stephenson, Sheena: and as embraceable and malleable for the deprecatory media. Kim Wilde is the kind of insinuating drama that brings into play a decently upsetting culture shock. Let's play.

AT RAK'S St John's Wood office — a few hundred yards from Lords cricket ground — Kim Wilde is considerably cautious for the day. She's worn out — just back from Berlin — and wary: perhaps I'll be an unblushing and graceless hack already committed to representing her as a dizzy and spiritless puppet.

She's just read an interview she did with shabby Australian pop paper *Ram:* she's upset by it's needless corrective attitude.

"I got on really well with the guy who did it," she explains, without seeming to whine, "and he's just come out with this really awful interpretation of what we were talking about . . . he's made me out to be mindless! I don't know quite how he's done it. It hurts a bit because I think maybe some people do think I'm mindless; it's bound to happen because of who and what I am. But *I* know better, so that's OK."

Not quite.

She's also dismayed because she fears that she might not be able to articulate fully her own understanding of her role and so convince me, and *you*, that she is deeply involved in her music, appreciative of its consequences, and not just the faint, limited pop lure. At one point early on the interview almost disintegrates; Wilde's natural languid state further depressed by her being so unrefreshed.

"I just thought we should stop the whole thing before one of us said something that we'd both regret. Then I thought, no, that would be pointless . . . There's someone I know who can talk the hind legs off a donkey, and he can make something that's totally absurd — like all this — so very real. I just can't do that. If I could maybe I could waffle my way through this and totally impress you. I just can't do that. I'm a very basic person, I've got very basic instincts, and I'm not into elaborating myself in any way at all. Which is a bit of a shame considering who I am and that possibly I do need to be slightly more articulate. But I am what I am!"

Adding to Wilde's Friday dilemma is the *perculiar* and perhaps unrigorous acceptance in certain circles of her op-art. The *NME*, for instance, voted the single 'Chequered Love' into its Top Ten for the year so far, and gave her sensationally slight LP a good review.

"Do you call that a good review? Everything you said that was good you covered yourself with something snidy!"

Well . . . ABC continually and correctly cite the inspirational incandescent video-shower of 'Chequered Love' as a highlight of the pop decade. Howard Devoto conclusively announced that Kim Wilde was "irresistible". Kim is A and B mused.

"I just don't understand," she cries, alarmed at what could be deviousness. "There are so many strange things that are said about me. Like I read in the *NME* that Howard Devoto wanted to be my keyboard player! And I looked at it and I thought bloody hell what is it?! Is it because he wants to go out with me or is it because he really wants to play our music? I thought about it and decided in the end it was because he wanted to get off with me."

I think it was his girlfriend Laura that gave him ideas. Moral Kim, bought up ever so cleanly, is genuinely put off by this.

"Oh you're kidding!!! Oh dear! . . . How strange! . . . I think I do appeal to a lot of gay people, you know . . ." She ponders all the perverse respect. "Maybe I'm just a bit of a novelty at the moment. I have noticed that I haven't been slagged off in all the places I should be. It'll come!"

Of course: but so what?

KIM WILDE is a classically principled pop power. The Kim Wilde — the Wilde trio and patron Most — is indisputably a reliably ambiguous manifestation of the frustrated pop extravaganza, a calculating and dependable homage to the source and conceit of pop music. Kim Wilde is a vague gloss over pop's standard strictness, the pur/ist equivalent of McLaren's naked attempts to personify the dormant desires in pop, to symbolise the beauty and banality of pop. Kim Wilde is such an obvious display!

On a low level her act is so accountable to rock'n'roll's grand guesses, so rascally traditional, God knows why I like it (perhaps).

"Well, I can't understand why I like 'Stupid Cupid' by Connie Francis! It's just something inside . . . you click with a record . . . I can click with a really heavy Lou Reed song, like 'Kids', but I can get just the same sensation but in a different way from 'Stupid Cupid' by Connie Francis. Where's the explanation for that?"

On a hi-level Kim Wilde is a commanding combination of the meticulously thought out, the timeless and the unexpressed. Insight and intuition. Everything Chrissie Hynde could have been . . . Everything the pop idealists dream of . . . (straight in there with hits, TV, colour posters, no messing around with promises and moans about Radio One's lack of support.) The likes of ABC — prime pop theorists, remember — melting in the cold heat of the Wilde light is demonstration of the new lack of the old rock snobbery.

Previously it has taken a few years before cultural-critical favour fell on the splendid insular pleasures of say The Monkees or Marc Bolan. The arcane effort, the exotic concentration, the sublime transparency of it all was ultimately appreciated. The joy of The Monkees can be seen to be more of a life enhancing proposition than the pontification of Jethro Tull. The impeccable straightness and generous colour of Kim Wilde is immediately seen to be more vital than ELO or Phil Collins.

For Kim Wilde there has been none of this spoilt hanging around before it's sheepisly acknowledged that the high minded pop energy is more renovating than the so called serious rock energy: like, Hot Chocolate deserve to go to heaven, Moody Blues deserve damnation, and for the new pop idealists Kim Wilde is a masterpiece-mascot of sincerity, success and action.

The difference is: surprise! Maybe it's just cheap thrills stitched into some mythical enterprise. And maybe Kim Wilde could just be the ultimate in the face being the star being the object of . . Or maybe it's just a cynical manipulation of the suggestion that what the youth of today loves as part of its leisure is a lot of skin and hints.

I eventually assure watchful Wilde that she isn't being patronised: that.she is of the wishing whirl including Bow Wow Wow, Human League, Fire Engines and Depeche Mode rather than the withered world of Toyah, Easton, Nolan and Cliff.

"It amuses me all this . . ." she shakes her head.

Me too.

"But it's the kind of ridiculous thing that pop is all about."

I tell her she's going to be on the cover. She slyly smiles. "The kind of people that you're apparently writing for, I would have thought putting me on the cover would put them off. It's quite ironic really . . . people will see me on the cover and then they'll write in saying that they've just realised the political significance of 'Chequered Love', that it's all to do with the black and white forces in England joined together yet being pulled apart by racial tension. You'll get all that. People claiming that they've seen the light with Kim Wilde!"

PART TWO

KIM SMITH was born in 1961: always going to be Wilde, perhaps. Today she's wearing green striped hipsters, a black shiny traddy top, and the hair that she cuts herself indifferently opposes any current fashion. It's all a discreet hint at a partiality for sharp set '60s artificiality: Dusty Springfield, Ronnettes, Cilla.

"I haven't consciously modelled my look on anyone. Maybe sub-consciously on one or two people. The hair is blonde because I got bored with myself at college. I've got this horribly mousy colour . . . it had to be one extreme and my friends said black would make me look too hard. So it's blonde."

Kim Wilde often seems to be a study in insouciance: her personality is not evidently crushing, she cannot sell herself and her amibition like Toyah, her attitudes are unadorned. The only time she raises her voice is when her integrity or moral fibre is threatened. She's largely uninterested in picking through the closing details of her starlight, and is quietly acceptant of the etiquette of this new stardom.

"It feels like I've done it all before in a way . . . I think if everything had just hit me and I'd been totally taken by surprise I don't think I'd know where I was. Since January it's been non stop, going everywhere, photo sessions, interviews, half the time you're just trying to keep yourself together. But at least I do know where I am. People seem terribly disappointed when they ask me if I'm surprised and excited and I say no and it sounds terribly big headed and blase. I just can't help feeling that way. But it's all good fun!"

Does she fell that she's a business toy?

"NO! No . . . I don't feel that at all. I don't think that in spirit I'm any different from so called aggressive or radical musicians . . . I have a great deal of faith in what I do."

I explain to Wilde where I think she fits into the dream of things, using extremely colourful language. When I finish she laughs.

"Oh God, oh dear, after all that you're going to be expecting a real arty quote or something."

Well, no, how about what you think of your backing group.

"What do you mean? They're very nice people. Of course they are. That's all I'm going to say about them!"

Well, how about saying something nasty about Sheena Easton? Kim is puzzled.

"I've never even met her! Well, I don't think that she shoudl wear those shiny tight trousers. But I'm very pleased that she's got her success and I hope that she's very happy. I do! I wish a lot of happiness on everybody. I don't wish anyone anything wrong . . ."

Kim Wilde is the girl next door to the girl next door. Down to earth yet disconcertingly detached. She likes to keep her secrets and she has a heart of gold. She's scared of a lot of money and she likes sucking mints.

"I don't watch television much anymore," she tells me, counting the risks. "Basically I'd rather play with my two year old sister Roxanne. I don't see her much now and rather than watch telly I like to have her on my lap and talk to her and watch her grow up. When you've got a million things to do the last thing you want to do is sit down and watch television. I enjoy seeing my friends a lot more than that. I'd rather go out for a drink and check what they're doing. They're great, I still trust them as friends and we get on very well. We don't talk much about what's happening to me. But they are joining my fan club!"

PART THREE

Was it inevitable that you would enter The Business: become a celebrity?

I don't know . . . it's a bit of a strange question to ask. I don't think it always follows that because your parents do something that you'll do what they do. Sometimes it does. It's just that I wanted to do it, always. I've just always loved singing, always loved music, and having been brought up with an entertainer I can appreciate how important entertaining is.

What about the incidentals of being a celebrity?

I'd have been a session singer if I hadn't been picked up by Mickie. That's what I was doing before anyway, I was doing a lot of session work — well, not a lot, as much as a schoolgirl could do, which isn't a great deal. My mum was really hot on

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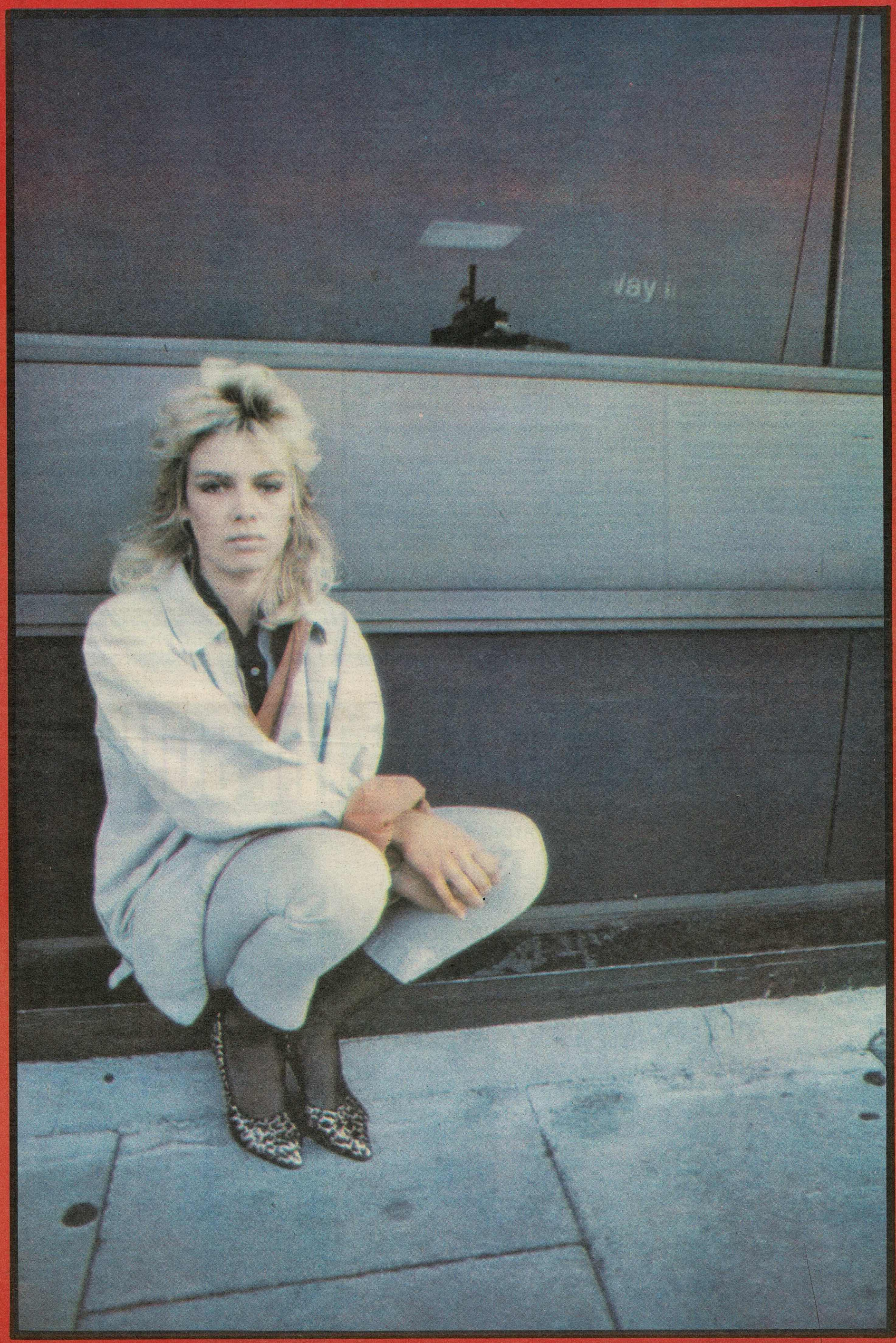

WILDE ONE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

harmonies and I expect that's where I get it from. She'd take one line and I'd take the higher one. We went on the road with my dad for a while.

Do you feel that there's been any manipulation of your fate?

I'm not too sure about fate. I believed in it quite a lot once but I decided it was a bit . . . I didn't want to feel too out of control of my life and if I thought everything was fated I'd feel unsure. My dad's a bit of a fatalist.

Has your development been stunted or distorted in any way?

No. I had to grow up before my friends just because of who my dad was. That sounds really corny, but when you're living in a little village like I am and you've got a dad who's a celebrity, you know, it's novel and as you grow up you're treated as someone who's not quite your average girl next door but something a little bit above it. You have to develop your mind and your beliefs at a much earlier age, you have to be strong about yourself even if you're totally wrong. You have to work out who you are and what you're about. I think that's helped me to cope with it now, because I did have to grow up a lot quicker than girlfriends of mine.

When did you first realise who your dad was?

Oh, I dunno . . . I just remember him as dad sitting at home writing songs. I don't remember him as the '50s rocker or anything. I remember him sitting at home with this little organ and writing songs and occasionally seeing him on television, and then later on I've known him as a cabaret artist. I've never known him as a big star or anything like that, but I suppose it has made a bit of a difference on who I am. I can't say how. I've just lived with it. I can't look at it objectively. I'm still starstruck!

Are you more curious about life than you might have been?

Well, I am curious about life. I always have been, but especially music. I enjoy reading, and I tried to get interested in politics at school but I got really pissed off with that. I was interested in it but then they started going on about the judicial system and I don't know if you've done that at school but it's terrible. I mean, you want to get into politics because you want to know about the world and what goes on, but the way you're taught totally puts you off. But I'm still interested.

I stayed at school to do art A level and then I went to St Albans College Of Art. It didn't last long because I wanted to sing more than anything else. I knew that I could put my whole heart and soul into singing and make it my career. I'm lucky in that I've always known what I've wanted to do and everything I've done it's been aimed in that general direction. A lot of friends at school didn't know what they wanted to do.

DO YOU separate Kim Wilde from Kim Smith — is it two separate energies?

The one that's written about I don't identify with very strongly. The reviews, most of them — I mean you must have read them — they just make me out to be the sex kitten and all that. That isn't my doing, that's purely what people are seeing in me. I don't see that at all. I don't object to it, they can do what they want. I don't detach myself completely from what I am as Kim Wilde but there is a lot more to her than what it's reduced to when she's written about.

That sex kitten thing — the whole 'Chequered Love' routine compounded it, and you can't deny that particular energy.

Oh no, of course I don't deny it. I don't deny it but I just don't think it's the most important thing. I don't say it's unimportant but I don't take that sexual side seriously, otherwise I'd be opening my shirt and doing the whole bit, y'know, and it's all just basically what other people see into it. But . . . I must admit I know what's happening when I'm doing it, but at the same time I don't think I'm doing it in a cheap, smutty way. I quite like the way I do things! I enjoy doing the videos, I enjoy acting in the videos . . .

What do you think about?

Oh, God knows . . . wondering where the camera is most of the time. I just enjoy looking at the videos. I think the 'Chequered Love' video is very good!

Do you feel millions of men's eyes staring into you?

No! No . . . I don't think of that. I just think of me all the time. I'm never too sure of what I'm trying to do. Well, I am sure but in a very strange way. Like when I'm doing it I know exactly how I want it to look, and I know exactly how I feel about the song and how I want to put it across.

How did you feel about the lyric to 'Chequered Love?'

Yeah (giggle) . . . *"touch me, do what you want to"* . . . yes, we were having a laugh at that the other day. Yes, well, a good pop song, I think it's a good pop song, it has a lot of energy, it's good fun, good entertainment and I enjoy singing it . . . that's what it boils down to.

That's what it boils down to!

Oh, I'm not going to talk to you if you're going to take the piss out of me!

Who wrote the lyric?

My dad!

He wrote that lyric for his daughter? That's a little perverse.

I know . . . he's very strange . . . actually he didn't choose the title. I chose the title! My one and only claim to writing a song! Like '25-6-80' off the LP, when my dad gave me the lyric for that I sort of looked at him and I thought, my God — what is in his brain! There are parts of him I didn't even know about! But, you see, he's got this sense of humour.

So you don't think that, using your phrase, Kim Wilde boils down to sex?

Sex? No, not *all*. I'm just there and people can take from me what they want.

Do you consider 'feminism'?

Well . . . I'm not into any kind of extreme movement at all, feminism being one of them, and although it's good to have things around like that to point things out to people, I just feel that it's very important to sort yourself out about things like that, get your own feelings right. You can be a feminist wearing a beautiful little dress, or you can be a feminist wearing T-shirt and jeans. It's just what you feel inside about yourself that is important, whether you like yourself or not. Some male attitudes towards women do make me laugh, though. Like them being scared.

Are men scared of you?

Sort of. Some are intimidated maybe. I don't get any proposals of marriage from fans, no fan has ever tried to pick me up. The only person to person advance I had from any guy he was so insulting I ended up punching him. I don't usually do things like that!

You say that you're dismayed to be portrayed as a sex kitten — how do you wish to be considered?

I don't expect people to consider anything about me . . if they want to consider me as a sex kitten they can. I don't care what they think.

Do you play on it?

I suppose sub-consciously I do . . . every girl in the pop business does. Whether or not they say they are aware of their sexuality coming across or not, I'm sure about 99 per cent of them are very aware of it.

Do you feel that an intrinsic part of your success is sex?

It's all part of it . . . but like I say if I'd have wanted to be a sex symbol I could have done it in a much better way from the start. I wouldn't have gone on *TOTP* in a jacket and jeans, I would have gone on in something more revealing. It's all part of it, you can't separate things easily.

Oh, I mean the sexual thing, I mean, I just think that the sexual energy that comes from any women is so powerful, and some women can achieve it better than others whether they're aware of it or not. Some women can be incredibly sexy — I say this all the time, it's a right cliche — and be an old sap, and some can be totally sexless wearing a little bra and knickers. It's just what you are, your personality.

But it doesn't bother you that success might just be based on cheap thrills?

At the moment I don't expect a great deal of respect from anyone. I'm singing pop songs and that's not generally respected. What is respected is if you're writing songs and observing things, which I think is great and something that I've always wanted to do. But I'm just terrible at writing songs! I've tried so many times and given up in despair.

I suppose it just boils down to having confidence in what you write. I met Kirsty (McColl) and she's just about one of the most confident people I've ever met. I don't know where she gets it from. I've no confidence when it comes to writing songs, but that's what I want to do. I wish . . .

The Kim Wilde has been moulded, for all your eventual contribution, out of other people's ideas about what a pop star should be. You don't sing about what you feel about life. Words are put into your mouth.

Yeah, but what I'm doing is singing songs that are written by my dad and my brother and being a singer and loving singing that's OK by me. There must be an art to that somewhere! Kim Wilde really is us three combined. I don't mind what I sing about . . . at the moment. I'm 20 — I've got years yet. A lot of time to develop and do other things.

I don't mind what I'm doing at the moment at all. I enjoy it, it's fun, *that's* why I'm doing it. I don't take it that seriously. I'm just enjoying myself and enjoying singing, which is what I've always wanted to do. It seems to have taken such a long time to actually get down and do it. I've wanted to do it for such a long time and I'm just lapping it up at the moment. It's something you don't want to throw away! I just hope that things will evolve for me in a more creative way.

Do you think that it's shallow?

No, not at all, because I believe in what I'm doing at the moment. I'm not cheating anyone. I'm singing songs I like singing in a way that I want to sing them and I'm working with people that I want to work with. It works! We set ourselves very high standards.

I'm not interested in giving out, like, manifestoes to people. What I'd like to get across if anything is just that people think

CONTINUES PAGE 61

THE COMSAT ANGELS & THE SOUND

ROTATING BILL

ON TOUR

SEPTEMBER

18 Nite Club, EDINBURGH
19 Victoria Hotel, ABERDEEN
20 Country Club, KIRKLEVINGTON
22 Polytechnic, MANCHESTER
23 T.A.Centre, YORK
24 Warehouse, LEEDS
26 Cedar Ballroom, BIRMINGHAM
27 Tiffanys, BATH

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b/w POINT OF NO RETURN

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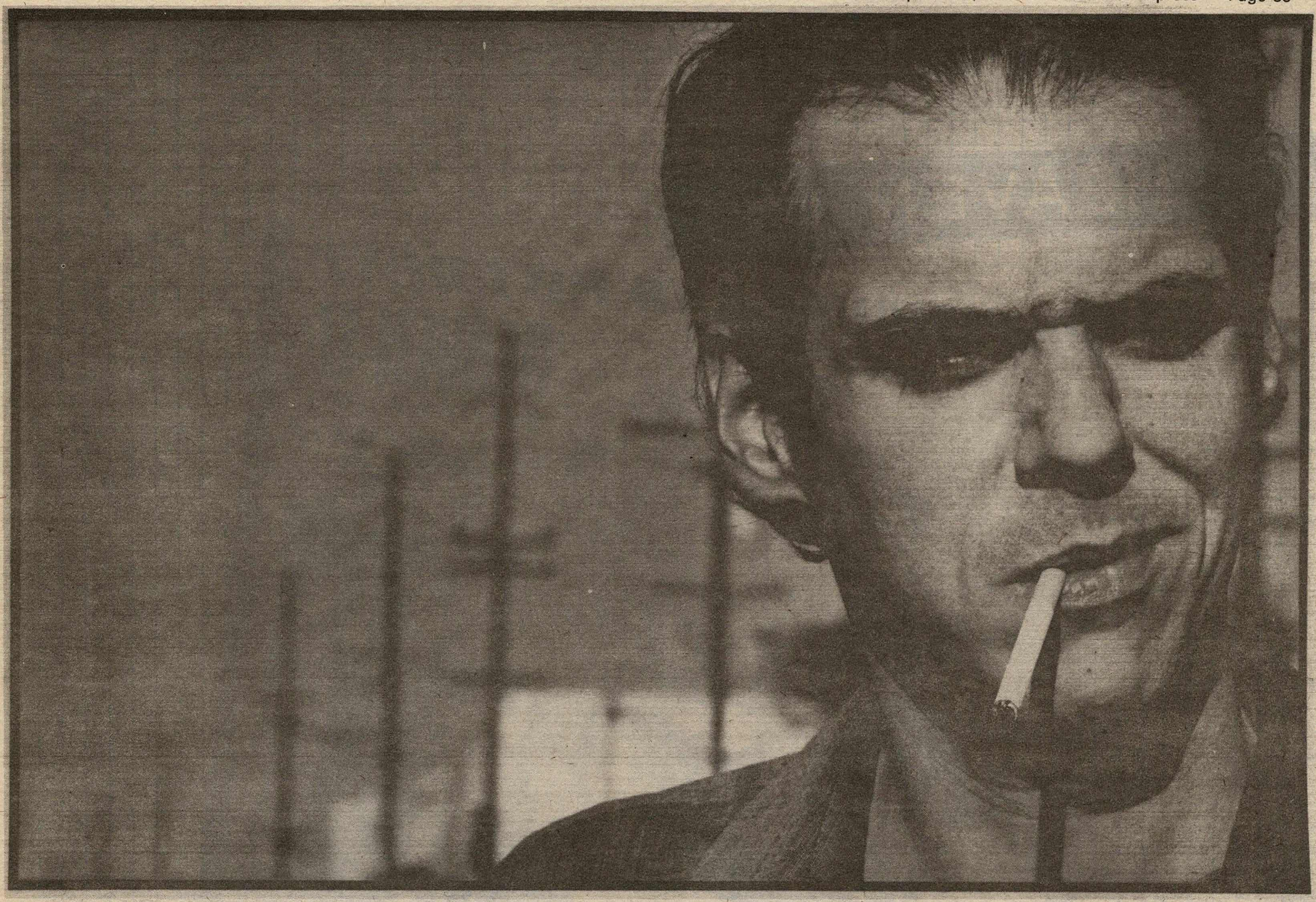

WELCOME TO HIATT COUNTRY

MAX BELL spreads rumours with JOHN HIATT, a frustrated craftsman of pop. Photograph: ANTON CORBIJN

"SORRY I won't be able to make the interview today," John Hiatt apologised down the wires. "I'm having domestic problems."

No alimony due, John? Or the plumbers?

"Worse. My wife and I have to take the cat to the vet to be neutered. On top of that, the people who own my house just sold it and kicked us out."

Mr Hiatt's management office on Hollywood Boulevard offered a far more prosaic reason for their client's non-arrival: John was waiting on a call from Nick Lowe, mooted as producer for a record two weeks away from conception.

A day later John Hiatt comes bowling down the freeway and tells me the Lowe story is at the substantial rumour stage. Meanwhile that's no solace to his feline's terminated libido. With the cat in stitches we adjourned to Barney's Beanery for a round of mescal and coca colas and mused on Hiatt's destiny.

Formerly a native of Indiana, this 29-year-old is one of America's best kept secrets; he's firmly in the tradition of the great pop writers.

A socially acute craftsman, Hiatt's growing battery of songs flirt with the orthodox and fall in love with the unusual. He's an astringent observer of the modern more, balancing a depth of irony with a hardbitten humour that prompts his most fervent admirers (mostly European) to set him up against Elvis Costello. The comparison is as broad as it's long: they may be different sides of a similar coin but the currency is totally dissimilar.

If I had a piece of graph paper and a slide rule I could probably prove that John Hiatt was about the best new voice the USA has on offer but as I don't we'll have to rely on reliable hearsay and the recorded evidence.

In Britain Hiatt is probably only known for the part he and his band played on Ry Cooder's last and most fabulous tour. While his band delighted everyone with the new accent they gave to Cooder's material, Hiatt himself almost stole the shows with his solo version of O. V. Wright's 'Eight Men, Four Women', a judge and jury number that was so redolent of pure testifying soul that you wondered when the singer changed his genes. Hiatt also played on Cooder's 'Borderline' set and contributed its least expected song (given that it wasn't written by a blind Mississippi bluesman), 'The Way We Make A Broken Heart'.

STANDING SIX feet tall, dressed in a work shirt and jeans, Hiatt nurses a chain of Marlboros and his glass with the air of a man who knows what is what. The air of someone who has worked for a living on Nashville's Music Row and been kicked down the alley for refusing to accept defeat. He's no terminal adolescent and no surrogate romantic from the Springsteen school either.

At 19 Hiatt broke into Milwaukee with a no-hope band called White Duck. For two years afterwards he flirted with the folk circuit before facing up to reality on two presently unobtainable records that rejoice under the monikers 'Hanging Around The Observatory' and 'Overcoats'.

A span in Tennessee behind him, Hiatt cropped up on MCA with 'Slugline', a record whose 'Washable Ink', covered by New Orleans' Neville Brothers, brought a moment of semi-recognition. Hiatt plugged other material into 'American Gigolo', TV network drama and Rick Nelson, all to no avail. Last year's 'Two Bit Monsters' was favourably absorbed by a small circle and Hiatt was titillated by the occasional Swedish royalty cheque. But it wasn't until the Cooder break that his luck changed at all. Introductions were made through a girl called Leslie who worked for Jack Nitzsche.

"I'd like to thank her for paying my rent, that's been my living for a year. I played Cooder every song I'd ever written and he hated 'em all, but we hit it off personally. As you know he's no Caruso vocally, only a certain song fits. 'The Way We Make . . .' was like 'He'll Have To Go Pt. 2'. I knew he'd be comfortable with that."

Hiatt's second stroke of fortune was parting with MCA and signing to Geffen.

"I was contracted for hundreds of records but after the lack of interest they showed on the first two I met with the president across the table and told him why bother! No one at the company is interested in what I'm doing. He said you're absolutely right. It gave the attorneys their moment of glory anyway."

Thereafter Hiatt could have signed with Warners but refused on account of their European abyss.

"Who in England gives a fuck about Jackson Browne or The Doobie Bros? All that Californian tripe. Here they sell eight zillion Eagles records so they don't care about the European operation."

Hiatt understands that he is struggling to get a foot in the door.

"There is none of the guts and imagination that exists in England, where an independent record or a demo can get played on the radio. Here it's a blowjob, a grotesque, ugly business. It's a creature lying dormant — nothing changed in the past five years; the upheaval you had in England didn't make a fuckin' dent. The Top 100 is still the same old schlock they've been peddling for ten years. The record manager knows the company man who knows the radio man. The promotion budgets are hundreds of thousands of dollars and it's, Oh! Pat Benatar, that's a Top Ten artist, we'll play that. John Hiatt? Who's he? He belongs somewhere else.

"I'm over being frustrated to the point of finding it funny. The ultimate goal is to get played on AM radio because that's the American scene you grew up with in your car. I'm sure my songs cut right through that FM technological rubbish; that big stupid Jefferson Starship rock sound, that you have to have. If you play something that sounds like it was recorded in a toilet, which is what rock and roll is essentially, you're in trouble right off the bat. People can't get past their thousand dollar stereos. Where's the bass?"

Be assured these sentiments are not voiced as sour grapes, they are a statement of fact.

But while Hiatt describes his ideal as a combination of taut professionalism and total trash, he is beyond doubt a diamond in the rough of current American pop writing. His material bears a healthy relation to the style and passion of his best compatriots, from Chuck Berry, through Motown and Stax to the fringe literacy of the great country and western mentors.

"I always figured you had to make something musically viable. Once you've drawn 'em in you might as well back it up with some decent lyrics."

The soul lineage is no fluke either.

"The blue eyed singers, The Righteous Brothers or The Soul Survivors had some daily contact with black people. I went to Catholic school, I didn't even know what a negro was until high school. All I heard was on the radio. Now four years after the fact there's a soul revival in Los Angeles so you can play a Wilson Pickett cover and they eat it up. But you know fucking well they never bought that record or gave a shit about Wilson Pickett or even knew who the hell he was. That's why Los Angeles is the now the worst gauge in the world for metering this country. Los Angeles and New York, the so-called centres of the music industry, have nothing to do with the rest of America, where the talent really is."

So why live here?

"I'm here to sell my wares, you have to be. New York? Who'd want to live there? It's like living on top of a rotting corpse, vampire life; you crawl out of your coffin and go out into the decaying streets and get shot at." Check out John Carpenter's *Escape From New York* for verification.

TO PAGE 61

HEAVEN 17.

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HEAVEN 17
Penthouse And Pavement (BEF/Virgin)

YES, there's plenty of use! Sometimes you can wonder why you're so enthalled by pop's maze: it would be easy to break out in that breathtaking freedom and presumably discover the real stars. Why stay (a)mazed? There are certain things that happen . . . and then you realise why. Like The Human League breaking in two. What a wonderful piece of luck: I can't get over it!

That original Human League — the myth is being boiled — were little more than sketches in plain: they knew what the loving feeling was all about but they never quite made it. That Human League were never outstanding, and the whole point of their existence was to be outstanding. Any company featuring Phil Oakey had to stand out from the crowd, surely. Since the split Phil's Human League have slowly, sensually and spectacularly turned into the greatest MOR machine since Abba or even Meatloaf: a concordant cocktail of true love, true melody, true truth and true stardom. Truly true, the new Human League are true to the heart beat of the truth of pop.

Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware have with, what in these pages can effortlessly be termed intellectual grace, manipulated British Electric Foundation into the true, true, blue, steel, sofas and suits, car and elevator, life and if you're lucky death representation of the original Human League concept. Straight modern mixed with gambling, destiny, the weight of fate, the wonderful nature of accident, Godlessness, dancing fiends, beat, hi, low, appetite, soul, war, the technological way to a true kind of friendship. Sheffield is a true town, truly.

And 'Penthouse And Pavement' is truly a testing demonstration of BEF's and so Heaven 17's wonderful appreciation of where the tangible and intangible forces in life collide, where truth, myth and mighty matter mesh and mangle. It is consistent, allusive, an advancing, dancing, flirting entertainment: truly faithful to the dictum that pop is an argumentative misgiving, a great style of living, the way to improve your life, to obtain the unobtainable, boost your health, lose track of sensible order and make every minute count.

On 'Penthouse And Pavement' Heaven 17 — Marsh and Ware with Welsh bass voice Glenn Gregory and ace bass cruiser John Wilson — are playing to win, suiting the action to the word, joking around with culture and precedent, staring the end of the world in it's warty contorted face and trying out loud whilst crying with laughter because — WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE and Heaven 17 do a lot of saying and doing — dreams, life, love, death, fun, games, guns and democrats are things to play around with. Heaven 17 play, convincing all that they're blameless, letting their conscience do the straying, deviously working out what is 'free' and what is 'funky'.

You must know I'm right — Penthouse And Pavement 'is fabulous and it won't deny your needs and you just put our faith in it because it is true. It is something of a stretch: it stretches all over the place and you'll have fun playing with it. Look at the cover: that's fun, at least in this maze it is.

The first side, the pavement side, is, you know, funky but free. The known, needed, nasty and intoxicating 'Fascist Groove Thang' and 'Play-To Win' are split by the hello to my soul speeding youth away 'Penthouse And Pavement' and the strategically anthemic 'Soul Warfare' — all this starring in a big exciting way John Wilson and featuring the mystery soul of Josie James. The Pavement side authentically treats rough and gets tough: Heaven 17 have nothing to be ashamed of when it's dance tactics to be employed. The pavement side features at least three true classics: work it out yourself.

The penthouse side rises to the clouds on the tactical ease thang backs of Marsh and Ware's idiosyncratically beaten syncratic synthesizer techniques and Gregory's ample, generous blond crooning. Five pieces, Heaven 17 dealing on this side even more intimately with the greater problems of life that can be reduced to rhymes, half-reason, absurdity, depression, euphoria argument and celebrations. Heaven 17 look to the future to see the past: upset precedents by seeing the future: dislodge anticipation by teasing the intellect and introduce a fine sense of apprehension. 'Let's Make A Bomb' and 'Song With No Name' are immediate edgy class pieces. The finishing piece turns everything upside down again by contradicting the cheery, sharpish fatalism with a great amount of ironic glee: "We're Going To Live For A Very Long Time.' It contradicts it all but, of course, it says it all.

"Come and join the fun on the way to heaven/Come and talk to God on the party line/If you can't be bothered, we don't need you/We're going to live for a very long time."
WE'RE GOING TO LIVE FOR A VERY LONG TIME
WE'RE GOING TO LIVE FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

'Penthouse And Pavement' is brilliantly satisfying — what more could you want — but then I would say that. I'm from heaven. True!

Paul Morley

Heaven 17, rest and play

Angel whispers and angled rages

ULTRAVOX
Rage In Eden (Chrysalis)

YEARS AGO Ultravox, or rather John Foxx, did a lot of conceptualising in print about how their music worked out the contradictions between body and machine, present and future(ism) — even Roxy and punk. These theories were supposedly embodied in the 'Systems Of Romance' album produced by Conny Plank. But the actual practice lagged behind: DAF were to do it all a lot better, with Plank as engineer, on the first side of 'Die Kleinen Und Die Bosen'.

John Foxx, of course, has long since gone on to better things, just like Ultravox. It's interesting, though, how in spite of all the personnel changes the name still carries certain expectations. And here the band are, still walking with Plank. Maybe they don't theorise as much (Midge Ure likes keeping things down-to-earth) but noises are still made about electro-pop, the primacy of the synth etc.

There's nothing wrong with this kind of self-advertisement, as long as you bear in mind just how orthodox, how rock band, Ultravox are. Pomp is what they're good at. Mind, the best, most elegant brand in the business. The 'Vienna' single doesn't belong with Queen or Yes, but Morricone and Vangelis; it was a film score with a grandiose pop consciousness, Ure still searching for the young mataphysical rebels as he'd done so emptily in Slik with 'For Ever And Ever'.

Give me schmaltzy nothings in Vienna any day where the Austrian hills are alive with the sound of Billy Currie doing a raggle taggle Yehudi Menuhin, because next to it most of the new album is clean and dry. The majority of the nine tracks rock along mundanely and conventionally like 'The Thin Wall', the current single. 'Accent On Youth' and 'Stranger Within' are in the same category: 'All stood still' did it a lot better, with more idiosyncratic changes of pace and creations of space —Ultravox can be good at using silence.

There's nothing as bold as this on 'Rage In Eden' whose surface sound is so skilled, so balanced that there's no tilt: no direction. Things get so boring you start to play spot-the-riff: the whinnying synth, for instance, on 'We Stand Alone' is reminiscent of The Osmonds' 'Crazy Horses'! The words on this particular cut (try *"gigolo and gigolette"* for clumsiness) typify the lyrics on the rest of the album; the worst kind of symbolist nonsense is paraded, groaning about words failing and speech slurring: this sense of failure isn't even expressed convincingly. It's no surprise to find a song called — words again! — 'The Voice', though it is the best of the faster material with Ure's chanting vocal style not as frigid as it sometimes is.

The slower muzacky tracks never come up to 'Vienna'. The title track starts off with the right idea, the computerised intro falling in with something more lush and expansive; but it's like the band are holding back, afraid of their own pomp potential. They might as well go to it, because there's no way they're going to monopolise — artistically, at least — the spare DAF end of the market.

By the close of the album it's as if Ultravox relent a little. 'The Ascent' and 'Your Name' have a bluff pop majesty, tomtom heartbeats exploding with notes rippling around to create a three-dimensional effect. Which is what the band are best at: monuments, statues, empty glory. It's the bad faith of romanticism — in 'Futurist' trappings.

Paul Tickell

The W. H. Smith New Term

Assessment

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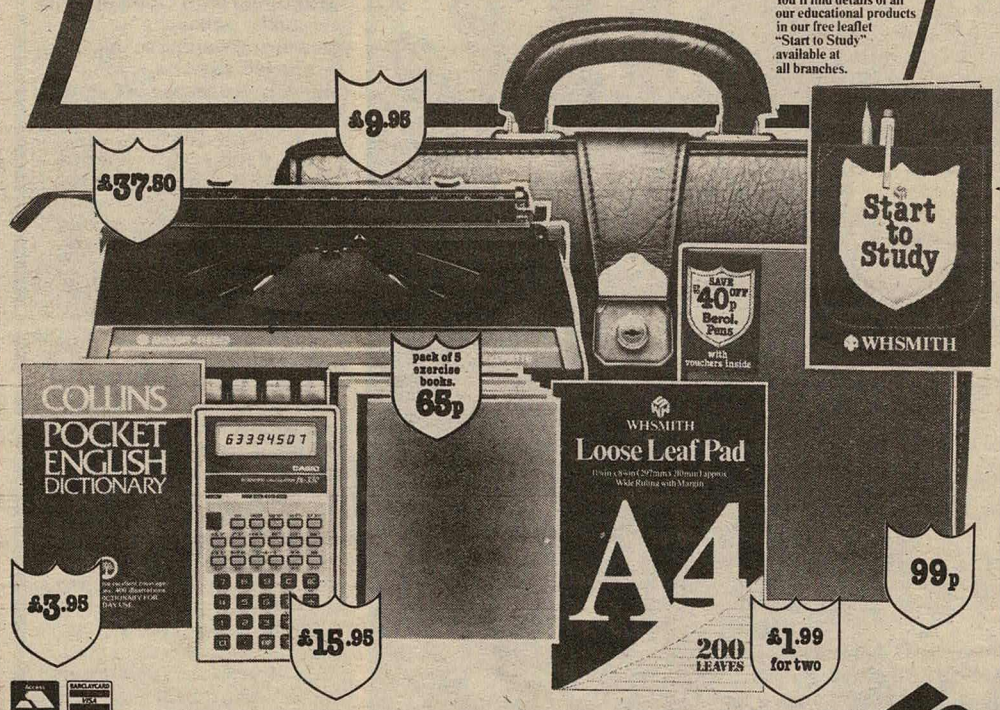

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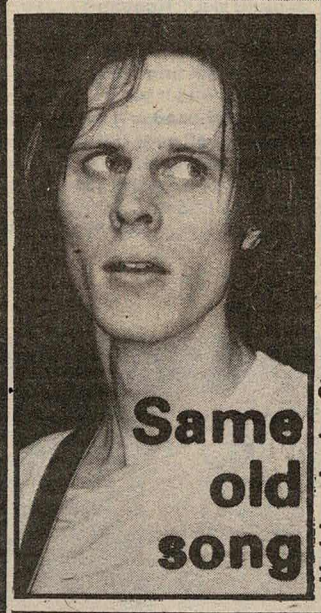
THE RAYBEATS
Guitar Beat (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)

ANOTHER parallel universe: what if The Ventures had been based in New York in a post-Talking Heads and Defunkt universe? What if . . . sorry, I'm forgetting my manners. The Ventures were an instrumental quartet who became active about twenty years ago in California doing trashy surf instrumentals and covers of movie themes, and they had this very characteristic guitar sound, all twangy Fenders with lots of tremolo-arm stuff, and some very overbearing rhythms. Okay?

Well, The Raybeats have that same guitar sound, plus a lot of eccentric funk-art (let's dance!) rhythms, and 'Guitar Beat' is twisted, angular and edgy. Produced by Martin 'Love Action' Rushent and recorded Right Here In The Yew Kay, 'Guitar Beat' adds a few saxes and keyboards to the basic twangs and thumps, but the principle still holds. The perfect mood music for an imperfect mood, 'Guitar Beat' is self-consciously witty (check the sleeve notes for a textbook example of self-conscious wit) and simultaneously corny, eerie and hilarious. The Raybeats may be the group to start the post modernist revival. At the very least, they'll bring a few Ventures freaks out of the woodwork. Crrrrrrreak.

Charles Shaar Murray



Verlaine pic: Joe Stevens

I-ficial inspiration

BLACK UHURU: Vital Selection (Virgin); THE GLADIATORS: Vital Selection (Virgin); CULTURE: Vital Selection (Virgin); THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Vital Selection (Virgin)

DURING THE PERIOD when Virgin Records were actively engaged in recording and supporting reggae music (or exploiting and leeching off it, depending on point of view), there was a general consumer consensus to the effect that their reggae catalogue was not a patch on that of Island Records, the only other major to be heavily involved in the music. There was a certain amount of truth in this — after all, who did Virgin have who was the equal of Bob Marley, Burning Spear of Scratch? But the fact remains that Front Line, the subsidiary that Virgin created for its JA product, released a considerable quantity of wholesome skank in its time.

Three of the four albums listed above are new compilations created by Scotty Bennett from the artists' output for the company, while the fourth is a singles showcase that's been around for a while, though not under this imprint and not at this price. Black Uhuru's 'Vital Selection' (generally referred to as 'Showcase' though i-ficially titled simply 'Black Uhuru') collects the majority of the work between the acquisition of Puma Jones and their first recordings for Island, and features — among others — 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner', 'Abortion', 'General Penitentiary' and 'Shine Eye Gal.'

Messrs Dunbar and Shakespeare are simultaneously present and correct in the engine room and at the controls, which means that the sound and style brought to fruition on the Island albums is available in an earlier but by no means undeveloped form. Michael Rose, Uhuru's lead singer and principal composer, is currently being groomed for a Marley role as the front-runner of reggae music and, while he is a powerful and charismatic person, he needs considerably more variety of melody and structure in his songwriting before Black Uhuru can do much in the pop chart. Still, this collection is absolutely mandatory listening; anyone who saw the Rainbow shows in August will require little or no additional convincing. Considering that it goes at £2.99, you'd have to be some kind of crazy person to ignore it.

The other three featured artists in the series have had less success in breaching the mainstream than Uhuru — possibly because they are not on Island — but they've all been responsible for large amounts of music of grace and power.

TOM VERLAINE
Dreamtime (Warner Bros)

WHEN 'Marquee Moon', the first Television LP, was released in 1977 it really did look as if Verlaine and group had inherited the coveted mantle of Supreme Manhattan Sound from the Velvet Underground. Tom Verlaine became legendary. Remember? By now the Velvet Underground's heritage has been shared out among more heirs than Howard Hughes had distant cousins, and the superlative 'legendary' has been drained of its significance.

If he was once the centre of attention, he is now coasting on Television's fame.

Verlaine crystallized New York experience and then shattered the crystals. He took guitar solos and the Keith Richard style and made them strange and cerebral (as only an American rock fan could think of doing).

'Dreamtime' is leagues better than 'Adventure' but not as good as 'Marquee Moon'. Verlaine still uses the same shrill electric guitar lines piled up to jangly crescendoes, and oblique lyrical impressions of metropolitan epiphany.

Only 'The Blue Robe' diverges from the formula: a smoky near-instrumental which shows he can develop an idea that doesn't depend on lavish wordshed.

The words are still the same sort of thing, as in 'Penetration', where they dip into reality: *'Stars are out / They're writing on my brow / Your names, your qualities / I could drink them / Deep potation, deep penetration.'*

What! Just because he's still doing the same thing you expect him to retire?'

Edward L Fox

AL GREEN
Tokyo . . . Live (Hi)

ALTHOUGH he's been a soul superstar for a decade now, this is Al Green's first live LP. Predictably, perhaps, it's a double, was made in Japan, and rarely matches the excellence of his studio work, especially that of his early days with producer Willie Mitchell.

Green remains a superb singer — he may talk more about God these days but his voice is still full of sex — and the band are the fine 'Belle Album' musicians: what's missing here is Mitchell's sense of restraint, that spare, understated, *sexy* tension which was such a fundamental part of the Green / Mitchell style — and success.

On 'Tokyo . . . Live' Green often abandons such subtleties to whip up the easy excitement of a thumping crescendo: 'Tired Of Being Alone', 'For The Good Times' and 'Belle' are all slightly spoiled by these clumsy climaxes — the more disappointingly as they begin so well. Green also allows other tracks to slacken off, inserting those standard riffing and "clap your hands" sections that are the bane of live records. 'I Feel Good', which takes up most of side four, is the chief casualty but 'Sha La La' and 'You Ought To Be With Me' also suffer to a lesser extent.

Side four apart, this is still a well listenable LP; an enjoyable canter through the

BAMBOO ZOO
Look! Listen! Consume! (Phoney-Gran)

DON'T be dissuaded from tilting your attention in this disc's direction. Bamboo Zoo are more than just an untidy tribe of fiddlers from up north. They're more than just a short-cut outfit containing the *NME's* Mick Duffy playing his guitar and singing. They're more than just a taped combination of knowing recent rememberances.

What they *are* is up to you. What they've *done* is twigged the magic trick it takes to mingle some favourite bright ideas with their own significant potential. In a different league to your average dabbling thieves, Bamboo Zoo have ended up with something substantial and spasmodically marvellous.

Track one is the Zoo's glib, come-clean manifesto. It implies the broad idea, wherein an uptight scrum of ingredients — edgy little vocal squeals, tense, trebly jitters of guitar and some bare background booms and batterings — fit together, compulsive and impulsive, urging you to discover more.

MIDNIGHT STAR: Standing Together (Solar)
KLYMAXX: Never Underestimate The Power Of A Woman (Solar)

THE SOLAR SOUND, the most subtlely clinical soul sound to have emerged in five years, has been a big step forward for West Coast soul, and Dick Griffey is undoubtedly one of the most enlightened figures presently on the scene. But no sound or style can guarantee quality for its particular roster of talent, and only when the Solar sound is used on artists of some calibre — the Whispers, Dynasty — does it stand out as properly distinctive.

Midnight Star, right down to their cosmic-pantomime togs, are another rehash of EWF. Not that they get anywhere near, say, 'Let Your Feelings Show', since producer Leon Sylvers III throttles whatever funk lies dormant in their collective soul. This sound doesn't jump, slide, or even cruise, it merely rebounds between airtight blocks of sound, square units of lifeless rhythm. Even the usual panoply of Solar keyboards, as manned by band MC Bo Watson — fails to counter the inflexibility of such a foundation.

The all-girl Klymaxx aren't the Belle Stars, and they'll never free themselves from the old patriarchal slough of studio technicians, but 'All Fired Up', which kicks off this record, is worth more of your time than the Midnight Star LP in its entirety. It's as hard and full as Evelyn King's 'I'm In Love' — and sexier too. Even if all the other songs (at their worst they could be the Nolans in blackface) fail to prevent underestimation of the power of the female Klymaxx, this will stand. Just. A 12" would be in order.

Barney Hoskyns

Duckey Simpson. Pic: Pennie Smith

Culture, led by Joseph Hill, are probably best known for their 'Two Sevens Clash' album, but their compilation includes inspirational matter such as 'Never Get Weary', 'Work On Natty' and the title track of their 1979 'International Herb' album, the cover of which featured almost as much green stuff as that of Tosh's 'Legalize It.'

The Mighty Diamonds' work has been varied to the point of being somewhat inconsistent: at one point Virgin packed them off to make a disastrous album with Allen Toussaint which pleased neither the rock/soul audience nor white and black followers of roots reggae. This one draws on their work before and after this calamity, including 'Right Time' and 'Deeper Roots (Return To The Channel)', among others draws upon Sly and Robbie, Tommy McCook, Vin Gordon, Horsemouth, Ansel Collins and Chinna Smith as members of the back-up crew. Donald (Tabby) Sharpe, who sings lead, is more than suitably heart-rending on 'Why Me Black Brother Why' and the epitome of power and pride on 'Right Time', but the Diamonds never quite seemed to have as much personality and autonomy as many of their contemporaries.

The Gladiators created a muted but effective sound on their 'Trenchtown Mix Up' album by eschewing horns and keyboards in order to achieve more range and space than one would have thought possible with just guitars and rhythm. Albert Griffiths is The Gladiators' front man, and the vocal combinations on their collection represent the most creative singing in the bunch. The Gladiators' vocal arrangements are stunning and, even on the non-'Mix Up' tracks with fuller instrumentation, they shine.

The original editions of many of the Virgin Front Line albums are in a warehouse somewhere — "Just bring a wheelbarrow", one Virgin employee suggested a few months ago — but these budget selections are ideal salvage operations. They also have access to material by the likes of Johnny Clarke (not the one from Salford), Peter Tosh, The Twinkle Brothers, I Roy and U Roy so theoretically we can expect a few more of these in the months to come. Go deh!

Charles Shaar Murray

Al Green hit book up to and including four tracks from 1977's 'The Belle Album'. Those gospelly Green whoops are still a stylish, seductive delight, the horns are razor-sharp, the band driving and, when permitted, delicate; a few moments — 'God Bless Our Love', the start of 'For The Good Times' — are even spellbinders in that old heart-stopping style only great soul can achieve.

A few moments hardly justify buying a double LP, though; especially when most of the tracks are available in superior studio versions. 'Call Me', 'Al Green Is Love', 'The Belle Album' and 'The Cream Of Al Green' remain the essential artefacts of a supreme soul stylist.

Graham Lock

DIONNE WARWICK
Hot! Live And Otherwise
(Arista)

TIME WAS when Dionne and I went steady. At that point there was another man in her life — a guy named Burt who wrote melodies like Rubik's cubes, full of lines that twisted and turned, notes that went up when you felt they were heading down. And Dionne, bless her gospel heart, solved these musical problems in such a winning way that folks simply stood back and admired. Me too.

Since then, she and Burt have gone their separate ways. But, as this three-quarters live double-album shows, the lady can still handle all the intricacies of his larynx-lickers with consummate ease, weaving together the kind of hit medley that all those slobs on 45 probably dream about on hot Horlicks nights.

When there's always something there to remind you, all is well. Not so impressive is her newer material, eked out by Diana Ross hangaround Mike Masser and others less Burtworthy. Sometimes, as is the case with Isaac Hayes' 'We Never Said Goodbye', she's served with all the right licks.

However, there are moments when you can imagine her singing to autographed pin-ups of Barry Manilow, a trend maybe Arista would approve, though it reminds me of the time Eric and Ern featured Bassey in boots.

Also now, she's a mite too precious in her show-biz rapping. Certainly my Dionne would never have said "merci beaucoup" in response to applause by a Reno audience.

Which is why we don't go steady anymore.

But we remain good friends.

Fred Dellar

The urge to 'Look! Listen! Consume!' may strike you as a trifle shrill, but don't fret yet; Bamboo Zoo mature with frequent spins. 'The Interminable Twang' proves that tactless jagged edges needn't mean a fast trip to brain-ache, and the song's tart turn offs into downturned reflective segments lends the thing a deft suggestion of world-weary naivete.

Further fruits to your enjoyment: 'Brave New Whirl' jumps you when your back's turned, a stumbling, ascending, orange juicy melodic rush, bitter-sweet and truly moving. 'Aku A Calling' recalls some likeable old doodles by Scritti Pollittti, with its tripping discordancies somehow tumbling into a logical whole, with a haze of misty murmerings built in. Inexplicably beautiful.

Bamboo Zoo are carefully concealed behind a deceptive front of near-amateurism. The flattened, unfussy production artfully enhances the tone. They have no blatant axe to grind, but a plethora of private thoughts to ponder out loud.

Bamboo Zoo are clever little Trevors, but they're never twee or trite. Genuinely, modestly sensitive, they're fitting, fretful companions for those dull and dreadful Sundays. Watering the toms would have been a whole lot worse without them.

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Dave Hill

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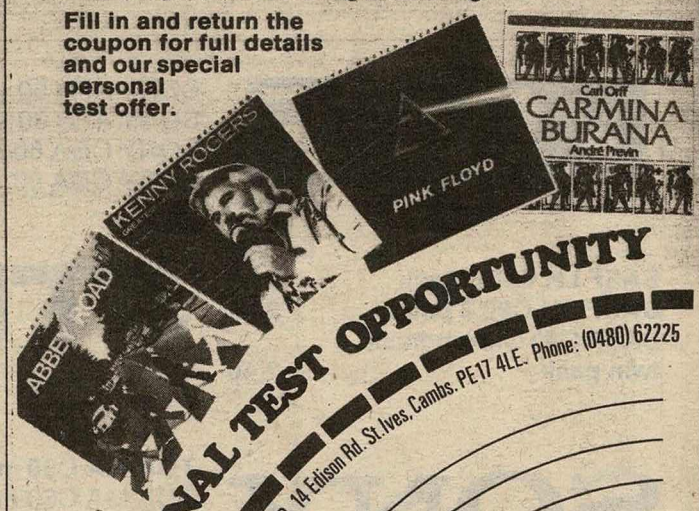

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ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDINGS

EYELESS IN GAZA
Caught In Flux (Cherry Red)

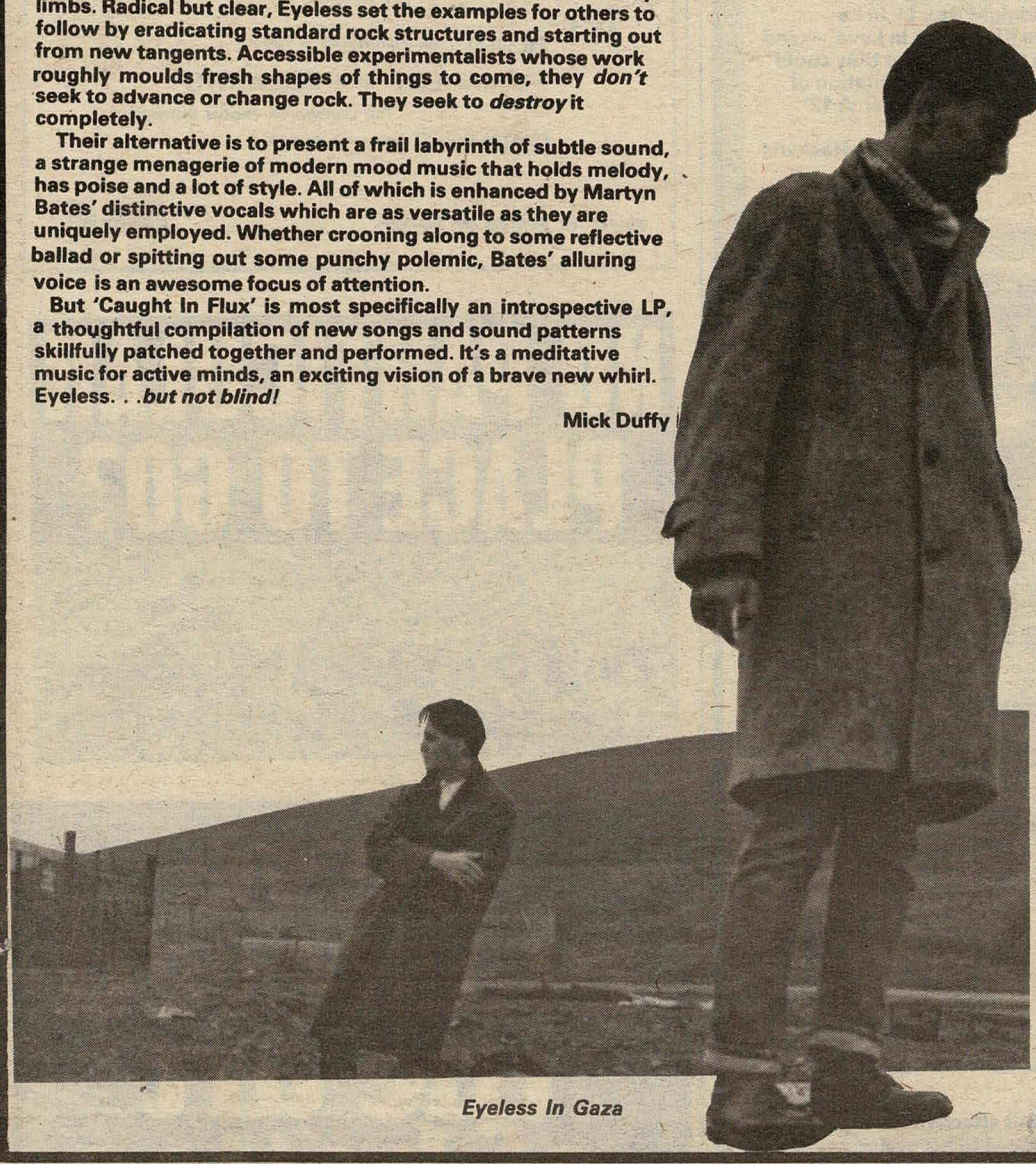
WITH ANIMATED gestures of disdain Eyeless In Gaza can answer detractors who dismissed their debut LP, 'Photographs As Memories', as a precious exercise in the art of self-indulgence. 'Caught In Flux', the band's second offering of the year, is a measure of progress, and though there's still room for growth some mark of maturity has undoubtedly been forged.

'Caught In Flux' — a package which includes an additional 'free' 12" Eyeless sampler, 'The Eyes Of Beautiful Losers' — is a piercing, poison jab into the blood-stream of rock music's lazy limbs. Radical but clear, Eyeless set the examples for others to follow by eradicating standard rock structures and starting out from new tangents. Accessible experimentalists whose work roughly moulds fresh shapes of things to come, they *don't* seek to advance or change rock. They seek to *destroy* it completely.

Their alternative is to present a frail labyrinth of subtle sound, a strange menagerie of modern mood music that holds melody, has poise and a lot of style. All of which is enhanced by Martyn Bates' distinctive vocals which are as versatile as they are uniquely employed. Whether crooning along to some reflective ballad or spitting out some punchy polemic, Bates' alluring voice is an awesome focus of attention.

But 'Caught In Flux' is most specifically an introspective LP, a thoughtful compilation of new songs and sound patterns skillfully patched together and performed. It's a meditative music for active minds, an exciting vision of a brave new whirl. Eyeless. . .*but not blind!*

Mick Duffy



Eyeless In Gaza

Little bitty loaves

RENALDO & THE LOAF
Songs For Swinging Larvae (Do It)
RADIO FREE EUROPE
Laughoncue (Hedonics)

'SONGS FOR Swinging Larvae' was originally released on The Residents' Ralph Records. Is imitation really the best form of flattery?

Renaldo & The Loaf, aka David Janssen and Brian Poole of Portsmouth, deal in sub-Residential antics for the most part, often banally so — the form without the thought and substance, so to speak. The 16 (mostly short) tracks on 'Songs' either take one basic idea and thrash it to within an inch or two of its life — 'Kimbolton Gnome Song', 'A Medical Man' — or quilt together a patchwork of disparate (and largely insignificant) ideas to form a gaudy and unappealing whole.

There's much looping, backward-tape and treatment trickery, usually to little end, although some fragments are pleasant in a so-so, insubstantial fashion — the daffy tinkly-bonk ethnicity of 'Bali Whine' and the playful Riley/Reichian fun of 'A Sob Story', for instance — and there's even one track of undeniably great beauty in 'Honest Joe's Indian Gets The Goat On The Way To The Cowboys' Conga', but the whole affair's too bitty by far.

Renaldo & The Loaf may be oddballs of a sort, but they do at least supply some evidence of volition in their music-making, which is more than can be said for Austin, Texas pseuds Radio Free Europe, whose 'Laughoncue' ploughs sundry jagged furrows of infertility in pastures long since leached of inspiration.

Apart from the marginally engaging bizarro-pop of 'It Likes You', released as a single earlier this year, 'Laughoncue' is a collection of thoroughly worthless noisescapes, some veering gently towards Gilbert & Lewis territory ('Suggested Re-entry'), but most just cacophonising pointlessly about for a few minutes before puttering into inconclusion. I switched on my fan — a noisy beast at the best of times — during RFE's deck-tenure, and the improvement, though slight, was nonetheless discernible. That's no joke or sly disparagement, but the truth. Radio Free Europe deal in formal sound theatrics of a very low order. Why bother?

Andy Gill

SADAO WATANABE
Orange Express (CBS)

TOKYO having more TV channels than any other metropolis, it's not unsurprising that the media's voguish 'incidental' soundtracking subtly colours much of the (export) music mass-produced in Japan. This is a perfect example, in that all seven jazz-based tracks could be instantly relocated as main themes for *intelligent* strip series.

Undermining a competitor's confidence in the quality of his own product is extremely clever strategy and, as the cultural cold-war escalates, the Japanese grow even more confident in coverting America's major contribution to contemporary art — Jazz. And, with inscrutable efficiency, offers a new slant to the jazz as international language theory. The most accomplished artisan in this Cars-To-Detroit manouevre is alto saxist-composer Sadao Watanabe — now even more of a national hero back home since becoming a priority signing with the CBS North-American consortium.

Whilst what often passes for jazz-funk has simultaneously stripped both genres — and with it many fine musicians — of integrity and indentity, Watanabe arrives at the realisation that there's no necessity to subjugate individuality in order to comply with wholly redundant corperate thinking. 'Orange Express' is unquestionably the prolific Watanabe's best album.

Much of the success is attributed to producer Kiyoshi Itoh and engineer Larry Rosen who conspire to infuse the fresh, uncluttered arrangements and the rhythm section's obvious enthusiasm with a depth of genuine in-studio presence seldom encountered in the emotional formularisation one has come to dread from prominent take-the-money-and-run soloists.

The Man From The East has concocted a most satisfactory blending of breezy jazz-funk ('Ride On', 'Good For All Night' and 'Straight To The Top'), reflective lyricism 'Call Me'), serene impressionism ('Bagamoyo/Zanzibar') and some spring-heeled African High-Life.

So whilst his nation's future vocalists prepare themselves for the next offensive by completing Americanisation elocution courses, Sadao Watanabe anticipates as much demand for his album as Bruce Lee once did for the sale of wooden crutches.

Roy Carr

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TOUR NEWS

ODYSSEY'S HOMER

ODYSSEY return to Britain next weekend for a cabaret and concert tour, just as their new RCA single 'It Will Be Alright' is starting to make an impact. On previous tours here, they've always used a UK backing group, but this time they're accompanied by their own American rhythm section.

They visit Watford Bailey's (September 28-October 3), Southport Theatre (4), Glasgow Morley's Nitespot (5-6), Sheffield Lyceum (7), Skegness Festival Pavilion (8), Norwich Cromwells (9), Nottingham Rock City (10), Manchester Golden Garter (12-17), Stoke Jollees (19), Southend Talk Of The South (20), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (21), Cardiff Top Rank (23), Torquay 400 Ballroom (24), Birmingham Night Out (26-31), Slough Fulcrum Centre (November 1) and Plymouth Fiesta (2). There's no London date as yet, but this situation could well change, as it's understood that an appearance at The Venue is on the cards.

QPR's rock plans for next summer

LONDON gets a new open-air venue for rock concerts next summer, with plans for six major shows to be staged at the Queen's Park Rangers football ground in Shepherds Bush. The club has just become the first in Britain to cover its pitch with artificial grass and now it wants to reap the dividends by using its Omniturf surface for many other events, besides soccer.

QPR marketing director Ian Simpson told *NME*: "The idea is to start the concert season in mid-May and run through to late July. We've already lined up one huge international name for a two-day stint in July, at the end of his European tour — and we'd like, if possible, to book other big-name acts on a two-day basis.

"We're contacting top bands, both British and American. And if any promoters are interested in using the ground, I'd be pleased if they would get in touch with me. We can accommodate 25,000 people in comfort, we have a completely waterproof pitch, and we shall be building our own stage which will remain through the season. What's more, the acoustics will be excellent, now that the ground is fully covered on all four sides."

Simson added that the shows would be of a prestige nature, on a par with the big outdoor concerts which have become a traditional part of the British summer scene.

THE GANG SHOWS

KOOL & THE GANG — whose string of hit singles has continued this year with 'Celebration', 'Jones v Jones' and 'Take It To The Top' — return to the UK in November to headline their first tour here for a year, climaxing in two major Lodon shows. Their visit is preceded on Ocotber 2 by the release of their new Phonogram album 'Something Special', from which a single will be taken, though titles haven't yet been decided.

The eight-piece outfit play Bristol Colston Hall (November 1), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (2), Manchester Apollo (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Nottingham Rock City (6), London Rainbow (7 and 8) and Brighton Conference Centre (9), with a venue for November 3 still to be confirmed. Tickets should be on sale by this weekend, priced £6, £5 and £4 (London and Birmingham); £4.50 only (Nottingham); and £5, £4 and £3 (elsewhere). Promoter is Ian Wright for TBA.

Grace, Randy add

GRACE JONES has sold out her two concerts at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal, announced last week, and promoter Harvy Goldsmith has added a third night — on Saturday, October 10. As before, tickets are priced £6.50, £6, £5 and £4, and they're on sale now at the theatre box-office. RANDY CRAWFORD has also extended her stint at the same venue, having sold out her three concerts there (October 11-13), reported last week. She now plays three extra shows on October 17, 19 and 20 — tickets £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 at the theatre, or by post from Kiltorch, PO Box 281, London N15 5LW. Randy will be backed on stage by a five-piece band, plus the 20-piece Wren Orchestra.

☐ **THE INMATES**, who've just released a single for WEA titled 'Me And The Boys', have added another three dates to their gig at London Victoria The Venue (September 25) reported last week — they are Birmingham Aston University (October 2), Nottingham University (3) and London Camden Dingwalls (8).

☐ **RUDI** are back in the UK following the release of their first single for two years, 'When I Was Dead' on Jamming Records. Dates set so far are all in London — Islington Hope & Anchor (this Saturday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Sunday), Euston The Pits (September 22), Covent Garden Africa Centre (27) and Victoria The Venue (29). Support band is The Questions.

☐ **SLOW CHILDREN**, the cult American band, are playing a one-off to support their third Ensign single 'Spring In Fialta'/'Too Weak To Eat'. It's at London Islington Screen On The Hill next Tuesday (22), when Heaven 17 will be the host DJs. This gig also marks the advent of a new venue, as live shows will in future be featured there regularly. Tickets are £2.75.

☐ **SAXON** will use "the biggest indoor PA system (40,000 watts) ever built in Britain" when they play Stafford Bingley Hall on October 10, as part of their upcoming UK tour. A special stage is being built at the venue, and the lighting system will include 150 aircraft landing lights. Budgie will be special guest for this gig only, and the promoters have organised coaches to Bingley Hall from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Derby, Coventry and Nottingham (return fare between £2 and £3).

☐ **MATCHBOX** are going out on an extensive tour to tie in with the mid-October release of their third Magnet album 'Flying Colours'. Most of their schedule has still to be confirmed, but initial dates are at Chippenham Gold Diggers (October 1), St Albans City Hall (3), Glasgow University (9), Sheffield Lyceum (10), London Tottenham-Court Rd Dominion (11) and Luton Cesar's (28-31). The band's new single 'Angels On Sunday' is issued next week.

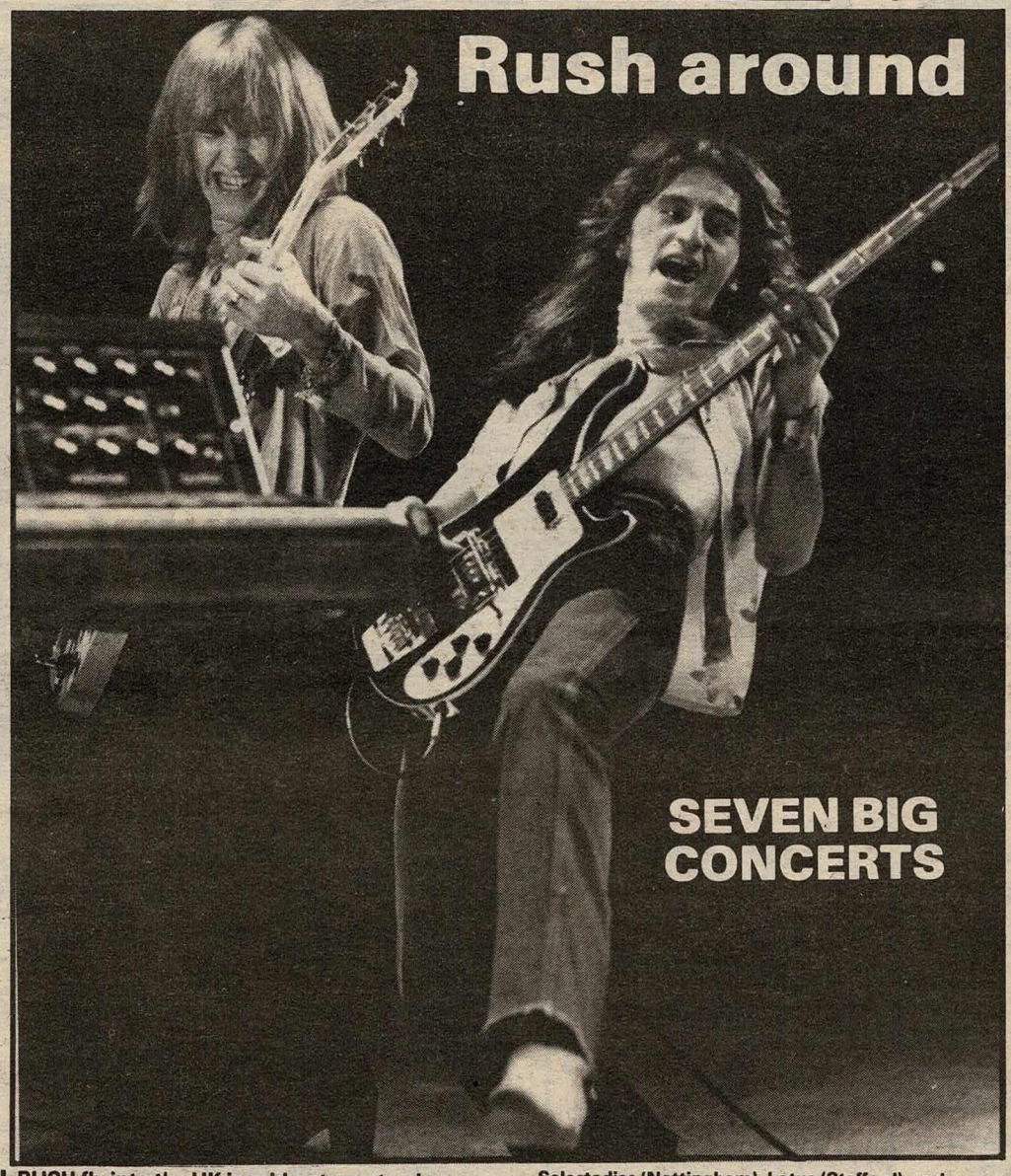
☐ **STOMU YAMASH'TA** has been playing to full houses at London's Court Theatre in Holland Park with his latest show *Iroha — Life Of Change*, so its run has been extended through until September 23. And London Airport is diverting the flight paths of some planes, because of confusion caused by the lasers used in the performance.

A NEW RENAISSANCE

RENAISSANCE have announced details of the first half of their two-leg autumn tour, their first here for two years. They play Aberystwyth University (October 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (3), Manchester University (6), Guildford Surrey University (8), London Hammersmith Odeon (9), St Albans City Hall (10), Eastbourne Congress (11), Edinburgh Playhouse (13), and Derby Assembly Rooms (14). The tour supports the trio's new Illegal Records single 'Fairies' and album 'Camera Camera', and dates for the second part are currently being finalised.

WAKEMAN GOES OUT

RICK WAKEMAN plays 14 concerts in November as part of a world tour, which has already started and continues until next March, when he becomes one of the first rock stars to perform in China. UK dates are at Brighton Dome (November 11), Derby Assembly Rooms (12), Edinburgh Playhouse (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Hanley Victoria Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Oxford Apollo (19), Sheffield City Hall (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (23), Manchester Apollo (24), Guildford Civic Hall (26) and Southampton Gaumont (27), with the likelihood of more to come. Tickets are £4, £3.50 and £3 — except at London (£4.50, £4 and £3) and Guildford (£4 only) — and the promoter is Paul King of Outlaw. Wakeman will perform material from his past albums, as well as from his new LP '1984', together with his band — Tony Fernandez (drums), Steve Barnacle (bass), Kim Stone (guitar) and Cori Josias (vocals). Their Hammersmith show last month will be seen as an *Old Grey Whistle Test* special on November 5.



RUSH fly into the UK in mid-autumn to play seven major concerts — at Stafford Bingley Hall (October 29 and 30), Deeside Leisure Centre (31), Brighton Centre (November 2), London Wembley Arena (4 and 5) and Edinburgh Royal Highland Exhibition Hall (8). The Canadian outfit will be performing their complete show, with no support act.

Tickets are all at the one price of £5, except at Wembley where they're £5.50 and £5. They go on sale this Saturday (19) at all venue box-offices — except Wembley, where it's postal application only. There are also various other ticket outlets, and mail order bookings are accepted for all dates, details as follows:

WEMBLEY: Post only from Rush Box Office, 12 Great Newport Street, London WC2 H7JA.

STAFFORD: From Cyclops (Birmingham), HMV (Bradford), Virgin (Bristol, Cardiff, Coventry and Sheffield), RE Cords (Derby), Barkers (Leeds), Revolver (Leicester), Mike Lloyd Records (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Piccadilly (Manchester), Selectadisc (Nottingham), Lotus (Stafford), and Sundown (Wolverhampton). Or by post from Rush Box Office, Y.Q. Bookings, PO Box No 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ.

DEESIDE: From Music Mania (Blackpool), Ames Records (Blackburn), Penny Lane (Chester and Liverpool), Ear Ere (Lancaster), Piccadilly (Manchester), Bandwagon (Manchester) and Brady's (Preston). Same postal address as for Stafford.

BRIGHTON: Personal or postal bookings from the Brighton Centre only — at Kings Road, Brighton, Sussex.

EDINBURGH: From Other Record Shop (Aberdeen and Edinburgh), 2001 (Ayr), Pink Panther (Carlisle), Cathy McCabe (Dundee), Playhouse Theatre (Edinburgh), Virgin (Glasgow and Newcastle), Listen Records (Glasgow), Bruce Miller (Inverness), Concord (Perth) and Hay Record Shop (Stirling). Same postal address as for Stafford.

Please note that for mail order bookings, it's postal orders only, made payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises Ltd." — except for Brighton, where they should be made out to "The Brighton Centre" — and an SAE must be enclosed.

RAMONES AT THE PALAIS

THE RAMONES were confirmed this week for a headliner at London Hammersmith Palais on Thursday, October 22, and promoters Straight Music say that tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £4. Plans for the band's visit were revealed by *NME* five weeks ago and, at that time, it was expected that they would undertake a full tour here — but it now seems likely that the London date will be a one-off. Besides their standard material, they'll be featuring tracks from their newly released Sire album 'Pleasant Dreams'.

FINGERS AT THE LYCEUM

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS play a one-off at London Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand on Sunday, September 27, their first gig at that venue for 2½ years. Object of the exercise is to keep themselves "ticking over", with the prospect of more dates to come at the end of the year. Support acts are U.S. electronic quintet Wall Of Voodoo, plus The Dark. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50.

Extra Genesis gig

GENESIS have added another date to their pre-Christmas batch of concerts, as a result of the enormous ticket demand — it's a fourth show at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre on December 23. Tickets are £6.50 and £5.50, and they're available by post only from Gentour, PO Box 4YA, London W1A 4YA — make cheques and POs payable to "Sunderworth Limited", enclose SAE and allow up to 28 days for delivery. Genesis also have their new album released this weekend — See Record News.

☐ **ABLBERTO y Lost Trios Paranoias** are about to begin "The Official Let's Squeeze The Freshers Bails Tour", visiting Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (September 22), Chelmsford Institute (23), Dudley College (26), Birmingham Poly (30), Kingston Poly (October 2), Brighton Poly (3), Hull University (7), Leicester University (9), Liverpool University (10), Manchester Poly (15), London University Union (16) and Durham University (17). Their own Granada-TV series, comprising seven half-hour shows titled *Teach Yourself Gibberish*, will be fully networked in the spring.

☐ **THE DANCE BAND** are playing their first dates with new vocalist Willy Finlayson (ex-Meal Ticket) replacing Peter Hope-Evans in the line-up. They are London Fulham Golden Lion (this Saturday), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (September 21), Canterbury College of Art (23), Oxford Polytechnic (25), Manchester Polytechnic (26), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (30), Ormskirk Edge Hill College (October 2), Wakefield Bretton Hall College (3), Chester College of Higher Education (17), Watford Herts College (24), Kingston Polytechnic (30) and Wolverhampton Polytechnic (31). More are being finalised, and their new single 'No Soul' is issued by Double D Records to coincide.

☐ **JOHNNY MARS BAND** play their first dates with their revised line-up at Carmarthen University (tomorrow, Friday), London Marquee (Saturday), London Finchley Torrington (Sunday), Bradford Polytechnic (September 25), Leeds Compton Arms (26) and Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre (October 1).

☐ **CRASS**, who enjoyed a modicum of chart success recently with their album 'Penis Envy', are playing a Welsh mini-tour comprising just three dates — Swansea St Phillips Community Centre (September 24), Caerphilly Leisure Centre (25) and Haverfordwest Market Hall (29). The Living Legends are the support act.

☐ **CRIS WILLIAMSON** — the American singer and writer, whose music ranges from rock'n'roll and reggae to country and vaudeville — pays her first visit to Britain to play a short series of dates in support of CND. She's at Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall (September 23), York University (24), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (26) and London Collegiate Theatre (29 and October 1-3). She recently completed a similar string of dates in the States, along with Jackson Browne and Bonnie Raitt.

☐ **ICEHOUSE**, the top Australian band recently signed by Chrysalis, arrive back in the UK to guest on the Simple Minds tour opening at Nottingham Rock City tonight (Thursday).

☐ **STRAY**, who re-formed almost a year ago, are on the circuit at St Albans City Hall (September 25), Bristol Granary (26), Swindon Brunel Rooms (28), Wigan Pier (30), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (October 1), Sunderland Mayfair (2), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (3), Uxbridge Brunel University (4), Oxford Scamps (12), Gillingham Central Hotel (16), Retford Porterhouse (17) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (24).

☐ **IAN CARR'S NUCLEUS** go back on the road later this month, and dates confirmed so far are Leicester Braunstone Hotel (September 29), Nottingham Black Boy (30), Northampton Sports & Social Club (October 1), Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre (4), Yorks Arts Centre (6), Sheffield George IV Hotel (7), Manchester Band On The Wall (8), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (10), Hull Humberside Theatre (12) and Norwich East Anglia University (15).

NEWS FLASH

ANGELWITCH broke up last week after a gig at London Marquee, and the reasons for the split are given as "a difference of opinion over management and a breakdown in the working relationship of the three members" — Kevin Heybourn, Kevin Riddles and Dave Dufort. However, Riddles and Dufort intend to continue working together along the same musical lines — they're forming a new band with two other musicians, though they won't operate under the name of Angelwitch, and they're already having discussions with record and management companies.

THE VAPORS, it now transpires, are continuing as a group — even though singer, writer and guitarist Dave Fenton has quit the line-up. It seems likely that he won't be replaced in the band. Fenton is now busy writing songs and looking for backing musicians with whom to record.

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Saturday 19th September £1.25
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Sunday 20th September £1.00
THE DEADBEATS

Monday 21st September £1.00
TAIWAN PINS

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DOMINION THEATRE

LONDON W1
Derek Block presents
MATCHBOX
plus GUESTS
SUNDAY 11th OCTOBER 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·75 £3·25.
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STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DAZE OF FUTURE PAST

QUEENS HALL, LEEDS

SAT./SUN 26th/27th SEPT. at 2·30

Saturday
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
THE CRAMPS
BAUHAUS
THE THOMPSON TWINS
THEATRE OF HATE
WALL OF VOODOO
WAY OF THE WEST
ALTERED IMAGES

Sunday
MAJOR ACT TO BE ANNOUNCED!
KILLING JOKE
THE PROFESSIONALS
THE REVILLOS
INNER CITY UNIT
O.K. JIVE
MILES OVER MATTER
ALTERNATIVE T.V.

Tickets Available From QUEENS HALL, LEEDS. Or The Following Outlets:

BATH	RECORDS UNLIMITED
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CARDIFF	SPILLERS RECORDS
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COVENTRY	VIRGIN RECORDS
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Thursday 17th £1.00
FUTURE DAZE
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SCORCH
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PAPERS +Taiwan Pins
Sunday 20th £1.00
THE SMART + The Giants
Thursday 24th 50p
Alternative Gig **HEARTBEATS**
+ Miles Over Matter + Clever Names
Friday 25th — Flat Tops
Saturday 26th — First Base
Sunday 27th — Whirlwind
plus support most nights, phone for details
HAPPY HOUR BETWEEN 9-10pm
Watney Special 50p pint

35 WARDOUR ST W1

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

NEW ORDER

FRI · SEPT 25TH
WITH
AIRSTRIP ONE
& DOCTOR FILTH
WALTHAMSTOW ASSEMBLY HALL, FOREST ROAD, LONDON, E17 (WALTHAMSTOW CENTRAL TUBE)
7.30 PM - 11.00 PM. TICKETS £3.00

SAT · SEPT 26TH
A DESTINATION REACHED BY COACH FROM SOMEWHERE IN LONDON. THE EVENT GROUP AND ANOTHER ACT WILL ALSO BE PERFORMING. THE WHOLE EVENT RUNS FROM MID-AFTERNOON, RETURNING BY 12PM. TICKETS ARE VERY LIMITED AND COST £7.00 EACH.

ADVANCE TICKETS FROM ROUGH TRADE, SMALL WONDER, HONKY TONK & BONAPARTE (KINGS X).

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

MODERN ENGLISH
THU. SEP. 17. Fragile vocals, delicately echoed guitar, hypnotic rhythms, Gothic atmospherics kept within a tight framework.

FLYING PADOVANI'S
FRI. 18. An oddly likeable mix of Shadows-Ventures, acid punk and vivid improvisation.

WRECKLESS ERIC
SAT. 19. Wonderfully addictive songs - almost anthemic in tone and metre - plus a great, thumping back-up from an accomplished band. Promises to sing 'Whole Wide World' don't miss it.

SUN. THE TELEGENTS + MILES OVER MATTER + FIRST OFFENCE
MON. THE 45's + THE ANTROS
TUE. THE CLOCKS + NEW PRANKSTERS + LE JET SET

THE HIT MEN
WED. SEP. 23. Deliver that quintessential, tough, pop sound at which normally only American acts excel. Leaders in their field.

THE SPEEDS
THU. SEPT 24. + BOOP & THE KICKING BEARS.

IMBIBERS! NOTE! Sedation happy hour - 7.30pm to 9.30pm every night. Drinks are half price

THE DOORS OPEN 7·30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
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THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
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FRIDAY 18 SEPT. 7:30 £2
ACTION SPACE
CHENIES ST. WC1 OPPOSITE GOODGE ST TUBE

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 16th September £1.50
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES + The Inevitable
Thursday 17th September £1.50
ART OBJECTS + Emotional Spies
Friday 18th September £1.75
THE PEOPLE + Really
Saturday 19th September £1.75
MIRAGE + Stolen Pets
Sunday 20th September £1.50
RUDI + The Questions
Monday 21st September £1.50
DIVERS + The Boolie
Tuesday 22nd September £1.50
SCORCH + Metropolis
Wednesday 23rd September £1.75
RAVENNA & THE MAGNETICS + The Hellots

Kiltorch and Regular Music present

SIMPLE MINDS

Plus ICEHOUSE

APOLLO GLASGOW
SAT. 19th SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 and £2.75 from box office, Renfield St., tel. 041 332 4057
APOLLO MANCHESTER
SUN. 20th SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, Ardwick Green, tel. 061 273 1113
CITY HALL NEWCASTLE
MON. 21st SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, Northumberland Rd., tel. 0632 20007
ROYAL COURT LIVERPOOL
TUES. 22nd SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, Roe Street, tel. 051 708 7411
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURS. 24th SEPTEMBER 7.30
tickets £3.00 from box office, New Street, tel. 021 643 6101
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRI. 25th SEPTEMBER 8pm
tickets £3.50, £3.00 and £2.50 from box office, Queen Caroline Street, W6, tel. 01 748 4081 and usual agents

TALK LIKE THAT

Steve Hutchins invites you to
Thurs 17th Sept KINGS HEAD, 4 Fulham High Street SW6
Fri 18th Sept TWO BREWERS, 114 Clapham High St SW4
Sat 19th Sept WHITE SWAN, 13 Blackheath Rd, SE10
Mon 21st Sept QUEENS HEAD, 133 Stockwell Rd, SW9
Tues 22nd Sept GOLDEN LION, 490 Fulham Rd, SW6

101 CLUB

10 St John Hill. Tel 01-223 8309

Wednesday 16th September £1.00
MIRAGE
+ Loose Talk
Thursday 17th September £1.00
WE'RE ONLY HUMAN
Friday 18th September £1.50
BIG COMBO
Saturday 19th September £1.50
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
Sunday 20th September £1.00
TAIWAN PINS
Monday 21st September £1.00
THE BLUES
Tuesday 22nd September £1.00
DRAMA
Wednesday 23rd September £1.00
DIRECT HITS

TO ADVERTISE RING 01 261 6153

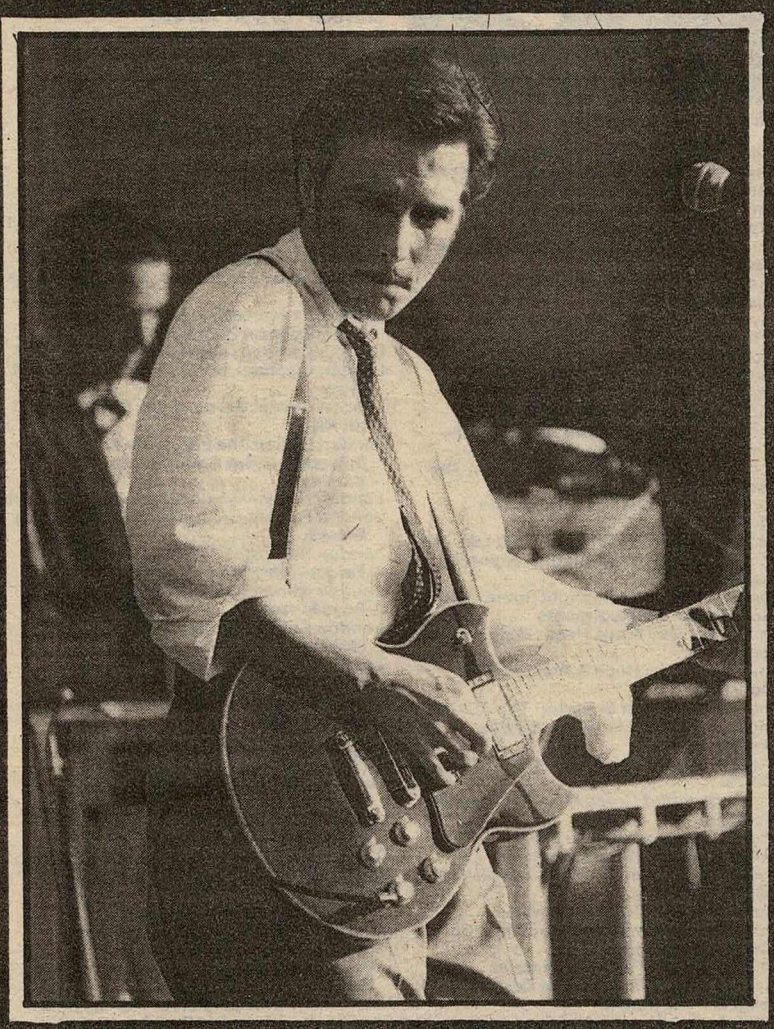
MCP presents

Nazareth

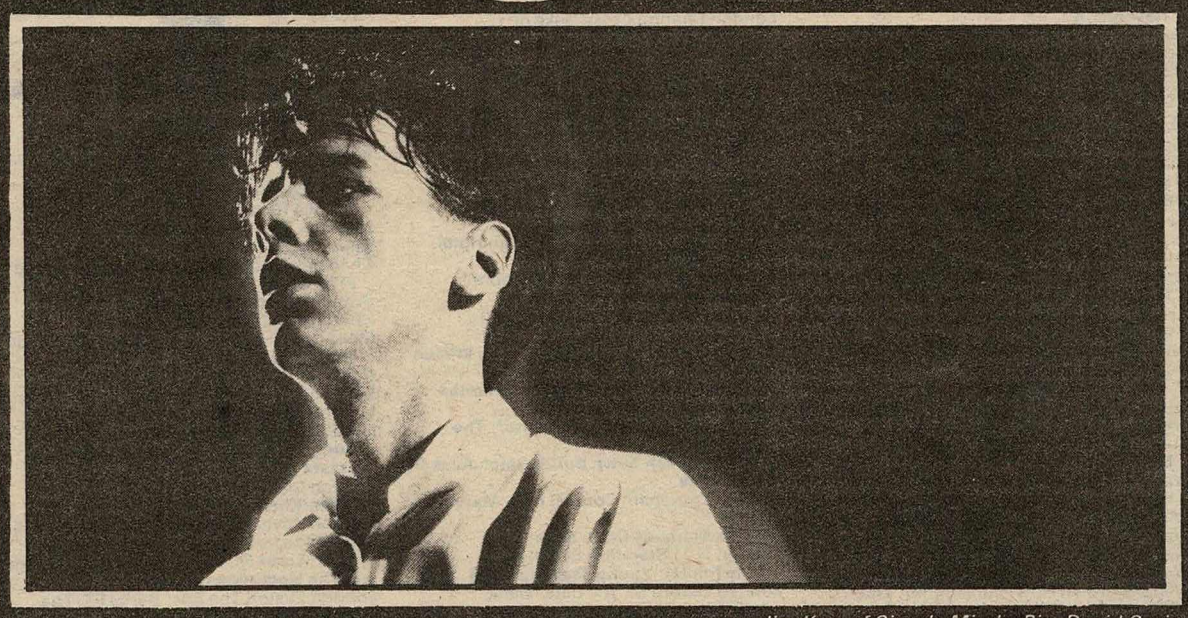
PLUS SUPPORT VIC VERGAT

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Fri. 18th September 7.30 pm.
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from Box Office Tel. No.: 320007
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Wed. 23rd September 7.30 pm
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from Box Office Tel. No.: 021 643 6101/2
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
Tuesday 29th September 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from Box Office Tel. No.: 0742 735295/6
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Fri. 2nd October 8.00 pm
Tickets: £3.75, £3.50, £3.25
Available from B O Tel. No.: 748 4081/2 and usual agents

Nationwide Gig Guide



Midge Ure of Ultravox, Pic: David Corio



Jim Kerr of Simple Minds. Pic: David Corio

SIMPLE MINDS are off to North America at the end of the month for a 40-date tour, followed by a visit to the Far East. But before setting out, they're playing a short series of home concerts to boost promotion of their new Virgin double album. This week they're at Nottingham (Thursday), Glasgow (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday) and Liverpool (Tuesday), with leading Aussie band Icehouse as support act.

ULTRAVOX have been enjoying a fantastic chart year, and are certain to play to capacity houses throughout their 20-concert schedule, which climaxes in three nights at the Hammersmith Odeon in mid-October. Opening date is in Sheffield on Wednesday.

THE COMSAT ANGELS and THE SOUND are co-headlining a string of gigs, before the Comsats link up with U2 at the beginning of next month. They share the honours at Edinburgh (Friday), Aberdeen (Saturday), Kirklevington (Sunday), Manchester (Tuesday) and York (Wednesday).

NAZARETH undertake their first British tour for two years, coinciding with the release of their 'Snaz' double live album. Initially they're in action at Hull (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Bradford (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

Two other major outings starting this week are by the perennial SHADOWS, who open their longest-ever tour with two nights in Coventry on Friday and Saturday; and Manchester's favourite sons SAD CAFE, who play the first of two dozen major shows in Preston on Wednesday. And if you're into either SHOWADDYWADDY or ALAN PRICE — well, they're on the road, as well.

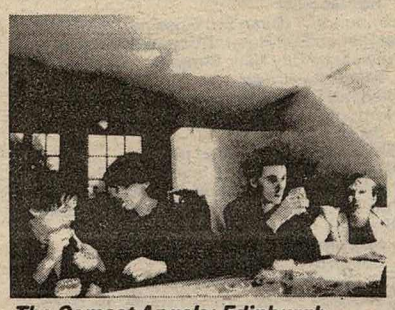
Thursday 17th

Nazareth: Hull

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **The Mood Elevators**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Night Out: **Alan Price (until Saturday)**
Birmingham Odeon: **Michael Schenker Group**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackburn New Inns: **Natural Scientist**
Bolton The Gaiety: **J.G. Spoils**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Last Orders**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Why Worry Orchestra**
Bristol Chutes Club: **The Hybrids**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Wreckless Eric**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le Mat/Scarlet Party**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Darlington Civic Theatre: **Chris Barber Band/Ottilie Patterson**
Derby Station Inn: **Fault**
Eastcote Clay Pigeon Hotel: **Inversions**
Exmouth Cranford Tavern: **Chester**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Imprints**
Gillingham The Ash Tree: **Hotel UK**
Hanley Star Inn: **Shader**
Heywood The Victoria: **Victor Mature, ex-Local Heroes**
High Wycombe College: **Stan Arnold/Marillon**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Volunteer Subjects**
Hull City Hall: **Nazareth**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **David Essex**
Leeds Brannigans: **Plastic Leaches**
Leeds Poster Bar: **A New Opera**
Leeds Royal Park: **Goff Jackson & The Huns**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Whispers: **The Chase**
Llantrisant Town Hall: **The Watersons**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Gracie**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Monsters/Splash**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jump Squad**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Modern English/Death Rides A Horse**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Euston The Pits: **Afraid Of Mice/The Bank Robbers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Streetwalkers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nightdoctor/Ukraine**
London Fulham King's Head: **Talk Like That**
London Fulham The Swan: **Strange Arrangement**
London Hackney Britannia: **The Flats/Obsession**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Panic Button**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Desperadoes/Taj Mahal/Viv Stanshall**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Sad Among Strangers/Treatment**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bop Natives**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Future Daze/Silence**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Prix**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Regulo Five**
London Old Kent Road Thomas A'Beckett: **Hit And Run**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Human Beans**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Twinkle Brothers**
London Shepherds Bush Wellington: **Black Market**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddy Thompson Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Dragons**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Victoria The Venue: **Biting Tongues/Eeric Random/Ludus**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Art Objects/Emotional Spies**
London W1 Embassy Club: **La-Rox**
London W1 Gaz's: **Levi Dexter & The Ripchords**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Tres**
Manchester Walkden Bulls Head: **Rockin' Horse**
Manchester Wythenshawe Cock o' the North: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Newcastle City Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **720**
Northampton Five Bells: **Spring Offensive**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Here & Now**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Unity Series**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Simple Minds/Icehouse**
Oldham Shulver Inn: **Rok Star**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetoes**
Preston Warehouse: **Mooksie Hoot & The Cocktail Party**
Royston Old Bull Inn: **Bill Zorn**
Sheffield The Big Tree Hotel: **Pantomorfik/Nervous Energy**
Southampton Club Manhattan: **Idid Idid/Room 101**
St. Ives Mr. Peggoty's: **Midwich Cuckoos**
Street Strode Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Sutton Red Lion: **Mathews Brothers**

Friday 18th

Aberdare Boot Inn: **The Force**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Carnation**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Bradford CS Club: **Shader**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Showaddywaddy**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **The Pencils / Lonely**
Castle Douglas Barlochan: **V.H.F.**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Deep Machine / Quiet Offensive**



The Comsat Angels: Edinburgh

Chelmsford Odeon: **David Essex**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **UK Players**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Theatre: **The Shadows**
Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Dundee College of Technology: **The Delmonts / Photographic Memories**
Dunscroft Regal Social Club: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Comsat Angels / The Sound**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Chris Barber Band / Ottilie Patterson**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Curzon Cinema: **The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle**
Gosport The John Peel: **Spring Offensive**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Mothers Ruin**
Harrow Youth Centre: **Black Market**
Hayle White Hart Hotel: **Chester**
Ipswich Manor Ballroom: **Here & Now**
Kidderminster Lock Inn: **Jon Benns**
Leeds Brannigans: **New Opera / Kill Another Night**
Leeds Poster Bar: **Sharp Practice**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **The Chase**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group**
Liverpool Warehouse: **720**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Hitmen / Clocks**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Big Combo / Spoon Faser**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flying Padovanis**
London Euston The Pits: **Red Beans & Rice / The Avengers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Blue Cats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Alternative TV / The Aces**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Anti-Nowhere League**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (11 pm): **Hank Wangford**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Uncool Danceband / Things In Bags**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **King Trigger / Taiwan Pins**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Dancing Did**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Marquee Club: **Wild Horses**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Mainland**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Preservation Hall Jazz Band Of New Orleans**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddy Thompson Quartet**
London Southall White Swan: **The Chevrons**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London SE18 The Ship: **Jump Squad**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Young Revelation**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Desperadoes / Taj Mahal / Viv Stanshall**
London Wandsworth The Roundhouse: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The People / Really**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Brian Knight Band**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St.) Action Space: **The Birthday Party / Drowning Craze / Animal Answer**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Zanti Misfitz**
Newcastle City Hall: **Nazareth**
New Cumnock The Glens: **The Imprints**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Reasonable Strollers / Terminal Fun / Another Heartland**
Oxford Cowley Workers Social Club: **The Twinkle Brothers**
Oxford Pennyfathing: **The Mosquitos**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **The Watersons**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Bronze**
Reading Caribbean Club: **Suicide Misfits / The Coolerators**
Reading Sonning Common: **China Doll**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Vice Squad**
Rochester Kings Head: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Damned / Rough Copy**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **J.C.B.**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Clientelle**
St. Austell Cornwall Colisseum: **Marvin Gaye**
Stockport Cobdons Place: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Stratford-On-Avon Green Dragon: **The Solicitors**
Sutton Red Lion: **Rednite**
Thetford Green Dragon: **Mathews Brothers**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Wellingborough Community Centre: **The Ra-Ja Band**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Cavalry**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Spoilers**

Saturday 19th

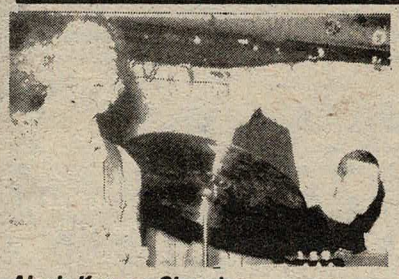
Depeche Mode: London, Victoria

Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **The Comsat Angels/The Sound**
Appleby Grand Prix Club: **V.H.F.**
Bicester Greyhound Inn: **The Armpit Jug Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Art Of Loving/Nation 3**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Birmingham (Moseley) Fighting Cocks: **The Art Of Loving**
Bognor Regis Sussex Hotel: **Spring**
Bollington Masonic Arms: **Permanent Wave**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Brighton Gardner Centre: **The Albion Band**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Showaddywaddy**
Cambridge The Sound Cellar: **Honda/Placebo Thing**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts/The Pencils**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **O.K. Jive**
Coventry Theatre: **The Shadows**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Clientelle**
Croydon Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Dorking Hall: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Dumfries Easterbrook Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Durham New College: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Nazareth**
Farnborough Rocky's Nite Spot: **Larry Miller Band / The Human Beings / Capt. J. J. Waller**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **Bronze**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Simple Minds / Icehouse**
Gravesend Prince Of Wales: **Hotel UK**
Henley Town Hall: **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Misty In Roots**
Keighley Victoria Hotel: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Kettering The Rising Sun: **The World Service**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Ankh**
Leeds Poster Bar: **Johnny Storm**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Charlie Gracie / Freddie 'Fingers' Lee / Shades / Johnny & The Roccos / The Strollers / The Dragons**
Leven The Golf Tavern: **The Imprints**
Little Torrington Gribble Inn: **Chester**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **La Rox / The Gymslips**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers / Cayzer House**
London Covent Garden Basement Club: **The Lemon Kittens.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Wreckless Eric**
London Euston The Pits: **Sore Throat / GB Rockers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cobras / Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Talk Like That**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co / Fu-Cha**
London Hayes Brook House: **Mothers Ruin**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM / The Heartbeats**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Prime Cut**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rudi**
London Islington Town Hall: **Split Rivitt / The Enchanters / Tropicana**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Papers / Taiwan Pins**
London Marquee Club: **The Dirty Strangers**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stubbornstreak / Kameleon**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Red Norvo / Tal Farlow**

Nationwide Gig Guide

London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Apocalypse / The Onlookers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Young Revelation**
London Victoria The Venue: **Depeche Mode**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mirage / Stolen Pets**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Diz & The Doormen**
Maidstone Queens Head: **Babelfish**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Spider**
Manchester Rafters: **Delta 5 / The Enthusiast / Ludus**
Oxford Cape Of Good Hope: **Coolerators**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **May West**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **The Force**
Poole Arts Centre: **David Essex**
Reading Central Club: **The Twinkle Brothers**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Paul Downes & Phil Beer**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Privates**
Southampton Guildhall: **The Flying Saucers / The Dixie Rebels**
Southend Queen's Hotel: **UK Players**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **720**
Sutton Coldfield Station Hotel: **The Bankrobbers**
Wallingford Corn Exchange: **The Watersons**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Siris / Magaton**
Watford Bailey's: **Showaddywaddy**
Watford Essex Hall: **Donna & The Kebabs**
Windsor Jethro's: **We're Only Human**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **Apocalypse**
Wokingham Angie's Club: **Travelling Shoes**

Sunday 20th



Alexis Korner: Slough

Amersham Crown Hotel: **Jon Benns**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackwood Ynysddu Hotel: **Martin Carthy**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Sherry's: **UK Players**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Shadows**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Keighley Green: **Fault**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Orange Cardigan**
Croydon Cartoon: **Southland Outlaw Band (lunchtime)/Rockola (evening)**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **The Twinkle Brothers**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Nazareth**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **V.H.F.**
Harrogate Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Comsat Angels/The Sound**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45s**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Park Avenue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Taiwan Pins/Sad Lovers & Giants**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Telegents/Miles Over Matter/First Offence**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Onlookers**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Between Pictures/Dig-Dig-Dig**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Zipcode**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Hornsey Railway Hotel: **Human Beans**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Deadbeats**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On the Loose**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Marvin Gaye**
London Marquee Club: **Snax**
London N.11 Standard Social Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Hank Wangford**
London Putney White Lion: **The Hamsters**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ian Henry Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Funky B's (lunchtime)/Nightwork (evening)**
London The Mall ICA: **Tres**
London Trafalgar Sq. St. Martin's Crypt: **English Country Blues Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Dick Charlesworth Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Simple Minds/Icehouse**
Mildenhall Speedway Track: **Praying Mantis/David Byron Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Michael Schenker Band**
Newcastle Jesmond Cinema: **The Comic Strip with Alexei Sayle**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **The Square Pegs**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Morris Man: **Delayed Reaction**
Nottingham Boulevard Hotel: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Plymouth (Devonport) Ark Royal: **Matrix**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bernard Wrigley**
Reading Target Club: **Xena Zerox**
Skipton Milky Bar: **96 Tears**
Slough (Cippenham) Alexandra's: **Rocket 88**
Southsea Kings Theatre: David Essex
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **The Wall/Charge/Paramedic Squad**
Woking The Cricketers: **Relay**
Wokingham Angie's Club: **Juvessance**
Woodford White Hart: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**

Monday 21st

Bannockburn Tam Dhu Atom Club: **Spider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Billesley Hotel: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Witchfinder General**

The Shadows: Bristol

Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Vulgar Brothers**
Boston Old Blacksmiths Arms: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Brighton The Centre: **David Essex**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Shadows**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small World /The Stripes**
Croydon Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Huddersfield Flix: **Basking Sharks**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **The Elements**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
London Acton White Hart: **Mothers Ruin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bumpers/Scarlet Party/Montage Real Estate**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Blues/Kimbo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The 45's/The Intro's**
London Essex Rd. Carved Red Lion: **Mouse & The Underdogs**
London Euston The Pits: **Aerial FX/The Telegents**
London Finsbury Nativity Club: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Panic/Risk-A**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Suspect/Decoy**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Taiwan Pins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Waso**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talk Like That**
London Southall White Hart: **Spider**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Victoria The Venue: **Naked Lunch/Blancmange/The Trawlermen**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Divers/The Boolie**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Electric Guitars**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Tonix**
Nettlebed Bull Hotel: **Doonan & Wilson**
Newcastle City Hall: **Simple Minds/Icehouse**
Neyland (Dyfed) Ferry Inn: **Martin Carthy**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Dance Band**
Oxford The Rocks: **Wild Horses**
Pont Rhyd Dafen Blue Scar Club: **The Force**
Poole Arts Centre: **Showaddywaddy**
Port Talbot Grand Hotel: **Graham Larkbey**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Exploited/Abrasive Wheels/Soshall Sekurity**
Southend Zero Six: **Trespass**
Stevenage Times Club: **Chris Barber Band**
Watford Bailey's: **Eruption**
Woburn Holt Hotel: **Jon Benns**

Tuesday 22nd

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**

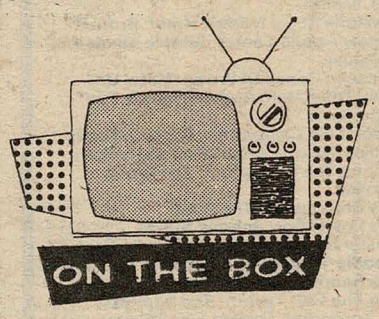
Nico: London, Victoria

Bradford St. George's Hall: **Nazareth**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Doonan & Wilson**
Bristol Colston Hall: **David Essex**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Louie's Friends Uptown**
Canterbury Marlow Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mood Elevators/The Chefs**
Croydon Cartoon: **Baby Laurel**
Durham Key Tavern: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Simple Minds/Icehouse**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Siam**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Drama/Fish Turned Human**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Clocks / New Pranksters**
London Euston The Pits: **Rudi & The Questions**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Talk Like That**
London Fulham Grayhound: **Weapon / Tank**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Speedoes / The Rudiments**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cobras**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pagasus: **The D.T.'s**
London Stratford Green Man: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Horseshoe: **Mothers Ruin**
London Victoria The Venue: **Nico**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Scortch / Metropolis**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Clientelle**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Comsat Angels / The Sound**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Crispy Ambulance**
Plymouth (Devonport) Ark Royal: **The Bricks**
Reading Top Rank: **UK Players**
Sheffield City Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Swansea White Swan: **Martin Carthy**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Snax**
Winchester Art College: **Blue Orchids / The Pre-Raphaelites**

Wednesday 23rd

Sad Cafe: Preston

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Needles: **Coolerators**
Birmingham Odeon: **Nazareth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Canterbury College of Art: **The Dance Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Rafters Bar: **Equinox**
Croydon Cartoon: **Jenny Darren Band**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's**
Derby The Old Bell: **Crispy Ambulance**
Dundee College of Technology: **Home Bru/John Justin McGarvey**
Flixton Red Lion: **Permanent Wave/Helen Watson**
Glasgow The Waterfront: **The Family On Holiday!**
Harrow The Headstone: **Zipcode**
Harrow The Roxborough: **The Hamsters**
Horsham Youth Centre: **Eclipse**
Kettering The Rising Sun: **Delayed Reaction**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Natural Scientist**
London Acton Kings Head: **Broadway Blues Band**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Johnny Silvo/Spencer Park Steel Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inversions**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Direct Hits/The Crew**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hit Men**
London Euston The Pits: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes/Rick Smith's Essential Villains**
London Fulham Godlen Lion: **The Vampires**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Geordie/Rock Squad**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Lee Fardon/Marshall Doktors**
London Islington Hope & Anchir: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lee Green Old Tigers Head: **The Dragons**
London Marquee Club: **David Byron Band/Spider**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Wild Bill Davison**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brian Knight Band**
London Stratford Green Man: **Black Market**
London SE18 The Ship: **The Blackout**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Horseshoe: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Victoria The Venue: **Altered Images/Blue Orchids**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Frankie Miller**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The Big Sleep**
London W.1 Latin Quarter: **Stimulin/Dislocation Dance**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Manchester Ashton Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **Chris Williamson**
Nevern (Dyfed) Trewen Arms: **Martin Carthy**
Oldham Cross Keys: **Fault**
Preston Guildhall: **Sad Cafe**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Coast To Coast**
Sheffield City Hall: **Ultravox**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **New Order/Section 25**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Mirage**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Shadows**
Sunderland The Continental: **Milan Station/4 More/Blod/The Judys**
Swansea Langland Bay Hotel: **The Force**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin' Horse**
Whitehaven Chase Hotel: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
York TA Centre: **The Comsat Angels/The Sound**



Thursday September 17

TELEFON (Directed by Don Siegel 1977). Authoritative spy thriller, with Don Siegel as the author, Charlie Bronson as the spy and a solid cast (Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, Patrick Magee) trying their best to thrill in a plot spun around Russian-American detente (well spun detente floss, in fact!) and Cold War jiggery pokery; nothing whatsoever to do with 24-hour TV charity shows. **(ITV all regions)**

Friday September 18

STORY OF A WOMAN (Leonardo Bercovici 1969). Scandinavian comedienne Bibi Andersson (once called "our Lucille Ball' by Swedish cineaste mag *Sven International)* plays a pianist playing around with an old flame inbetween playing the piano and playing her husband for a fool. Bercovici (accent on the first syllable) directs with all the panache, flair and dynamism inherent in the film's title. The woman's name, by the way, is Ullman; oh God, what *does* it all mean? **(BiBiC 1)**

Saturday September 19

NIGHT RIDER (Bertram Tarantini 1980). Well, Penman's pissed off to NY again, leaving yours truly to pick up the pieces. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Ian for his sterling efforts in my absence; he was so good at this stuff that he reminded me of me. You've got to admit, the little chap's a canny wordsmith: 'Detente floss!' 'BiBiC 1!!' Every one a belter. Come back soon, Pinmoon. As for *Night Rider*, L'il Lon wouldn't stoop so low as to scribble about this, ITV's latest entrant in the autumn sweepstakes. A made-for-TV Western, so at least the film-loving ITV big knobs won't have to take it out the schedules at the last minute. **(ITV all regions)**

CAVALCADE (Frank Lloyd 1933). The Americans loved this, Noel Coward's history of the British upper classes in the 20th century, part one. Three Oscars, a couple of songs, a couple of wars; it'll have Max Bell in tears by the end, sensitive lad. **(BBC 2)**

NO ROOM FOR THE GROOM (Douglas Sirk 1952). Just like Danny Baker always gets the Teardrop Explodes singles to review, I always get the Douglas Sirk movies. And people think this job's easy! **(BBC 2)**

THE RISE AND FALL OF LEGS DIAMOND (Budd Boetticher 1959). Me mum took me to see this at the Gillingham Plaza when I was shorter than Stan Cummins, and it left a lasting impression — the springs were coming through the seats even then. Probably the best film on the box this week, with Ray Danton giving the performance of his life as the Depression era gangster. Slickly handled, much vivid action, and watch out for Warren Oates and Dyan Cannon in early roles. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday September 20

1776 (Peter Hunt 1972). Boring musical history lesson on the Declaration of Independence which bombed even in America, so God knows what we Brits are supposed to make of a load of people in wigs and fat frocks singing and dancing for 140 minutes. **(BBC 2)**

THE STING (George Roy Hill 1973). At least they won't be showing it *this* Christmas. Newman and Redford the con men, Robert Shaw their mark, in colourfully conceived '30s Chicago, all to Scott Joplin's turn-of-the-century rags. The sort of film that wins seven Oscars. **(BBC 1)**

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (John Schlesinger 1971). The first in a series of Glenda Jackson films. Penelope Gilliatt's script is civilised and not too self-conscious about its subject (designer Murray Head shares his body with Glenda Jackson's career lady and Peter Finch's orthodox GP), Schlesinger's direction characteristically sympathetic, Billy Williams' photography handsome; shame it's all about as fascinating as Kettering on a Tuesday. **(BBC 2)**

Monday September 21

TOO LATE THE HERO (Robert Aldrich 1970). Strong cast (Michael Caine, Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, Harry Andrews, Denholm Elliott) but the Japs v Yank-led Brits in WWII Pacific setting is hackneyed and Aldrich's direction is untypically flaccid. The action is second rate, the cynicism (cf *The Dirty Dozen)* second hand. **(BBC 1)**

PARTIZAN (Hiram J Pipesucker 1979). The man who never leaves the Universal TV lot, Rod Taylor, stars as a goot Cherman commandeering a boatload of Jews up the river to Camp Paradise. But — irony of ironies — he's secretly in love with one of his charges and has plans to save her even though, you know, she's Jewish, like. *Too Late The Hero* is looking better already, already. **(ITV London)**

Tuesday September 22

TRAPEZE (Carol Reed 1956). Two famous sets of pectorals (Burt Lancaster's and Gina Lollobrigida's) vie with Tony Curtis' quiff in moribund Big Top melodrama. Just one year later Lancaster and Curtis were going to come good with a vengeance in *Sweet Smell Of Success.* **(BBC 2)**

Wednesday September 23

FIVE MAN ARMY (Don Taylor 1970). Inept *Wild Bunch* rip off with Peter Graves, Bud Spencer and James Daly amongst those intending to pinch a train load of gold from under the nose of the dumb Mexican army. Having a good holiday, Phil? I see Essex won something at last. **(BBC 2)**

Monty Smith (and Ian Penman)

ALTERED STATES (Directed by Ken Russell). Our wee Ken tippy toes over the brink of existential imprisonment, flirts outrageously with Life's ugly riddles and truths, turns William Hurt into a monkey's uncle, but ultimately capitulates in favour of the more grown up glories of yer archetypal Love (prevails over) Story. Bombastic, acid soft, incorrigibly grandoise and a great night out for everyone bar the totally humourless. Reviewed 4.5.81. **(Warner Bros)**

AMIN — THE RISE AND FALL (Sharad Patel). Old Uganda's Citizen Kane here painted in lurid, risibly a-historical blocks of gutter press style 'interpretation'. A great genocidal night out for everyone bar the reasonably sane. Reviewed and reviled 5.9.81. **(Twin Continental)**

BUSTIN' LOOSE (Oz Scott). Richard Pryor *is* as mad and sharp and funny as everybody likes to market him out to be, but for some reason (setting fire to your nose is an expensive hobby, I guess) he keeps getting landed with do-do scripts. Here he tries to crack the schloppy tear-jerk family market with a bus full of ghetto conscience kiddies and just comes up smellin' of Paying My Debt To Society. Coming Soon: the Pryor/Polanski remake of *The Sound of Music:* reviewed this week. **(CIC)**

CITY OF WOMEN (Federico Fellini). Decades after the fact (or fictions), berks like Fellini are still using "surrealism" as an excuse to indulge themselves and deluge us with what ever wanked-up half-cocked dick-head (feminist cineastes please note: these phrases are meant to indict not inherently aspire to a phallocentric culture, or critique thereof) wet dreams they jot down and jam around. OPINION: Fellini films are like Heavy Metal guitar solos. FACT: *City of Women* is self-indulgent. To be reviewed. **(Artificial Eye)**

THE FINAL CONFLICT (The Mighty Graham Baker). Ingeniously directed drama-documentary, based on the World Cup Qualifier match between England and Norway but unpredictably imbued with a sense of the supernatural. Spoilt by preponderance of references to totally superflous number 6 shirt called 'Damien'. Reviewed this week. **(20th Century Fox)**

HEAVEN'S GATE (Josef von Cimino). Cimino's ingenious remake of *They Shoot Horses Don't They?* Ah ha ha ha ha! To be rehashed. **(United Artists)**

STRIPES (Ivan Reitman). Bill Murray, a fair comic actor whose talents are going to be wasted in more films even than John Belushi's, stars in a tired US army sit-com which contrives to end up with a hoo-ha in Czechoslovakia; that's right, it's Red Stripes! Reviewed this week. **(Columbia)**

VIOLENT STREETS (Michael Mann). Dazzling direction from Michael *Jericho Mile* Mann, bull-headed performances from James Caan and Robert Prosky (as freelance thief and malfeasant mob boss, respectively) which are firmly rooted in reality, dialogue so demotic it would give ITV film-buyers the screaming ab-dabs; *Violent Streets* is a hard, bright and fast dissection of high-technology crime, bogged down only by a half-hearted attempt to give Caan some kind of relationship with an out-of-place Tuesday Weld. There should be no 'normal' people in this clearly delineated underworld, which is why its American title — the admirably terse *Thief* — works so much better than the suspiciously catchpenny (and, in this context, meaningless) *Violent Streets.* Reviewed this week by Andrew Tyler, who hates it; I rather liked it, even Tangerine Dream's noisy contribution. **(United Artists)**

Ian Penman (and Monty Smith)

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Saturday 19th September
DIZ AND THE DOORMEN
Thursday 24th September
THE BLUES BLASTERS
featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Friday 25th September
DANNY ADLER and the **DELUXE BLUES BAND**
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classic West End Presentations

CLASSIC PROGRAMME INFORMATION TELEDATA 01 200 0200

classic 1 2 3
HAYMARKET 839 1527
(Piccadilly Circus Tube)

1 Bill Murray, Warren Oats
STRIPES AA
Progs 1.30 (not Sun) 3.20, 5.50, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 JAMES CAAN
Violent Streets X
Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 Full Stereophonic Sound
WALT DISNEY'S FANTASIA TECHNICOLOR U
Progs: 2.00, 4.45, 7.35
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

classic 1 2 3 4
CHELSEA 352 5096 Kings Road
Last performances bookable

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.00, 4.50, 8.05

2 THE FINAL CONFLICT X
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 2.45, 6.05, 8.50

3 JAMES CAAN
Violent Streets X
Progs 2.10, 5.25, 8.20

4 *1981 Royal Film Performance*
CHARIOTS OF FIRE A
Progs 2.50, 5.35, 8.35

classic LEICESTER SQ.
(Charing Cross Rd.) 930 6915
THE CANNONBALL RUN A
Thurs-Sat 1.00, 3.20, 5.40, 8.00
Sun-Weds 3.20, 5.40, 8.00

classic 1 2 3 4 5
OXFORD ST. 636 0310
(Opp Tottenham Court Rd. Tube)

1 James Bond is back
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 12.45, 2.55, 5.35, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

2 **Bustin' Loose** A
Progs 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 **TIME BANDITS** A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 Bill Murray, Warren Oats
STRIPES A
Progs 1.00, 3.25, 5.55, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 *2nd great year*
AIRPLANE! A
+ LEONARD ROSSITER 'WATERLOO BRIDGE HANDICAP' (A)
Progs: 12.45, 2.45, 4.45, 6.45, 8.45

The NEW classic 1 2 3
TOTTENHAM CT. RD.
(Tottenham Court Rd. Tube) 636 6148

1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.50, 5.35, 8.25
Late show Thurs, Fri & Sat 11pm

2 THE FINAL CONFLICT X
Progs 2.50 (Sun from 3.30), 5.25, 8.05
Late show Thurs, Fri & Sat 11pm

3 DUSTIN HOFFMAN
KRAMER vs KRAMER A
Sun + Wk 5.05, 9.05
Late Show Sat 11pm
JAZZ SINGER A
in Dolby Stereo
Sun + Wk 2.55, 7.00
Late Show Fri 11pm

4 Bill Murray, Warren Oats
STRIPES A
Progs 1.00, 3.25, 5.55, 8.25
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 *2nd great year*
AIRPLANE! A
+ LEONARD ROSSITER 'WATERLOO BRIDGE HANDICAP' (A)
Progs: 12.45, 2.45, 4.45, 6.45, 8.45

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5 Cinema Complex

1 **THIS IS ELVIS** A
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Progs 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30
Late Show Sat 11pm

2 SEAN CONNERY in **OUTLAND** AA
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Progs. WK 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30 Sun. 3.30, 5.40, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11.00

3 **ALTERED STATES** X
Progs: Weekdays 1.10, 3.15, 5.45, 8.15. Sundays 3.15, 5.45, 8.10.
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 JOHN BOORMAN'S **EXCALIBUR** AA
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Progs: Weekdays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05; Sundays 2.30, 5.15, 8.05.
Late night shows Fri/Sat 11 pm.

5 WILLIE NELSON IN **HONEYSUCKLE ROSE** A
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Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051
Thursday 17 Sept
NELLY KAPLAN'S NEA 5.20 9.00
+ FIANCEE DU PIRATE 7.00
Friday 18 September
BOWIE IN MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH 7.00 11.15
+ BOGARDE IN THE MINDBENDERS 5.00 9.20 1.15am
Saturday 19 September
JERICHO MILE 3.40 7.05
+ 92 IN THE SHADE 2.00 5.25 9.10 11.30
ALL NIGHT KIM NOVAK
+ PAL JOEY + 5 AGAINST THE HOUSE
+ BELL, BOOK & CANDLE + PICNIC
+ STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET
Sunday 20 September
1.30 KIDS ANIMATION WORKSHOP.
BUNUEL 'S LA MORT EN CA JARDIN 4.00 7.20 + LOS ALVIDADOS 5.45 9.05
Monday 21 September
BUNEL: LA MORT EN CE JARDIN 7.20
+ LOS OVLIDADOS 5.45 9.05
Tuesday 22 September
HAWKS COMEDY:
I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE 7.15
+ MONKEY BUSINESS 5.30 9.05
Wednesday 23 September
FRENCH HORROR/SUSPENSE
LES DIABOLIQUES 7.10
+ EYES WITHOUT A FACE 5.20 9.00
Thursday 24 September
JAMES DEAN,
FIRST AMERICAN TEENAGER 5.00 8.05
+ MARILYN 6.25 9.20

PHOENIX
OPP. EAST FINCHLEY STATION 01-883 2233
PHOENIX EAST FINCHLEY
LATE NIGHT SHOW 11pm
Tel: 883 2233
Friday 18th Sept.
Corman's
WILD ANGELS
& THE TRIP *(club members only)*
Saturday 19th Sept.
Landis'
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE (AA)
& Adler's
UP IN SMOKE (X)

PARIS PULLMAN
Drayton Gardens. SW10 01-373 5898
Friday 18th September
Roeg's
THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH (X)
& DON'T LOOK NOW (X)
Saturday 19th September
Peckinpah's CONVOY (A)
& Kaplan's
WHITE LINE FEVER (AA)
Sunday 20th September
Jancso's
PRIVATE VICES AND PUBLIC VIRTUES (X)
& Pasolini's OEDIPUS REX (X)
Thursday 24th September
Lucas'
AMERICAN GRAFFITI (AA)
& Mutrix's
AMERICAN HOT WAX(A)

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath 1620 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00 (£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 17th September
Psychedelic Night
LE MAT
+ SCARLET PARTY
Friday 18th September
Heavy Rock
DEEP MACHINE
+ Quiet
Saturday 19th September
PURPLE HEARTS
+ The Pencils
Sunday 20th September
ORANGE CARDIGAN
Monday 21st September
Mod night
SMALL WORLD
+ THE STRIPES
Tuesday 22nd September
MOOD ELEVATORS
+ The Chefs
Wednesday 23rd September
NEAL KAY'S
Heavy Metal YO-YO Show
Thursday 24th September
Rythm & Blues 60's style
FAST EDDY
+ Steve Hookers Shakers

LIVE Calypso - Jazz
NAMIBIA BENEFIT GIG
Sat. 19 Sept.
3 live bands
Islington Town Hall 7.30pm
Upper St N1 — Highbury & Islington Tube
SPLIT THE ENCHANTERS
RIVITT TROPICANA
Bar and food
Tickets £3.00 adv £3.50 Door
from Namibian Support Committee
188 North Gower St
London NW1
Phone 388 5539
Victory to SWAPO

SAT., 19th SEPT., 1981
£1.50 BAR 7.30/11
40yds LEYTONSTONE TUBE

Flux of Pink Indians
SUB HUMANS
RUDIMENTARY — PENI
HALL ABOVE THE RED LION
640 HIGH RD LEYTONSTONE
E11

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 17th September £1.25
PANIC BUTTON
+ Support
Friday 18th September £1.50
ANTI — NOWHERE LEAGUE
+ ERAZERHEAD
Saturday 19th September £1.50
CHRON — GEN
+ SHORT COMMERCIAL BREAK
Thursday 24th September £1.25
THE BUMPERS
+ The Jetset
Friday 25th September £1.50
THE UNCOOL DANCE BAND
+ Support

The man who won't get out of bed!
Nikita Mikhalkov's award-winning Russian comedy
Oblomov based on Goncharov's novel
SUBTITLES (U)
"Best tribute one can pay the perpetually inventive Oleg Tabakov is to say that he is Oblomov." SIGHT & SOUND
"... haunting, resourceful ... has a refreshing, unexpected manner and a radiance ... impressive." NEW YORK TIMES
A Contemporary Films Release
PARIS PULLMAN
Drayton Gardens. SW10 01-373 5898

BLACK MARKET

Friday 18th — Harrow Youth Club, 189 Preston Rd, W10
Saturday 19th — Kings Head, 4 Fulham High Street
Monday 21st — Pegasus, 109 Green Lanes, N16
Wednesday 23rd — Green Man, 196 Stratford High St, E15
Thursday 24th — Wellington, Shepherds Bush Green
Friday 25th — Chats Palace, 40 Brooksby Walk, E5

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LIMITED PRESSING

LONDON CINEMA GUIDE
01-261 6153

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 Shaftesbury Ave.
Sep Perfs All Seats Bkble
1: OUTLAND (AA) 70mm Dolby stereo
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.10, 8.15
2: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.15, 8.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, Bayswater (Queensway)
1: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.0, 7.40
Late show Fri & Sat 11.0
2: ALTERED STATES (X)
Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.15, 7.55
Late show Fri & Sat. 11.15
3: Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs. 2.0, 4.50, 7.45 Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Sat. 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 Edgware Road
1: BUSTIN LOOSE (A) 1.35, 5.20, 9.05 Sun: 5.20, 9.05
FAST CHARLIE THE MOONBEAM RIDER (A) 3.20, 7.0 Sun: 7.0
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
2: CALIGULA (X) 1.45, 4.50, 8.05 Sun: 4.50, 8.05
Progs. 4.25, 7.30 Sun: 7.30
Late show Tonight & Sat 11.15
3: ALTERED STATES (X) 3.25, 6.0, 8.40 Sun: 6.0, 8.40
Progs. 2.45, 5.15, 7.50 Sun: 5.15, 7.50
Late show Tonight & Sat. 11.15
4: CHARIOTS OF FIRE (A) 3.20, 5.50, 8.30 Sun: 5.50, 8.30
Progs. 3.0, 5.30, 8.05 Sun: 5.30, 8.05
Late show Sat. 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 Fulham Road
Seats Bkble Last Sep Prog. L'cnd Bar
Doors open 15 mins prior
1: Steven Spielberg's RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.20 Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
2: THE FOUR SEASONS (A) Wk. & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.20
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
3: TIME BANDITS (A) Wk. & Sun: 2.45, 5.45, 9.20
Sep Progs. Wk & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
4: OUTLAND (AA) Wk. & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.20
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
5: BUSTIN LOOSE (A)
Wk. & Sun: 2.40, 5.40, 9.20
Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End Cinemas & Greater London
RING TELEDATA 01 200 0200 (24 HRS)

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, SW9. 737 4904

Thursday 17th
THE LONDON APACHES + The Spivs
Friday 18th
THE HEARTBRATS + Boys Will Be Boys
Saturday 19th
THE APOCALYPSE + The Onlookers
Sunday 20th
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS + Support
Monday 21st
TALK LIKE THAT + Support
Tuesday 22nd
(Alternative Gigs Night)
SURPRISE GHOSTS
Wednesday 23rd
THE ROUTINE + Le Jetset

KINGS HEAD
4, Fulham High St., SW6
736 1413

Thursday 17th 75p
TALK LIKE THAT
Friday 18th £1.50
the 45's
Saturday 19th £1.00
BLACK MARKET
Sunday 20th £1.00
JOHNNY G
Monday 21st 75p
JOHN SPENCER BAND
Tuesday 22nd 75p
STRAW DOGS
Wednesday 23rd 75p
KISSING THE PINK
Thursday 24th £1.00
MG's

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 17th September £1.50
NIGHT DOCTOR + Ukraine
Friday 18th September £1.50
ALTERNATIVE TV + The Aces
Saturday 19th September £1.50
THE COBRAS ex Feelgoods, ex Yardbirds
+ Steve Hookers Shakers
Sunday 20th September Free
Disco
Monday 21st September £1.00
PANIC + Risk A
Tuesday 22nd September £1.25
HM Nite with **WEAPON** + Tank
Wednesday 23rd September £1.50
GEORDIE + Rock Squad

THE EXCELLOS
R'n'B BAND
September 19th — Pembury Tavern, Hackney
September 22nd — Upstairs at Ronnies

THE BUMPERS
AMS Management Presents

SEPTEMBER
Thursday 17th — Clarendon, Hammersmith
Friday 18th — Electric Stadium, Chadwell Heath
Saturday 19th — Half Moon, Herne Hill
Monday 21st — Dingwalls, Camden Town

OCTOBER
Thursday 1st — Golden Lion, Fulham
Friday 2nd — Electric Stadium, Chadwell Heath
Saturday 3rd — MARQUEE, Wardour St, W1

SEE THE ACTION — FEEL THE BEAT
For More Info Contact
732 5464

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments & Island Records present

GRACE JONES
A ONE MAN SHOW
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane
Thursday 8th & Friday 9th October 8.00 pm
Tickets: £6.50 £6.00 £5.50 £4.50

Available from: Box Office Theatre Royal — Catherine Street London WC1 Tel: 836 5876
Keith Prowse — 24 Store Street London WC1 Tel: 637 3131 — and usual Agents
ISLAND

MCP presents JOHN MILES
PLUS GUESTS
DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
FRIDAY 16th October 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.00 £3.50 £3.00 Available from B/O Tel: 580 9562 or Usual Agents

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

SEPTEMBER
25 Simple Minds
26, 27 Daze Of Future Passed
28 Vic Damone
28 Hazel O'Connor
28 Janis Ian
29 ZZ Top
30 The Shadows
31 Fats Domino

OCTOBER
2 Nazareth
2, 3, 4, 6 Grateful Dead
4 Dead Kennedys
5 Donovan
5-10 Andy Williams
6, 7 David Essex
8 Budgie
8, 9, 10 Grace Jones
10 Sad Cafe
11, 12, 13 Randy Crawford
11,12 Steve Hackett
15 Ultravox
16 John Miles
18 Sheena Easton
18 Jack Jones
19 Blues Band
20 Johnny Cash
20 Tangerine Dream
21, 22 Hawkwind
24, 25 Saxon
26, 27, 28 Santana

NOVEMBER
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
2, 3 Dr Hook
4, 5, 6 Rush
7 Styx
7, 8 Kool & The Gang
12, 13 The Nolans
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
20 Orchestral Manouvres in the Dark
21, 22 Judas Priest
23 Rick Wakeman
25 Peter Skellern
25, 26 Thin Lizzy
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
5 Human League
6 Shakin' Stevens
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
12, 13 Joan Armatrading
20 Slade
21, 22 Gillan
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
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Whisky a'GoGo

Tuesday
22nd September
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
+ Kidz Next Door
Open 9 pm 2 am
£2 before 10.30 — £2.50 after
35 Wardour St., London W1

THE 45's
are rocketing to oblivion at
Fri 18 Sept — KINGS HEAD, Fulham High Rd, SW4
Mon 21 Sept — ROCK GARDEN, Covent Gdn
Tues 22 Sept — STAR & GARTER, Putney
Wed 23 Sept — STAR, Croydon
Thurs 24 Sept — BULL & GATE, Kentish Town
New single — SECRETS AND WHISPERS — *Out Now*

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
BRIGHTON SOUL SOCIETY PRESENTS
MISTY IN ROOTS
+ SUPPORT
Friday 2nd October 8pm
ALL TICKETS £2.50
FROM TOP RANK, VIRGIN AND USUAL AGENTS

IN LONDON
SEPT. 19th HOPE AND ANCHOR
SEPT. 20th MOONLIGHT CLUB
SEPT. 22nd PITS
SEPT. 27th AFRICA CENTRE
SEPT. 29th THE VENUE
SUPPORTED BY THE QUESTIONS
NEW SINGLE "WHEN I WAS DEAD"
OUT NOW ON JAMMING! RECORDS

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel: 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm — 2 am

Thursday 17th September £3.00 adv
SIMPLE MINDS + Icehouse
Friday 25th September £3.00 adv
NAZARETH + Vic Vergat
Friday 2nd October £3.00 adv
U2 + Comsat Angels
Saturday 10th October £3.00 adv
ODYSSEY
Thursday 22nd October £3.00 adv
JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
Saturday 24th October £3.00 adv
THE BLUES BAND
Friday 30th October £4.00 adv
GILLAN + Budgie + Nightwing
Friday 13th November £2.00 adv
9 BELOW ZERO
Friday 20th November £3.50 adv
THE STRANGLERS
Thursday 26th November £3.00 adv
LINX
Wednesday 16th December £3.50 adv
SLADE

Tickets from: Rick City Box Office, Selectradisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, Lincoln — In The Groove, Arnold — Rock It, Ilkeston, or by post from Rock City. Please enclose SAE.

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, NW6
Sunday 7.30 pm — 10.30 pm

Wednesday 16th September £1.50
LEE FARDON + The Vampires
Thursday 17th September £1.50
SAD AMONGST STRANGERS + Treatment
Friday 18th September £1.50
The UNCOOL DANCE BAND + Things in Bags
Saturday 19th September £1.75
ROOT JACKSON'S GB BLUES CO + Fu Cha
Sunday 20th September £1.50
BETWEEN PICTURES + Dig Dig Dig
Monday 21st September £1.50
SUSPECT + Decoy
Tuesday 22nd September £1.50
The SPEEDOES + The Rudiments
Wednesday 23rd September £1.50
LEE FARDON + Marshall Doktors

Interested in Psychic Matters?
Varied full-monthly programme available
Phone 267 3470
Pembridge Forum
meet each Tuesday 7.30pm
Library *(side entrance)* LSM,
13 Pembridge Place
Bayswater W2

PVK Presents
BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
Gigs
Friday 18th September — SUNSET JAZZ, North End Crescent, W14.
Saturday 20th September — NEW MERLINS CAVE, Margery St, WC1
Wednesday 23rd September — PEGASUS, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington.
R&B!!

Mead Gould Promotions gives you a chance to see
RUSH
live in concert in Rotterdam on 14th NOVEMBER
Leave morning 13th
arrive back evening 15th
The price of £57 includes
★ Hotel accommodation
★ Return coach
★ Ferry crossing
★ Ticket to the Concert
£20 deposit secures a place
SKIPPER SHUTTLE ALSO AVAILABE, price of £44, leaves eve of 13th, arrives back morning 15th. No hotel, everything else provided. Send coupon with SAE.

BOOKING FORM
Please print clearly in block capitals
Name.....
Address.....
.....
No. of tickets required.....
Send Cheques/POs (with an SAE) made payable to
MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
Suite 1, 8 Hamlet Court Rd, Westcliffe on Sea
Access/B'card accepted Tel: 0702 338651 (RUSH)

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 17th £1.00
THE MUNSTERS
featuring Bo-Bo-Phoenix & Mick Rossi
+ The Splash
Friday 18th £1.00
JACKIE LYNTON BAND
Saturday 19th £1.00
★ **LA-ROX** ★ + The Gymslips
Sunday 20th £1.00
PARK AVENUE
Wednesday 23rd £1.00
THE POPE + Tony Palmer
Thursday 24th £1.00
GEORDIE + Carte Blanche
Monday 21st & Tuesday 22nd £1.00
PSYCHEDELIC Mania!
MANY BANDS (two nites!)

TOLWORTH RECREATION CENTRE
Fullers Way North, Surrey 391 0684
off A3. Adj to Ace of Spades

Friday 16th October
ALAN PRICE
+ Guests
£3.25 Adv

* THE 100 CLUB *
100 Oxford Street, London W1

Thursday 17th September
Live Reggae
UNITY + Micardo
Tuesday 22nd September
UK SUBS + Support

TALK TALK TALK
TALK TALK
at the
BLITZ
Wednesday 16th Sept 10.30 pm

RECORD NEWS

Genesis LP

GENESIS have their new album 'Abacab' rushed out by Charisma tomorrow (Friday), their first 'Duke' 18 months ago. There's a choice of four different sleeves, being colour variations on the same abstract theme. The ten tracks are **Abacab, No Reply At All, Me And Sarah Jane, Keep It Dark, Dodo, Lurker, Who Dunnit?, Man On The Corner, Like It Or Not** and **Another Record** — all written by the band, either collectively or individually.

● **Saxon** have their fourth album 'Denim And Leather', recorded in Geneva and Stockholm during the late spring, scheduled for September 25 release by Carrere. It precedes their previously reported UK tour opening on October 8, and includes their two recent Top 20 hits 'Never Surrender' and 'And The Bands Played On'.

● The single 'Without Sex' by **Josef Garret** is, in reality, by **Patrik Fitzgerald** — who has used an alias because it's unrepresentative of his on-stage material. It's available from Small Wonder and Virgin shops. Fitzgerald is currently working on a new single 'Island Of Lost Souls', which will appear shortly under his real name.

● A limited edition 12-inch EP by Liverpool band **Export** is out this week on Double D Records — containing 'Tonight Could Be The Night', 'Rockin For You', 'Can't Stop' and 'Destiny'. It was produced by Trevor Rabin, who flew in from the States specially for the sessions.

● Croydon three-piece **Tank** have a three-track EP 'Don't Walk Away' issued on September 25 by new independent label Kamaflage Records (distributed by CBS and Pinnacle). It was produced by Motorhead guitarist Eddie Clarke.

● **The Dead Kennedys'** own Alternative Tentacles label is distributed through Stage One — not Cherry Red, as reported last week. And of course, that includes their new EP 'In God We Trust Inc.' Sorry, guys!

● 'Slow Rollers' is the title of a 14-track compilation album of **Rolling Stones** material from the Sixties, released by Decca this month in their 'Rock Echoes' series. It includes a previously unissued version of 'As Tears Go By', with Mick Jagger singing in Italian ('Con Le Mie Lagrime Cosi') over Marianne Faithfull's backing track.

● **HiFi**, who've previously had two albums released by WEA, crop up this weekend on the Abstract Records label with a single titled 'Don't Break The Spell'. After a lengthy residency in Germany, they're now back in the UK and plan some gigs to support the single.

● Ace Records (through Pinccacle) have an unusual single on release this week — the A-side is a segue medley of **Elvis Presley** hits performed by **Deke Rivers**, while the coupling features excerpts from Presley's 1957 Press Conference in Vancouver, and it's also available as a limited edition picture disc. Among new Ace ablums are a 16-track **Bobby Bland** compilation titled 'Woke Up Screaming'; and 'The **Johnny Ace** Memorial Album', comprising 14 songs by the young R&B artist who killed himself playing Russian roulette.

● Heavy metal giant **Sammy Hagar** has a new single out on Epic next week, not surprisingly titled 'Heavy Metal'. In fact, it's the title song from an upcoming movie of the same name — due to arrive in Britain shortly — and the soundtrack album is released on October 2. Hagar's own new album will be issued by Geffen Records early in the New Year.

● The first **Motorhead** album, previously available on Chiswick, is being re-packaged for reissue by Big Beat Records (through Pinnacle) on September 25. Titled 'Motorhead', it contains many rare early photos of the band, and it's pressed in blood red vinyl.

● European guiarist **Vic Vergat**, who supports Nazareth on their UK tour opening tonight (Thursday), has his album 'Down To The Bone' released by EMI on October 12 — it was produced by Dieter Dierks, best known for his work with The Scorpions. The title track is issued as a single the same day.

TOYAH'S THUNDERING SINGLE

TOYAH WILLCOX, whose 'Anthem' album has enjoyed a four-month chart run, has a new single issued by Safari this weekend as the follow-up to her Top Five hit 'I Want To Be Free'. Titled 'Thunder In The Mountains', it was written by Toyah, Adrian Lee and Nigel Glotker, and it's coupled with another original called 'Street Addict'. Plans are currently under way for Toyah to play a series of live dates in Britain before Christmas, and these will be her first shows here since her spring tour.

SIOUXSIE & BUDGIE DUO EP

SIOUXSIE SIOUX and BUDGIE of The Banshees — who, as exclusively revealed last week, have been recording together under the name of The Creatures — have the results of their sessions released by Polydor on September 25 in the form of a double seven-inch EP. Titled 'Wild Things By The Creatures', it comes in a gatefold sleeve with lyrics, and comprises 'Mad Eyed Screamer', 'So Unreal', 'But Not Them', 'Wild Thing' and 'Thumb'. All tracks were written and produced by Siouxsie and Budgie, and they feature only vocals and drums.

SOUND SENSE OF PURPOSE

THE SOUND, who open their tour with The Comsat Angels this weekend, have a new single 'Sense Of Purpose'/'Point Of No Return' issued by Korova tomorrow (Friday) — and there's a 12-incher containing the bonus 'Cold Beat', a vintage track taken from their long-deleted first indie EP. The A-side is culled from their upcoming album 'From The Lion's Mouth', due out in mid-October — it was produced by Hugh Jones (noted for his work with the Bunnymen, Teardrops and Undertones, among others) at Rockfield, and it's the band's second LP following 'Jeopardy' which came out last November.

● Another Decca compilation is a **Camel** showcase, featuring a cross-section of their past albums, including their most recent LP 'Nude'. Title is 'Chameleon: The Best Of Camel'.

● EMI have signed **Animal Magnet** to a long-term deal, and release the band's first single on October 19 — titled 'Welcome To The Monkey House'.

● **Those French Girls** — who are, in fact, an all-male five-piece from Scotland — have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Safari Records. Their first single 'Close Up' is scheduled for October 9 release, and there's an album in the pipeline.

● **The Bees Gees** are back after a three-year absence from the studios with a new single 'He's A Liar', issued by RSO on September 25 in both 7" and 12". It's taken from their upcoming album 'Living Eyes', due in late October.

● The new **After The Fire** single 'Frozen Rivers' / 'Starflight' is out this week on Epic, with a 12-inch version with a B-side playing at 33 rpm and containing an extra track titled 'Take Me Higher'. Both B-side tracks were recorded live at the Rainbow last autumn.

● The first single by **Inner City Unit** on Avatar Records, out this weekend, is 'Beer, Baccy, Bingo & Benidorm' — featuring Max Wall as the bingo caller. It's from their current album 'The Maximum Effect'.

● **Secret Affair** are back on the scene this weekend with a new single 'Do You Know' on the I-Spy label, through Arista. It's the title track from their latest album, due out on October 23.

● **Gary Glitter** has a previously unissued single out this weekend on his former label, Bell Records. It's his version of The Crystals' 1963 hit 'And Then She Kissed Me'.

● **Ray Parker Jr & Raydio** have their single 'That Old Song', a Top 20 hit in the States, released here by Arista this Friday. There's also a 12-inch version containing an extra track.

● **Praying Mantis** announce that they have split with Arista Records due to "mutual disinterest". But they're now recording their second album, plan to have an EP out in October, and expect to sign a new deal shortly.

● **BA Robertson**, who wrote Cliff Richard's current hit 'Wired For Sound' with Alan Tarney, duets with **Maggie Bell** on their version of the classic 'Hold Me' released as a WEA single on September 25. Next month, Robertson begins recording his own new studio album. He's also written the new theme for the BBC-1's *Multi Coloured Swap Shop*, which returns on October 3.

● **Ricky Cool** — who, until recently, fronted his own band The Icebergs — appears as a soloist on a new Cowpie Records single for September 25 release. It rejoices in the title of 'I've Got This Problem With Girls, They Don't Like Me'.

● Former Tangerine Dream member **Peter Baumann** releases his third Virgin solo album on September 25 — titled 'Repeat Repeat' and comprising ten new self-penned numbers. It was co-produced by Robert Palmer and, for the first time, features Baumann on lead vocals.

● Fetish Records release two 12-inch singles next week — 'The Gospel Comes To New Guinea / 'Last Words' by **23 Skidoo**, and a solo single from Cabaret Voltaire's **Stephen Mallinder** coupling 'Temperature Drop' and 'Cool Down'.

● Multi-visual group **Shock**, now a four-some, have their new single 'Dynamo Beat' issued by RCA on October 2. And they'll be making live appearances next month, with a new stage show "more flamboyant, theatrical and bizarre than ever before."

Foxx album

JOHN FOXX, whose single 'Europe After The Rain' is currently selling strongly, has his latest album 'The Garden' released on the Metal Beat/Virgin label on September 25. It's the follow-up to 'Metamatic' which came out 20 months ago, but it's different in content and concept from the first LP, featuring a group rather than a battery of synthesisers. During the past year or so, Foxx has also been busy writing a book called *The Quiet Man*, which he hopes to turn into a TV movie — and he'll be working on a screenplay in the New Year.

THE YOUNG & MOODY BAND, the occasional outfit featuring Whitesnake lead guitarist Micky Moody and Status Quo's "fifth member" Bob Young, release their second Bronze single this week — titled 'Don't Do That'. And among the assortment of special guests on the track are Ed Hamilton (lead vocals), Colleen and Linda Nolan (backing vocals), Lemmy (bass) and Cozy Powell (drums).

● The **Stiff All-Stars** release their new single 'You Tell Me Lies' next week on their own Nancy Boys Music label (through Pinnacle). And they'll be playing some London gigs to promote it — including Islington Hope & Anchor (September 24) and Clapham 101 Club (October 2) — when the single will be on sale to punters for just 50p.

● Incandescence' is a compilation album by German band **Can**, released by Virgin next weekend. It consists mainly of selected items from their albums 'Landed' (1975), 'Flow Motion' (1976) and 'Saw Delight' (1977), including their recently reissued hit single 'I Want More'.

● Former Zones singer **Willie Gardener** has his single 'Imation' / 'Hirudinal Boy' issued by Cuba Libre / Virgin on Spetember 25. It was co-produced by Cuban Heels drummer and Cuba Libre founder, Ali Mackenzie.

GOSSIPS

HEAVY METAL SOUNDS CLUB
★ Great Sounds, Lights, Nice Venue
Gigs for your diary
EVERY TUESDAY at the
TENNESSEE NIGHT CLUB
The Broadway — Wimbledon 8 till 12
NO ENTRY AFTER 10.30 — FREE MEMBERSHIP ON THE NIGHT

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station
THE Venue
Main Band on at 9.30 pm
THIS WEEK

Thursday 17th September £2.50
NEW HORMONES BODY REPAIRS
with BITING TONGUES and LUDUS

Friday 18th September £4.00
THE DESPERADOES
TAJ MAHAL
VIVIAN STANSHALL

Saturday 19th September
Under 18's 5pm £2.00
Over 18's 8pm £3.00
DEPECHE MODE

Monday 21st September £2.50
NAKED LUNCH
BLANCMANCHE
TRAWLERMEN

Tuesday 22nd September £3.00
NICO
+ Felt

Wednesday 23rd September £2.50
ALTERED IMAGES
BLUE ORCHIDS
+ Jewel Shines Darkly

Thursday 24th September £2.50
THE MEMBERS
+ Motor Boys Motor

COMING SOON
Friday 25th September £3.00
THE INMATES
Saturday 26th September £3.00
DENNIS BOVELL'S DUB BAND
Thursday 1st October £2.00
WASTED YOUTH
Friday 2nd October £3.00
UK PLAYERS
Saturday 3rd October £3.50
CARLENE CARTER
Monday 5th October £2.50
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Wednesday 7th October £2.50
MORRISEY — MULLEN BAND
Thursday 8th October £4.00
KING CRIMSON

BLURT
Friday September 18th — Manchester, Rafters
Monday September 21st — Birmingham, Holy City Zoo
Thursday September 24th — Brighton, New Regent
Friday September 25th — Maluem, maint Pleasant Hotel
Wednesday, September 30th — Cheltenham Technical College (Park Site)
Friday October 2nd — Moonlight, West Hampstead

HONKY TONK NIGHTS at
WHITE LION PUTNEY
Sat 19th Sept
SAM MITCHELL BAND
Bottleneck Blues Guitarist

100 CLUB
Sun 20th Sept
HANK WANGFORD
'Teardrops will fall tonight'

TOUR NEWS

Papa's got a brand new tour

JAMES BROWN's visit to Britain is back on again, and the R&B veteran will be here next month — with his full touring revue — to play five major concerts. They are Brighton Top Rank (October 9), Manchester Apollo (11), Birmingham Odeon (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (13 and 14). Tickets are on sale from today, Thursday — priced £4 (Brighton); £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (Manchester and Birmingham); and £7, £6 and £5 (London). Promoters are Straight Music.

□ **SPIDER**, the Mersey boogie band who've been touring virtually non-stop this year, press on through October at Folkestone Springfield Hotel (1), Gravesend Red Lion (2), Peterborough Crown Hall (3), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (4), Isle of Grain Residential Club (7), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (9), Ilkestone White Lion (11), Meir Wagon & Horses (12), Wollaston Nags Head (17), Southend Zero Six (26), Birkenhead Sir James Club (28), Peterlee Norseman (29), Carlisle Mick's Place (30) and Manchester Ashton Spreadeagle (31).

□ **THE SOUND** and **The Comsat Angels** have made two venue changes in their tour, starting this weekend. In Aberdeen this Saturday they're now at the Victoria Hotel, instead of The Venue; and on September 26 they play Birmingham Cedar Club, instead of the Opposite Lock.

□ **BOXCAR WILLIE** headlines a country night at London Wembley Conference Centre on October 29, with Skeeter Davis as special guest. Also on the bill are Gerry Ford and Colorado, and tickets are on sale now priced £8.50, £6.50 and £4.50.

Leeds event: Cure, Heaven 17 and Professionals

THERE have been a number of changes in the line-up for the two-day "Daze Of Future Past" festival at Leeds Queens Hall next weekend, the most significant being on the Sunday, when The Cure come in as headliners, and both Heaven 17 and The Professionals (the band launched by Paul Cook and Steve Jones) make their first major stage appearances.

The Saturday bill (September 26) is largely unchanged, and features Echo & The Bunnymen, The Cramps, Bauhaus, Thompson Twins, Theatre Of Hate, Wall Of Voodoo, Altered Images and **Way Of The West**, plus an opening act to be set.

Sunday's changes have been caused by Japan's withdrawal due to recording commitments, Classix Nouveaux pulling out, and the fact that American band X are not now coming. **Killing Joke** and **OK Jive** remain from the original line-up, and newly confirmed acts are **The Cure, Heaven 17, The Professionals, The Revillos, Miles Over Matter** and **Alternative TV**.

Tickets are available at selected outlets throughout the country, priced £6 per day or £10 for the weekend. Promoters are Straight Music.

COOK 'n' JONES

Clare and the Images do the rooftop fling.

Poltergeists or pipsqueaks?

Chris Bohn gets that frivolous feeling with the merry cast of Altered Images. Moving pictures by Peter Anderson.

IF IT'S TUESDAY it must be Glasgow. Always suckers for an emotional occasion, your travel correspondents have booked an overnight whistlestop on a round trip ticket to catch Altered Images' first hometown concert in eight months.

And if it's Glasgow it might mean trouble — or so the promoters as the Mayfair ballroom would have it, going by the steps they've taken to prevent it.

Evidently, they're unaware of the difference between the socially acceptable fresh-faced pop groups that make up the sound of young Scotland today and the traditional stubbly rock brawlers, like Alex Harvey and Frankie Miller, of the past. Just a glance at their respective audiences should have convinced them of changed attitudes — even the punkier elements of Altered Images' youthful following appear more cute than threatening.

Though on the surface the Mayfair's precautions aren't that far removed from those at any dancehall mecca around Britain, a surely nervousness and expectancy emanates from the security staff, which has the place bristling with an unnecessary tension. However, they gracefully remain in the shadows right up until the opening chords of Altered Images' set sends joyful ripples of movement through the crowd.

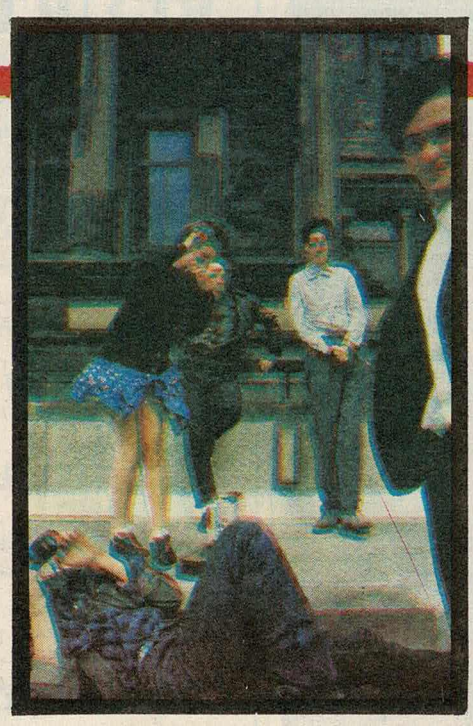
Grossly misinterpreting the swells and surges as an attempted stage invasion, three squat bouncers stuffed into white shirts and black bow ties get there first and stay there for most of the concert, thereby completely obscuring the group from their fans. Though they appear acutely embarrassed, they obstinately refuse to budge, meaning we can only catch glimpses of tiny Clare's upraised wrists or an exasperated grin after a particularly energetic leap.

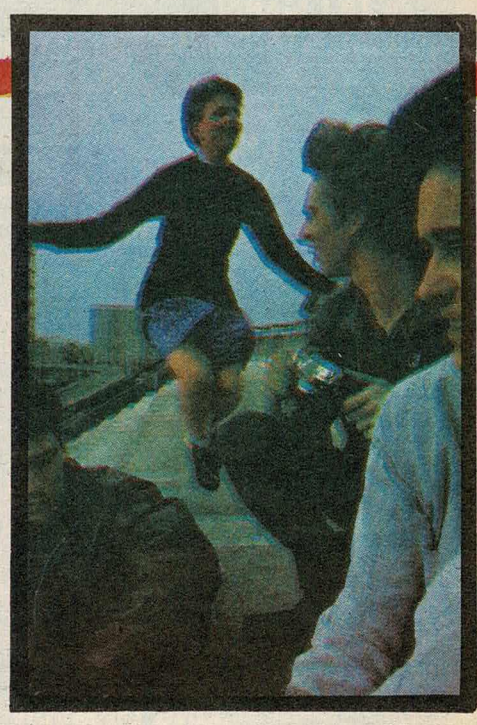
Finally, after tricky between song negotiations, they're convinced of the audience's good nature and reluctantly leave the stage to the group.

"Don't worry," Clare fires at their departing backs "I've got my brownie badge in crowd control."

For the last few numbers at least their fans are allowed to delight in the Clare's dippily unpredictable dancing that is the physical expression of Altered Images' poltergeist pop. The gloriously disciplined dual guitar melodies and rigorously outlined rhythmic borders give them the leeway to the playful, mischievous and occasionally malevolent without them lapsing into coy cutesiness.

Their spriteliness makes them difficult





ALTERED IMAGES

to pin down, especially as it's a reflection of their character. When we meet the following morning, they're chatty, batty and bashful, happier reeling off good-natured jibing anecdotes about each other than talking about anything too specific.

Altered Images are five — Clare, Jim, John, Tony and Tich. Except Tich hasn't arrived yet.

"He'll tell you something profound when he gets here," smiles Clare.

IN THE MEANTIME tell me something about Clare.

John jumps in with a wicked grin: "We did this gig in Brussels and Clare's skirt bust . . ."

"Yes," recalls Clare nonchalantly. "It fell down. The man who was doing the lights turned them off to save my embarrassment, and then I fell down this two foot hole so he had to turn them on again for them to fish me out."

Undeterred John persists: "Have you ever seen her run? Great action. She can do it now, so you can take a picture."

Clare sings and writes the lyrics. Her words follow similar flights of fancy as her voice, which can soar from a pipsqueak to a war whoop in the space of a few notes. Isolated from her highly idiosyncratic singing, her songs, as innocently sinister as nursery rhymes, don't really mean a lot, but when they're sung they're capable of charming, mystifying and sometimes moving. 'Leave Me Alone' for instance, portrays her as both hurt and bitter, and most importantly tough enough to survive it.

So far, Altered Images have released three singles and, most, recently, their first LP 'Happy Birthday', all of which should've made greater leaps in the charts than they have done. Because of their surprising commercial failure to date, Clare is still better known as *Gregory's Girl* (or at least one of them) than an Altered Image. That's not the way she planned it, just the way it turned out.

Whatever, she is great in the film as the last link in a chain out to grab gawky schoolboy Gregory. Like most of the cast she'd had no previous acting experience; in fact her discovery is real Hollywood rags to riches material.

"When I was at school I used to work at this restaurant called the Spaghetti Factory," says Clare, "and one day the director Bill Forsyth came in for a meal. It was Halloween and I was dressed up as a Latin American dancer, and he just said to me: 'I'm making this film and do you want to be in it?' I just went: 'Ooh, what kind of film?' and thought, 'Oh god, we've got a right one here'. And didn't think any more of it.

"Then one day he phoned the Spaghetti Factory to get my number and he told me he was starting to make the film and did I want to be in it? I just thought he was a crank — a nice crank — and that's really about it."

Corny, but true. When it was all over the amateur cast returned to their former activities — Clare to Altered Images, Gregory (Gordon John Sinclair) to his electrician's job. What, no TV offers?

"No. Gordon has only just got an Equity card, and that's only because he did this really awful Summer show for six weeks. He used to go on and tell everybody about *Gregory Girl*, then show a clip of it and say 'There's me in *Gregory's Girl*, you know, and now he's finally got a *provisional* Equity card."

Maybe Altered Images is an easier way to making a living.

FORMING ALTERED Images wasn't part of some Grand Design.

Tony: "Johnny, Tich and me were all friends at school. We're the main part of the band. And then we met Clare, got this other guitarist Caesar who left and Jim joined. We were just doing it for fun then, but when we began rehearsing it got more serious. We never got any money out of it."

Clare: "I really don't think we thought about it that much when we first started."

John: "We don't take the music too seriously, but on the other hand we don't treat it as though it were one big joke. By the way we did a John Peel session just recently and played 'Song Sung Blue'."

Clare: "It was funny because we didn't know the song or anything and weren't quite sure what to do with it. It came out six minutes long!"

John: "That's the fun side to us, the others are very serious."

Clare: "Yes, very serious. Very, VERY SERIOUS."

BEFORE IT gets *too* serious tell me something about Jim.

Jim contributes to those tautly sprung guitar melodies. He's older, not necessarily wiser, but a little less easily impressed than the rest of the group. However, he's not without problems. As Clare kindly points out.

"He gets really heavy growth."

Jim: "I only shaved two hours ago!"

"He wants to get electrolysised and thinks he won't have to shave again for 20 years."

"It would be worth it, believe me. It's not heavy, that's what gets me — it's not a lot, it just comes quickly," he despairs.

FROM THE outside it looks like Altered Images have had an easy ride. They deny this, claiming to have played around the country while still at school, having to travel back the next morning, but nevertheless their detractors still claim they haven't paid their dues.

They have been blessed with a few breaks though, the most notable of which was probably being invited to support Siouxsie And The Banshees after the latter had heard their demo. They also got to play and impress a Futurama festival and recorded a John Peel session. By this time they were drawing attention and the A&R men gathered to see them open for Margo Random at the Nashville. They went on and blew it badly.

"It was probably the best thing that happened to us," says John," because it gave us the breathing space to prepare ourselves. Six months later we were better prepared and ready to start again. So it didn't really happen so fast."

They signed to CBS/Epic and suddenly what was once seen as guileless pop charm was now interpreted as gross gullibility. Critics mourned another good group going down, basing their impressions on some rather condescending and out-dated notion that pop groups were incapable of looking after themselves once committed to a major. While it's true that many are either seduced by the glittering prizes or, more commonly, lack the will to fight for what they want, other have proved signing can be done with dignity. Siouxsie And The Banshees, PiL, Dexys, to name a few, have all got what they wanted.

But because Altered Images appeared to be more fragile, people assumed them to be too dumb to survive the pressure. Yet, if they'd signed with an independent like Postcard, the same music would've been considered a bright and breezy subversion of conventional methods. While context is obviously important, it doesn't or shouldn't alter the shape of the music.

"People who criticise us for signing just don't know the facts," contests Jim. "How can they criticise us for working at CBS when they haven't read our contract or heard us at meetings? Everybody writes about us as though they were there."

John: "All the reviews now say we're under CBS's thumb. They think we're a lovey-dovey record company band. Well, it just makes us laugh because they forget to mention that we get what we ask for, like Steve Severin to produce our first two singles and LP, which they didn't want."

Tony: "We were given all those offers and CBS gave us the best one. We got what we wanted and all that. We had the choice of signing to an independent or signing to CBS so we signed with CBS. People just think about Britain, but you have to see things in terms of the whole world."

Clare, laughing: "Tony sees himself as a world conqueror."

AS TONY IS so quiet, why don't you tell me something about him.

Tony is the other half of the guitar team, he dresses as if for a day on the golf course, and is the best looking of the group.

"He's our philosopher," says Clare.

"If you ask him all about the meaning of life he'll tell you what it is," grins John. "He's got a book about Hare Krishna. It's really bad, by the way, a lot of rubbish, but he belives it all . . . gullible, gullible," he finishes shaking his head in disbelief.

"Not all of it," argues Tony meekly, "some of it is quite good . . ."

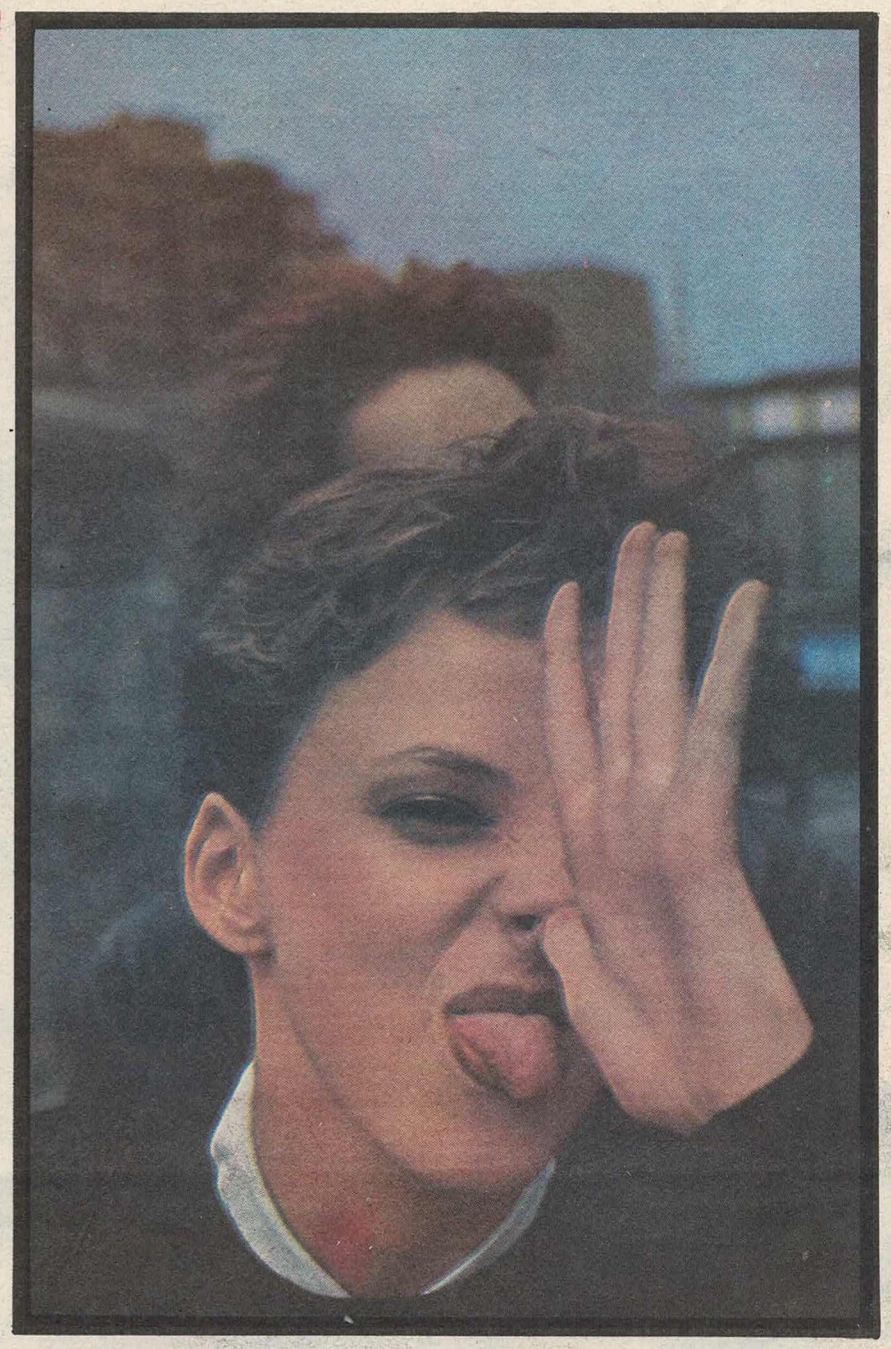
Clare jumps to his defence: "Just because he's got an open mind . . ."

John: "So have I — I read it!"

"Yes", responds Tony sagely, "but you can read the thing with a closed mind."

Now you know how he won his reputation.

ALTERED IMAGES play the game dangerously close, but the emphasis is still on the word 'play'. Having chosen to go with CBS and having proven their ability to survive the decision, they should now be judged solely on the strength on what they've decided since.



Their own artwork has always been distinctive and attractive, and Steve Severin's production of the 'Happy Birthday' LP is much better than his personal critics would have you believe. By anchoring their sound in the deep lower regions he highlights the trebly guitars and the trill of Clare's singing without making it all sound awfully twee.

Still, for some his name in the credits only reinforced the superficial and woefully inadequate comparisons between the Banshees and Altered Images.

"We're just good friends," says one.

"Okay, so we did get Steve to produce our records," says Clare, "but we didn't know anyone else at the time. We liked Steve and that was that."

The Images' precarious balancing act is carried through to their eagerness to talk to the teenzines. It's all good fun — as well being good exposure.

John: "We did it for a laugh and anyway nobody else seemed to do it. Besides we wanted Tony to be a star because he's a good *Jackie* pin up."

Fresh from her starring role in *Gregory's Girl*, Clare and the boys are featured in an upcoming *Photo Love* story.

"We thought it would be a little bit of fun, but they take it all so seriously," says Jim. "They thought it was a work of art or something and started shouting at you if you didn't stand right."

Hard life isn't it? Actually, yes, a photo story means posing for some 400 pictures.

Clare: "And they had a knack of positioning your head so that your neck was breaking and in every picture you had to have your mouth open for the speech bubble to come out of. We all had lockjaw at the end!

"It was awful. It was silly, it was so funny because we were meant to bring about five changes of clothes, but nobody told us, so we had to keep swapping clothes."

Jim: "Which is why I was wearing a dress!"

Had their press confrontations brought them into contact with the *Daily Star*, who're never slow to pick up on the sex potential in a group with a girl singer?

"Well get Tich to do that one!"

SO TELL ME something about Tich.

What is there to tell about Tich? He plays drums, but his greater claim to fame is probably his uncanny resemblance to a Muppet. Ever cheerful, his face is hidden beneath an unruly carrot-coloured thatch of hair, which only just manages to draw attention away from his large blue boots, held together by various straps and zips.

"He's the group's new romantic," says Clare.

ALL THESE groups that go to make up the Glasgow scene . . . oops! *faux pas*.

"There is no Scottish scene," Jim points out. "When people talk about the Scottish scene they're only talking about five groups, while there's a million people in Glasgow alone."

John: "Aye, it must be sickening if you're a small group in Bristol reading all about Scottish groups when they don't get anything about themselves."

The Pop Group derivatives haven't done too badly, but point taken.

"That's what happened in Scotland for a long time. For six or seven years nothing and then suddenly, after they got through Liverpool and Manchester they got to Scotland."

Jim: "I think it's more important what you listen to than where you come from . . ."

So where did pop begin for Altered Images?

Jim: "With 'Rock And Roll Part Two', definitely. I can remember when I first got my radio, switching it on and there it was."

John: "I've been listening back to the '60s for early Rolling Stones, the '50s and then relating it all back to the '70s and now. The worrying thing is that the early '70s thing is starting to creep back, not the Gary Glitter thing, but Genesis-type bands on the one side and all this Bay City Rollers type stuff of the other — the 'Stars On 45' idea of making a hit single: here are three steps how to do it."

Which is why groups like Altered Images and Orange Juice (for all their wilful amateurism) are needed, if only to bring a sense of balance back to pop — quality and frivolity make for a winning combination. Altered Images begin to confound

Continues page 61

Under 24s–remember Sept.30th

"That's a very important date for you lot under 24 if you've got a Railcard.

"If you haven't already guessed, that's the date when your Railcard expires.

"So don't waste a minute. Dash down to your local station and renew it, before you forget.

"As before, it'll cost you a tenner but if you've been using one to get half fares on the train, you don't need me to tell you that ten pounds is peanuts compared to the money a Railcard saves."

"But what if you've never had a Railcard?"

"Then this is your chance to catch up with what you've been missing.

"If you buy one now, you'll have a whole twelve months-worth of half-price travel on the train to look forward to.

"You can go sightseeing, days out, visiting friends... anything you want, anywhere you like. And all for half the normal fare each time.

"So here's the first trip – down to your local station or rail appointed travel agent to pick up a leaflet giving you all the info, including details of the minimum fares which apply.

"Your Railcard only costs £10. But it'll save you a heck of a lot more, because..."

This is the age of the train

A Certain Ratio

Heaven

IT'S NO use, is it? This maintenance is a shaky business. A Certain Ratio have the laziest, craziest sense of humour, are designed specially to satisfy more than a plain simple thirst and don't seem to care whether our standards are broken in two or not.

Can you hear them? They're getting very quiet these days. At Heaven I could barely hear their game of consequences above the inconsequential chatter, and I certainly couldn't see much movement. They're slipping away...

Should they wake up? Should they shake it about a bit? Is there something they want to make up to us? At Heaven I could barely decide whether any of this mattered. I think if I fancied being totally inconsequential I could make a fuss about how A Certain Ratio are a shadow of their former selves... but then I'd mean that as a compliment. I could say that faced with all the 'competition' of Rip, Skidoo, Rig, ABC, Panic and Stimulin', Ratio are a mild, mesmerising whisper that might not be in any senses strong enough to hurt people in the right ways. But then competition has never been a guiding light for A Certain Ratio. They're withdrawing into the shadows. Is it any use?

A Certain Ratio at Heaven ... no traditional approach to their acting art seems to matter. They're slipping away. Towards us?

Paul Morley

Rip Rig And Panic

Action Space

ACTION SPACE reeks of Arts Council subsidies, menial provisions and utilitarian chic. As such it has all the prerequisites for a certain type of modern *cultural happening*. And, of course, tonight the place is packed for the latest London Big Name Band — the boiling and tempestuous noise of Rip Rig And Panic.

The Waiting Game

IT IS a hearty struggle to get through the door — bodies pushing and shoving, faces twisted in exasperation and discomfort. It's like a Salvation Army soup kitchen in the corner where patrons seek solace from a can of lager. It's a long queue to have a piss and impossible to see the stage. It's a battle for bass player Sean Oliver as he drags a crate of horns and saxophones through the crowd to his comrades who are beginning to group onstage.

After a long dripping and rising piano melody — Clump, clump, Yaa-arrgh YAHIYEE and screech screeeEECH — Rip Rig And Panic are off.

The Splayed Spirit

RIP RIG And Panic proposals are many and varied: big baloon'd pop, machine-gunning funk, strangulated chants and voodoo rhythms. They're a motley crew of ex-Pop Group figures, friends and dancers, all doing anything or everything at various times — meeting and changing course whenever they decide their musical rigging needs ripping or panicking.

RRP have driven far away from the rotes and regularity of rock procedures. They do it with a technique and genuine interest which positively poops over the likes of Spandau, Skidoo, ABC and Ratio with a fearless natural funk as opposed to an ill-gotten musical wail.

However, their music burns red and ends up burnt black, threatens coercion and results in a coagulated goo. What promises to be prowling, cohesive musical animation ends up as a lone tortuous wailing in the wilderness. Rip Rig are accomplished and emotive musicians but they lack an ability to articulate and organise that emotion. The special language of music, especially the type of music RRP play, rides on instinct and glides on feeling. In their case it loses a lot of the grace of accent and inflexion because of an overbearing love of 'mah axe' and 'do your own thing'.

RRP go ga-ga and agog in the midst of the depth, mystery and beauty that they undoubtedly unleash. They see many bright flashing lights and enticing signs and try to touch them all at the same time. Every which way is obtuse; you can't be — at least — five places at one time.

There comes a point when buoyant spirituality is not enough, when there is a need for real compassion or indignation. An invitation to encounter the core of the music's mettle and the metre of its heartbeat. Without revealing any grand plan or goal the onstage frenzy became static; ultimately, the ability of RRP music to find its way through states of mind and motion was in doubt.

The Death Of A Cool

RIP RIG And Panic are zen zealots, arrogant artisans, boorish, beat buff and bluff merchants. Beatnik — an openness of attitude, a desire for creativity and unrestricted freedom. Or ... Beatnik — a euphemism for scruffy, ill-organised hippy mish-mashes. Personally I'm a little sick of the sort of anarchic alchemy which reveals no new facts about the musicians, the world, their world, a world or the music. It's all been done before — probably sitting cross-legged on the floor at The Roundhouse round about 1967.

Of course there were times when the group's sounds and textures transposed and cajoled in a startling spin or a daring dervish, but — no time to hang around — it was quickly and inexorably usurped by a mighty horn riff or a rhythmatic tumble. *Whooosh* — like a diamond up a hoover.

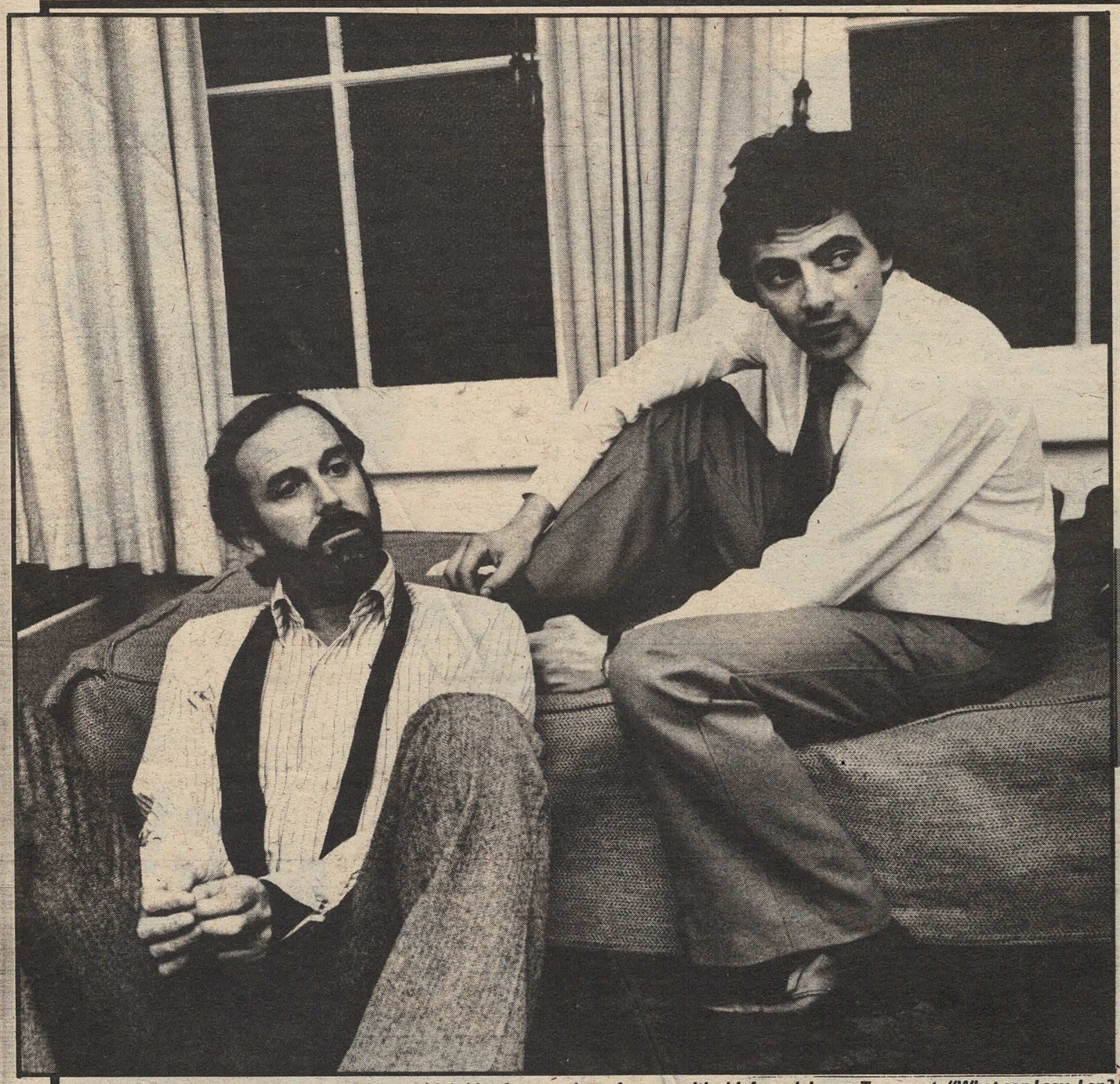
Perhaps it should be said RRP could not do half the things they do if they hadn't the weird, flexible and excellent rhythm section of Sean Oliver and Bruce Smith. Gareth Sager is not exactly Al Green, and I think — soul formalist roots showing, I guess — that Neneh Cherry should do more singing. The only song I could get involved with during the whole evening was the drum-pampered version of 'Go Go Go — This Is It'.

Rip Rig And Panic make music that rushes forward, unqualified and untramelled, leaving little or no trace of aspiration or intent. In the same way that they prove there is love, fire and fury to be found without traditional logic or convention, they show that for any of it to become cogent and really persuasive, it's necessary to have far more personal organisation and self-discipline than they have at present.

Gavin Martin

A Certain Ratio Pic: David Corio

Neneh and hubby Bruce Pic: David Corio



Manchester United supremo Rowan Atkinson (right) in after match conference with chief coach Lenny Transport: "What can I say, Len? It was a gamble putting on Don O'Van, and it didn't come off. But what's done is done, there's another game next week, funny game football etc etc."

"Never mind that, you overpaid ponce. Who's that tart over there with Lenny Bruce?"

Ken Dodd: *Y'see, comedy is a strange thing. You can tell a gag and get laughs in Glasgow but they won't laugh at the same joke in Manchester.*
Parkinson: *Why is that, Ken?*
Ken Dodd: *Well, they can't hear you.*

THE ACOUSTICS in the Theatre Royal must be A1. People laffed. They laffed upstairs. They laffed downstairs. Boy did they laff. They laffed at sight gags, puns, the whacky and dappy, fluffed lines, swear words, hecklers and in French. Everybody laffed from the word go. Everybody got laffs from the word go. Maybe it has something to do with charity raising. (Chico Marx: "Aw there ain't been no charity raising since Julius Caeser left town.") People had paid their fees to Amnesty (which they were 'ribbed' about in the opening entire cast sketch), strolled past the touts outside, who were desperate for any spares to re-sell at £100 a throw, and once they were inside this gala night were they gonna make those outsiders jealous! They were *there*. Inside. On the big prestige night. Hundreds were locked out. Ahahahahahahaha!

The numbing awfulness of the stalls audience really prejudiced me against the forthcoming acts, which is completely ridiculous because some of my favourite comics were sipping Ambre Solaire backstage. I never saw so many suntans, so many fit bronzed people, so many funkily-named rich young couples. Some of the abbreviated handles being squawked across the bar were straight out of the scripts of the acts we were about to see. I noticed that it was *right* too to refer to acts merely by tossing the surname around like a mutual workmate's. "Can't wait to see what Cleese has cooked up . . . Atkinson's definitely on . . . wonder if any other Pythons will show . . . if Stephenson will talk about the marriage."

None of the smuggery was reflected onstage but a lot of the acts — John Cleese, Jasper Carrott, Alexei Sayle — are stuck with this mindless middle class horde. Y'see, comedy 'must' be *clever*. Theirs is *clever* comedy. You have to be *clever* to understand it. This is no Benny Hill stuff. This is class. One must carefully select who one is going to raise at dinner parties as being amusing in the same way as one selects one's car. I can imagine their homes with prominently displayed racks of videocassettes with the titles very boldly inked in. 'FAWLTY TOWERS: DEAD GUEST & DEAF WOMAN' and 'NOT THE NINE SECOND SERIES' and each one has hand-written in red 'NOT TO BE ERASED!!!' so people can see you regard these as classics. You won't find a Dawson or a Dodd amongst them. That might suggest non discrimination, doesn't know what's hip.

'Hip' kills comedy. It suffocates and reduces the wild belly laugh to a wry knowing grin. Most people here probably think John Cleese is really like Basil Fawlty. Worse! They think *Monty Python* was all about Fawlty-type people. Which is why halfway through the first half of the show even the most ill-conceived eccentricities are getting huge laffs. A Gryff Rhys-Jones sketch that was performed *90% in French* went down like W. C. Fields' golfing routine. A lame and obvious satire of Reagan — dressed rather inventively as a showbiz cowboy — got a reception like this portrayal was original and spot on the button. We had the ghost of Drury Lane himself, Donovan, being received like Mahatma Ghandi, though the latter was notably better dressed. Rowan Atk nson did one of his solo 'irate man' sketches

THE MUSIC THAT INSPIRED BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

GARY U.S. BONDS

12 TRACKS

GREATEST HITS

Had it not been for Bruce Springsteen's involvement, Gary "U.S." Bonds may have only remained a 60s legend. Through Springsteen's association on his latest material "U.S." Bonds has had a new lease of life; but Gary "U.S." Bonds Greatest Hits serves to remind us of how it all started. By the time you've come to the end of Side Two, you'll realise that music will never, and could never, be made like this again.

FEATURING

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HAVIN' SO MUCH FUN ● TWIST TWIST SENORA

Emus Records

RCA

BALL YUKS!

DANNY BAKER finds the Amnesty do farcical. ADRIAN BOOT puts the film in.

Alexei Sayle. Alexei Sayle thundered through his slot like a train. Whereas what surrounded his spot came measured and perfunctory, his punchy script boomed all over wherever it wanted. His rock-hard distaste for just about everything went "a little too far" for more than one half-time bar dweller. He was great.

"Yeah, yeah, 'svery *alternative* here tonight ennit? Get a Chilean outa jail, don't collect £200 passing Go, all that stuff. I work for one of the alternative magazines y'know. Yeah. *What's On In Stoke Newington* — 'sa bloody great bit of paper with 'FUCK ALL' written on it, ya seen it? I got a lot in common wi' Lenny Bruce, you know. We're both dead fer a start. He was great wannee Lenny though eh? Big fan of '40s British radio. He used to say 'Can I do ya now — cocksucker!' Great wannee Lenny?" For the first time all night, well in years, I felt I was at a live concert.

After the interval, and I don't know if the show is specially cranked up this way, The Secret Policeman's Other Ball was everything that £100 asking price might promise. Chris Langham worked gags so old the punch lines still retain the long s and stylishly got away with it, Victoria Woods took Richard Stilgoe material upmarket and was tremendous, the sketches were tighter and dafter — John Cleese and Pamela Stephenson reworking a Marty Feldman pointless aggravation theme brilliantly: "I'm a mild man madam but when I'm roused there's hell to pay" — and only the music got in the way.

We also got the night's two other highspots. Toward the end, and unbelievably for a non-fan like me, Billy Connolly turned in a rambling monologue about family parties that had me wiping my eyes and dying for the soundtrack to be rush-released. ("Scots people love to sing about being far away from Scotland. Especially when they're right there. *'Oh Bonnny Scotland, it is you I love, Even though I am farrr awayyy!'* "But father, you're sitting in the living room . . .")

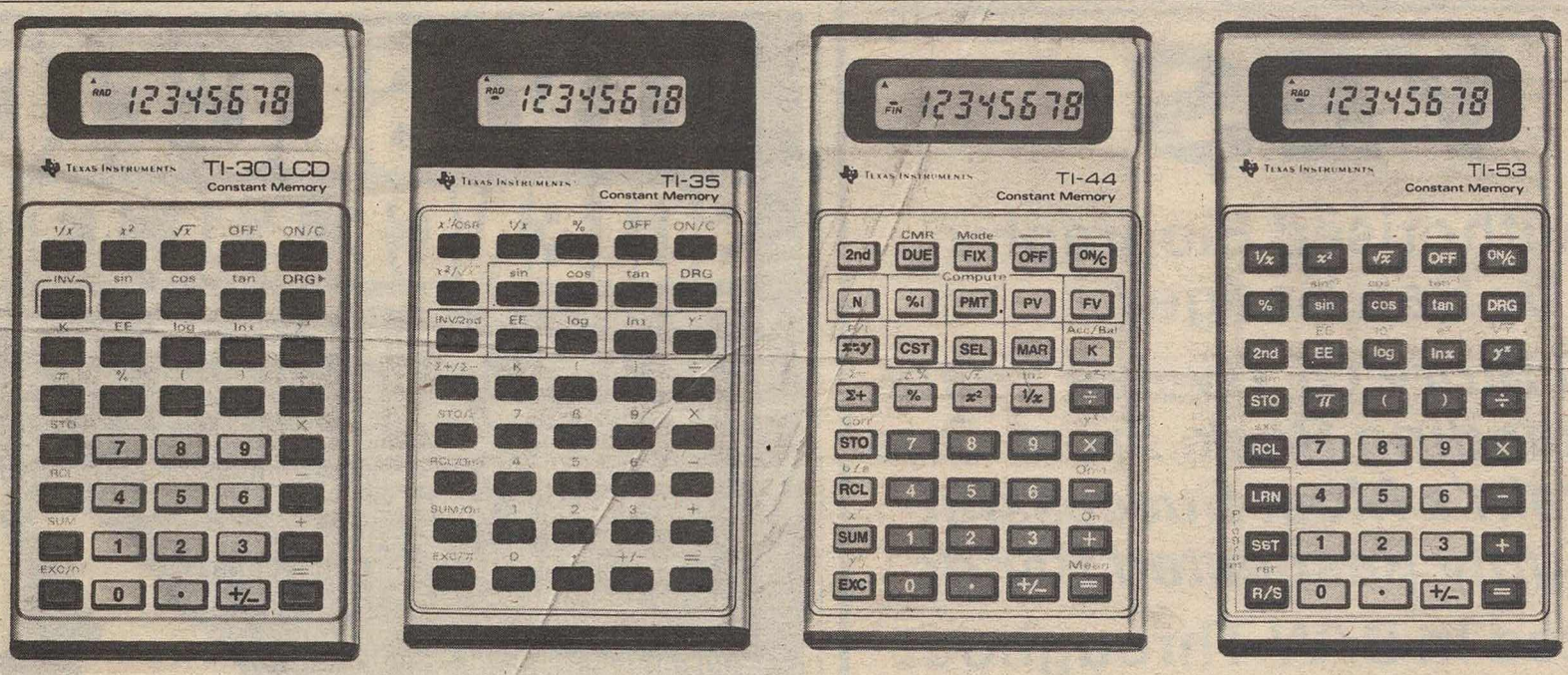
And then, in my rapidly filling book, there was the star attraction and one of the world's great comedy writers, Alan Bennett. Bennett's exquisite dialogues, tonight in tandem with the excellent John Fortune, unfortunately do remind you how stunted so much of what we currently think of as piercing is. (Rowan Atkinson came off worst.) Bennett's discourse on sexual disillusionment was a privilege to be present at. He seems to rediscover key words that usual writers don't have the patience to wait for. In telling John Fortune about his recently-developed cruising tastes — delivered as though he were on a country walk — he wistfully declares:

"I strolled along to the Ladbroke Grove lavatories — you know them? — where I suppose most people do go to empty their honest bladders. However I use them . . . for ancillary purposes." Later, in describing the clientele there, he muses of "a smattering of unemployed youths plus the usual *groundswell* of Spanish waiters."

Alan Bennett went down as well as everyone else. The laughter was like a blanket — a comedian's dream but a writer's nightmare (how do you judge what's funny?). The music, from Phil Collins, Neil Innes, Donovan and Sting was received almost religiously, the finale, coming at about a quarter after two in the morning, being a mass rendition of, quite understandably, 'I Shall Be Released'. The film of this event, incidentally, shall be released before Christmas, and if any dopey editors tamper with *one word* of any of the performances in that second half, or any of those I recommended from the first . . . they shall be incarcerated. And as Ken Dodd would tell you, that's the unkindest cut of all, ho,ho,ho . . .

Danny Baker

Alexei Sayle has just told Sting it's a charity do — there's no fee.



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PLAYERS' WORK TIME

23 Skidoo
Family Fodder
The Work

Action Space

FRIDAY EVENING and I'm suffering from *Knots Landing* withdrawal symptoms whilst silently rotting in a dank corner of a cellar nearish Goodge Street. Humid bodies exhale light ale-flavoured breath in my face, and, with suspicious dexterity, avoid any floor space unoccupied by my feet.

This slimy walled cavern bears no conceivable relation to its name. Action Space?! Even if the floor was vaguely clear, there's not much in the line of Action that can occur in a hole which bears a depressing resemblance to a large-ish penitentiary cell or my school hall, and is highlighted by a plastic table piled with tins of warm stagnant Skol and flat Harp.

I'm here to see Skidoo? They deserve to play Heaven with the numbers kept the thinner sid of 1,000, and the minimum of zoots, haircuts and egos. Remember them at North London Poly with the Bush T's and Ratio! They're playing there again next week with Cabs — get your tickets in advance! (Plan your wardrobe!)

Back to tonight — the supports play (work) while the room is still filling. Most people enter and exit again in rapid succession, then hover near the door since there's nowhere else to go. The Slog — sorry, Work — toil and labour, managing to exude doom and distort chance fluidity into leaden mutations with Rough Tradeish self-belief and little else. They are, basically, basic. My ears ache. They'll get a Peel session.

Family Fodder start with a memorable Doors derivative and maintain the trickling keyboards in all their best — never quite 'Decades' but enough to chill, and a light relief after The Greys — oops, Work . . .

And then there's 23 Skidoo . . .

Bathed in the blue light of the first slide of their perfectly orchestrated sequence, Skidoo twiddle the knobs and proceed to amaze and entertain.

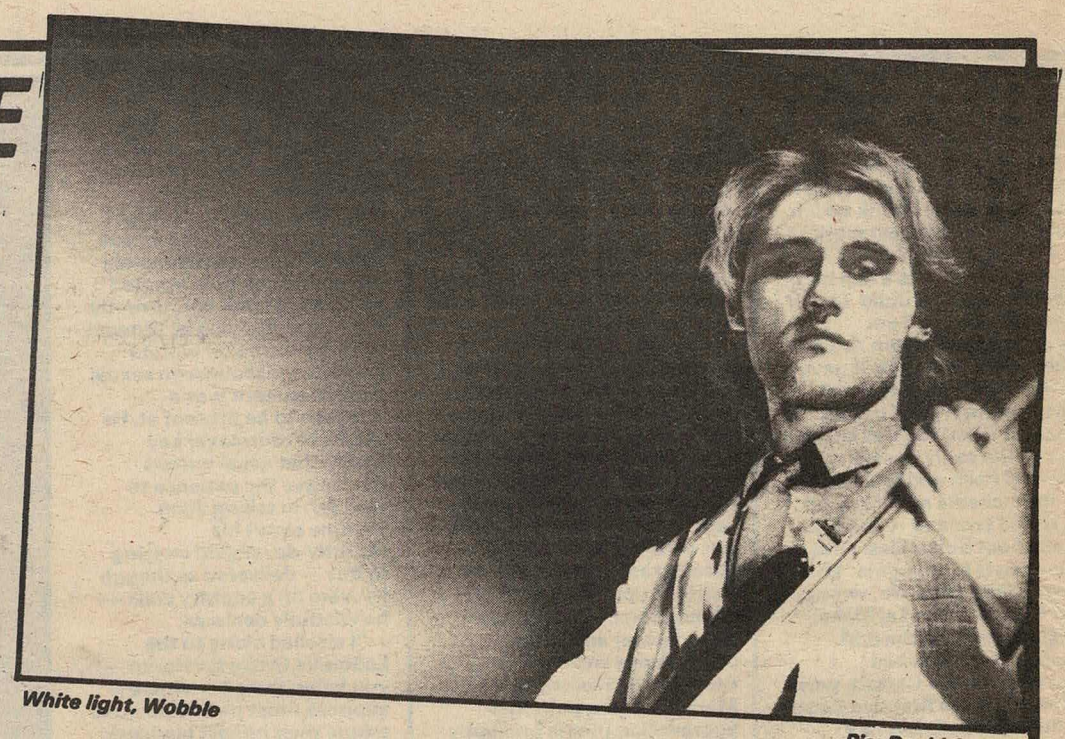
The essential factor of the Skidoo stage life is the flowing spontaneity: abstract images flit past on the screen and in the same way the instruments fleet and merge with no time for contrivance or conscious logical link-up. The drumming pounds, at times coarse and dynamic, at others smooth, a steady rod for the rest to lean on. The drummers alternate on drum sets, different textures and patterns grate and gnaw, an infectious, feverish rhythm sustained and spiced with shifts from clarinet to trumpet to sticks, each staying just long enough to register its effect. Undertones of Wire tilt and turn, overtones of Pigbag bounce, bound and twist, all interlocking to form a real whirl, but with a spikey, spiteful aftertaste.

23 Skidoo aren't an easily forgotten fling or a weighty affair, but both and neither, the best f-f-f-funk band you'll gyrate to this winter and a worthy vinyl memory in the sitting room, a name on partyin' lips when Funkapolitan are wheeled out to the rapping cemetery, and a reason to skidoo down to the North London Poly on Friday.

See you there!

Leyla Sanai

Fodder, frock and footwear *Pic: Peter Anderson*



White light, Wobble

Pic: David Corio

CRITICAL CONDITION

The Human Condition

Collegiate Theatre

I APPRECIATE that The Human Condition (look, no vocals) are trying to get away from the rock'n'roll circus, but that doesn't mean they have to choose a little seated amphitheatre like the Collegiate: intimate — yes, like sharing a morgue with 300 other people. A kind of hush pervaded, with stewards running around telling people they couldn't smoke or drink in the auditorium. Jah Wobble provided some light relief, doing his parodic MC bit and informing the audience that a cassette of the gig could be obtained the next day at Virgin Megastore — "just a snip at £3.50". That, plus price of admission to the gig, works out at £6. I'm sure that the band are only covering costs, but that's some snip.

The evening was worth it, though, even if it did start slow. It took Wobble a while to get that bass going, to get the right balance between spacey-ness and great thumping percussive notes. Jim Walker is the perfect foil for that: he's busy all the time, a hiss on the hi-hat here, a jab on the tomtoms there, with all of it kept together by the snare. Can anyone play that particular part of the kit better than him? Take another listen to PiL's 'Public Image' single . . .

There is a weakness to The Human Condition: guitarist Animal. Okay, so he gets away from all that 20-notes-a-second virtuoso crap, but there are other forms of redundancy — like lack of passion, like holding notes for too long, like sliding down the frets in the way of some psychedelic Rory Gallagher. However, that rhythm section is so powerful that Animal does get carried along, and as the evening progressed there were hints that he could do more than just stand there providing pleasant scratches and bits of atonal local colour.

With less texture and variety, the threesome are like the metallic side of This Heat. Like This Heat, they don't so much obviously break up rock structures, as float and sting between them. Difficult music to classify.

By 10.10pm The Human Condition were well into their stride with a number which moved between slight reggae syncopations into squarer mid-tempo hard rock. Not long after, it was all over. Polite applause. Encore. They're going to have problems appealing to the masses.

Paul Tickell

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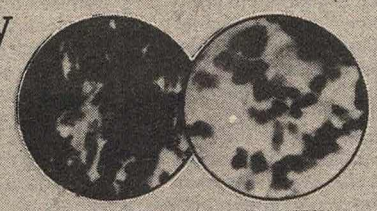

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Is it live, or is it Memorex?

Crusaders
B.B. King
R.P.O.

Royal Festival Hall

"AN EXCEPTIONALLY contemporary musical event," blared the posters announcing this epoch-making collaboration between the giants of song who gave the world 'Street Life', 'The Thrill Is Gone' and 'Hooked On Classics'. The end result of the first show of the assembled company's four-night stand at the South Bank's palace of acoustical culture was one of the most inspiring dress rehearsals for years.

B.B. King is, after all, The King Of The Blues, The Chairman Of The Board Of Blues Singers and — latterly — The Dynamic Gentleman Of The Blues. It is decidedly unusual to find him opening a show for anybody under any circumstances, but when one does encounter the most distinguished living bluesman fulfilling such a role, it comes as a shock to find his band on stage tuning up and attempting to get an acceptable bass and drum sound with the audience already in place.

They rushed through the warm-up number, drummer pushing the beat far too fast, instruments balanced like a mattress balances on a bottle of wine and an air of panic and sour sweat wafting through the auditorium. When B.B. King makes his entry in a black tuxedo looking like a bullfrog with a guitar, it seems simply inappropriate and demeaning for an artist of his massive stature to have to front such a shambles. Under the hyperactive baton of bandleader Calvin Owens, his band — augmented by some RPO brass — seem to be charging through ludicrously over-fussy arrangements at a variety of paces, periodically coming up against a chord change and falling over each other.

Even King's urbane, chesty tenor and mellifluously savage guitar sounded contrived against such a tacky backdrop. The man — so huge these days that he has to pull the microphone to his mouth to sing audibly and step back three paces to play his guitar — sounded rattled. It wasn't until he confessed to his nerves and settled back into a long, cooled-out conversational blues that the drummer calmed down, the tempos refocussed and the magic began to work again.

A full hour after commencement of the set, B.B. King waddled offstage to an ovation, but he'd had to pull everything out of his lifetime of performing experience to get it, and one imagined some extremely harsh words going down backstage as a result.

After a discreet intermission, the RPO line at the back of the stage — a large string section now augmenting the horn players who'd worked B.B.'s set — play something long and imposing before a disembodied voice brings on — one by one — The Crusaders and their sidemen. The three main men — drummer Stix Hooper, pianist Joe Sample and a very long cool drink of water named Wilton Felder on sax — plus a percussionist, a pair of guitarists and the son of legendary Motown studio man James Jamerson on the bass, stroll on and launch into a series of frisky but civilised jazz funk excursions, mostly built around similar rhythms to 'Street Life'.

All the soloists get their turn, with Felder's heated, exhortatory sax and Jamerson's pounding, elasticated bass taking the honours over Sample's ponderous neo-classical showcase, Hooper's protracted tour-de-force and the more pointed statements of the two guitarists. It's all crisp, clean and musicianly, but in terms of direct stimulation of the emotions, the real action begins when B.B. King reappears and performs an achingly exquisite rendition of 'The Thrill Is Gone', reinforced by the full weight of The Crusaders and the RPO in tandem. 'Better Not Look Down' and 'Hold On' followed before the ensemble launched into what should have been a glorious, flagwaving climax with B.B. taking the vocal and principal solo on The Crusaders' anthem 'Street Life'.

Unfortunately, the effect was slightly spoiled by the fact that B.B. hadn't learned the song properly, and while he negotiated the key changes with considerable verve, his commitment to interpreting the lyrics seemed hampered by his having to read them off several sheets of paper spread out on Joe Sample's piano.

All in all, a prestigious £7.50 a head dress rehearsal.

And to add insult to injury, they didn't even do 'Hooked On Classics'. Imagine *that* with Stix Hooper on drums.

Charles Shaar Murray

"A warm welcome, please, for the King of the Blues, Mr BB King!" (Pause) "BB? ... BB? ..."

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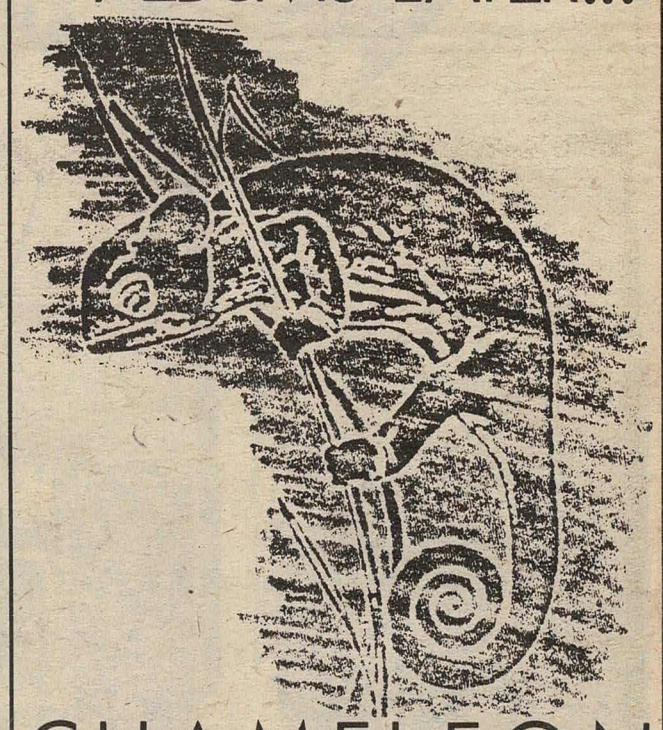

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DECCA GAMA

Reggae Runnings

MAKING her recording debut on Santic discomix this week with 'Don't Draw The Line', introducing **Erica Gale,** the latest protege of producer **Leonard Chin.**

Mr Chin is recently extremely fecund in the nurturing of local talent including Caroll Thompson, Jean Adebambo and Trevor Walters, and following his role as one of the vanguard of indigenuous lovers rock on the television programme *Twentieth Century Box,* is subsequently presently engaged in the unremittent auditioning of the many hopeful young persons who turn up at his offices daily.

Ms Gale approached Leonard Chin having written "a large repertoire of songs relating to numerous subjects," and is described as "a very serious lady, who attends few social functions. When she feels the need for music, she just picks up her guitar and writes a song." She is 18.

Something of a departure from the more usual Santic style, 'Don't Draw The Line' is distinguished by Ms Gale's fine vocal, with jazz and soul improvisations.

Currently exciting interest is the debut solo LP from former Black Uhuru vocalist **Don Carlos.** Entitled 'Suffering' (NER LP 001), the album is a six track showcase with their respective versions, recorded at the late Bob Marley's Tuff Gong studio, and featuring a bass and drum foundation from Lloyd Parkes and Leroy Horsemouth Wallace fronting We The People Band. The set shares the same Negus Roots label with **Lacksley Castell's** 'Mr Government Man', which is also creating impact.

Released via People Unite Musicians Co-op this week is the first studio album from **Misty In Roots,** entitled 'Wise And Foolish' (PU 101 ALB). Recorded at Fair Deal studio, the LP features eight titles written by the Tyson brothers and vocalist McKay, including recent discomix coupling 'Peace And Love' and 'Bail Out', and follows up their 'Live At The Counter Eurovision' set from last year.

On US import arrives 'Orthodox' courtesy of **The Rastafarians,** an eight piece group comprising Ras Binghi I, Ras Yesec I, Ras Tony Moses I, Ras Wolde Manfesskiddus I (Shaka), Ras Haile Maskel I, Ras Herb Daly I, Ras Vision I and Ras Elias Negash I. Produced in association with Universal Life Church Inc of Santa Cruz, it features 10 titles, of a mostly devotional nature, including 'Seek HIM', 'Hold On Jah Jah Children', 'A Love We A Deal Wit' and 'Roll Call'.

Issued on tangerine vinyl discomix and wearing the Simba imprint is '13 Dead (Nothing Said)' from **Johnny Osbourne** c/w **Black Lion Band,** 'Murder' (LION), recorded and mixed at the Fallout Shelter and produced by Aswad and Mickey Campbell.

A night to remember is to be held at the luxurious Horseshoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, London, W1 on Saturday, September 19 — from 8pm to 2 am — featuring by public demand a trio of sounds with the unique **Maestro** with "Q" & Smithy at the controls, the exclusive **Silver Slate** and the sophisticated **Mystique** from Stoke Newington.

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ALTERED IMAGES

From page 49

expectations even in their coming from Glasgow.

Like the literate Simple Minds and the defunct Josef K, they're the complete antithesis of the caricatured Glaswegian as represented by the Alex Harveys or the Jimmy Boyles who perpetrated the myths of Glasgow being one seething slum of violence and alcoholism.

"The problem is," says John "if you come into Glasgow by car or train you see all the bad bits first, whereas in London they're better hidden and you have to go looking for them."

The groups mentioned and Bill Forsyth's two films *That Sinking Feeling* and *Gregory's Girl* should help paint a more accurate picture, one that embraces both the ugliness of the city and the humour of its youth.

Clare: "The saddest thing was that when *Gregory's Girl* opened here it ran for three weeks and that was it. But once it went down to London and everybody started saying how wonderful it was, it came back."

Jim: "Your hometown is always the last place to recognize you."

QUICK! WE'RE running out of time — tell me something about John.

As John does most of the talking, the rest get very little chance to say anything about him, but what he says about the rest is quite revealing. John plays bass, is perky and enjoys gently reminding the others of their more embarrassing moments. What else?

"When I get bigger I'd like to do film soundtracks," he says.

"Aye, about six foot two," replies Clare.

I SEE WHAT you mean. Despite Glasgow's dearth of concerts and venues, their homecoming is only about two thirds full — they drew more at Heaven the other week — "and 75 per cent of them are our friends," says Clare.

How come Altered Images' pop isn't more popular? Maybe they're not pushy enough. A day later Tony dreamily poses the question.

"The thing to think is if we weren't in this group would we go and see us rather than a film?"

He ponders indecisively for a moment.

"I think we would, but then I'm biased."

JOHN HIATT

From page 35

"These cities are so removed from the reality of America that you take your New York accent outside the city limits and you're fucked. People don't even know what you're talking about. I'm for the rest of the country, the great gap the airwaves fly over."

SO FAR John Hiatt's biggest crime is being too clever for the record industry's idea of Mr Average America to understand. His songs are like detective stories that encourage unravelling, that say something in passing about the human condition (gulp) and repay investigation. They are often deliciously sardonic, not frightened to be bitter and mordant and never constrained by a formula. They strike out against puritanism by virtue of their language and they utilise metaphors which can easily worry the easily disgusted. If they expose the vacuous morals of many contemporary Americans, they are still tinged with compassion. They manage to expose human emotions like jealousy without coy innuendo.

Hiatt says what he means. His song 'Down In Front' goes straight for the groin.

"That came from playing out live, it's about the cheap way people throw themselves around. How permissive is the permissive age? There's a Californian morality that disgusts me but doesn't shock me. Not innocent sex necessarily but the corruption that goes on in Beverley Hills boardrooms.

"I was talking to my wife the other day about this morality. There's this guy called Sidney Sheldon who writes cheap trash like *Bloodline,* books that sell millions of copies because Americans mostly gave up reading years ago. They read something if it's like a TV script. Anyway, Sheldon was on the Tom Snyder show complaining about the Moral Majority (an *interest* group with a powerful government lobby) wanting to ban his books.

"Well, I'm no fan of the Moral Majority for Chrissakes but I'm no fan of Sheldon either so you're between a rock and a hard place. They're going after the right man for the wrong reasons. It just makes you want to scream!"

Hiatt will be high on the list of the Christian zealots party when they start the burning. Another excellent song 'Back To Normal' focuses on the relationship between a woman and her doctor, and just for good measure there's a microscope, a butcher's knife and an abortion thrown in. The song is graphic but it isn't pornographic. Hiatt doesn't carp or snivel and he didn't acquire his personality second hand from a magazine rack or a TV screen.

It's just as well that people like Hiatt and Costello are around to rescue our atrophied brains.

"Yet my records go completely unnoticed — and I don't like that," Hiatt laughs ruefully. "Let's say with the next record, all these businessmen are lined up like four water melons on a progressive dollar slide in Las Vegas and I'm pulling the handle to collect the money in my little cup — and *then* the record doesn't do anything. Then I can take another look and say, well, maybe I don't have as much to offer as I thought I did.

"So far that's never happened. It's always been me on a shoestring. It's been 'We'll give this group eight million, and them four million and we'll give this jerk — me — over here 20,000 to go record in a garage and spend five cents on his promotion, if people don't see you existing in the market place you can't ever hope to sell any records."

JOHN HIATT should be a contender. His potential audience in Europe could well be helped by a forthcoming combination of him and Nick Lowe and Elvis on their George Jones tribute album/film/TV special.

Hiatt's secret has been too well kept for too long. In the current climate of flakey dance craziness and of undisguised escapist posing, we could do with a few people to off-set the endless fashion circus before we all disappear frugging mindlessly onto the eternal clothes peg.

Everybody knows that America invented rock and roll then did its best to stifle the brat with kindness — but nasty, ill-tempered, vicious, incisive American pop can still speak in many different voices. If you know where to look.

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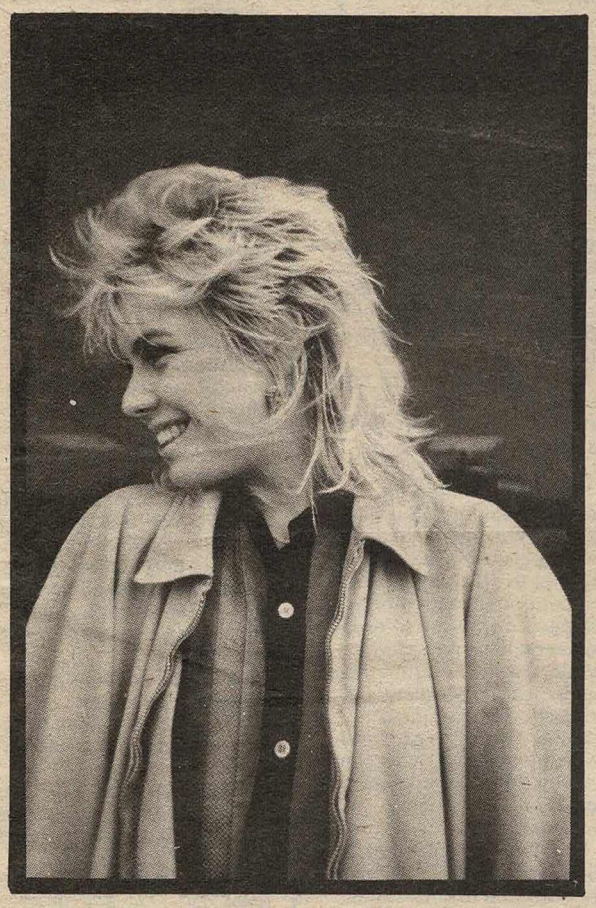
STING

As The Police prepare for their new term and new LP, Lynn Hanna interviews Sting.



WILDE

From page 34

more about what they really feel inside instead of just reading and hearing all this stuff. If they took a bit more responsibility about themselves instead of submitting to what they're bombarded with, if they rely more on what they really feel instead of what they think they should feel . . . that's what I really believe in.

Doesn't the Kim Wilde contribute to this fake feeling you're talking about?

I don't think it's particularly negative as it is now.

A Kim Wilde single is like eating a bar of chocolate?

Yeah, and really enjoying it. You don't try and analyse a bar of chocolate do you . . . I just hope that people are entertained and like what they hear, and at the moment I don't think you need to go beyond that. For me. I don't think that there's any point in doing that.

It's like listening to a Ronnettes' song. There are these great little chicks up there singing a beautiful song and they have these voices and that's enough. Maybe the way I project myself is . . . interesting to people because they get the feeling that I'm really into what I'm doing, in some vague way, and they believe in it because I believe in it. Perhaps that's why I'm distinguished from being fake or whatever.

Do you think that you're beautiful?

Inside or outside? Mmmmm . . . outside I don't think about that too much because I realise that's all very superficial. I'm more concerned about inside, and inside I think I'm alright . . . I'm OK inside. I don't think I'm perfect and I don't call myself beautiful but I'm definitely not ugly inside. I've got friends who aren't that so called pleasant to look at but inside I think they're beautiful.

Are you vain?

In a sort of detached way . . . yes. But . . . yes, I am. I think a lot of girls are. When I look good I feel good as well. Then again when I look bad I can feel good so . . . it's just whatever mood I'm in. Of course I worry what I look like but beauty isn't at the top of the list of priorities.

What is?

An awareness of myself and what goes on around me. That's what I'd like to be represented through my music. I think it is simplicity . . . time will tell.

But you seem to be suggesting that it wouldn't bother you if you went back behind the scenes: the incidentals of being a celebrity, it's all in a year's work.

No, it wouldn't bother me. I'd go and be a session singer for someone like Joe Cocker or something. I went to see him once and he had these fantastic girl vocalists and they just mesmerised me through the whole gig and . . . I think I could handle something like that as much as anybody else.

I can get involved in other people's music, not just what I'm doing. Being a session singer would be very exciting because you'd be doing so many different things. Maybe I should have been just a session singer. Maybe I will be when I'm all forgotten and then I won't have to explain everything. You can just sing and love it.

But then look at me . . . I was a session singer but you just can't hold one thing down. If someone says to you do you want to put a record out with you singing on it and you love singing then what do you do? You don't say no, you just do it and then everything happens. Suddenly it's number two and you have to put out another one and then it all carries on. I didn't mind that at all! Then comes the complicated bits. The publicity and having to explain why you're singing and where it all fits in . . . it's like trying to explain why you're living!

Oh, well anyway . . .

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GRAHAM LOCK

Pack up all your cares and woe and address them to Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

Wunda choked on her cocktail cherry in an intellectual sort of way, pulled the arms off her kid brother's teddy whilst reciting Shelley, broke her cocktail stick as if it was a dry twig (actually it was a wet cocktail stick) with her bare hands, kicked the dog, which prowled off with a mouthful of her best Levis, brought her heel down viciously on the spot marked X, sent her ice-cubes crashing noisily across the floor of the warehouse and managed to completely destroy her hair-do within the two-minute time limit.

"Time's up," Feelit said.

Wunda stood serenely amongst the Kirby-grips.

"Good," Feelit said. "Good."

"Thank you."

"Derivative," Feelit intoned, "but good."

Try serialising *War And Peace.*
Ric, Maidstone.
Try reading it. — GL

It's a joke, right? Or else it's a new ever-so-subtle *NME* Quiz. Well here's hopin', the answers are . . . Phil Spector and Kim Fowley. Do we win a copy of *The Boy Looked At Johnny*, perhaps?
Harold Robbins and Tom Wolfe, Chester.

Well done, *NME*! *Platinum Logic* is the work of a semi-literate crypto-fascist, packed with heartless sadism, ill-directed anger and contempt for fellow beings.

Pulp hack exploitation, soulless tough-guy posturing, and crude rape-oriented sexuality combine to achieve a style and quality worthy of the gutter press.

Mr Parsons lacks that essential human characteristic so vital in the writing of fiction, compassion. His is a mean and violent soul.
Peter Pick.
Aren't you confusing Tony with the people he's writing about? It's a mean and violent world. — GL

What *is* this? "Scathing new rock novel"? Tony Parsons' wimpish contribution is about as scathing as a dead slug.

I'm not going to rant and rave about the fact that *Platinum Logic* is sexist, or cheap soft porn, or so appallingly cliched that it makes Mills and Boon look like Shakespeare — although it is all those things and more; I just can't stand the undeniable fact that it is so BADLY WRITTEN. Please, *NME*, don't insult your readers with such incredible crap! I applaud the idea of serialising a book or three, but can we at least have something readable and/or mildly literate?

Come back Morley — all is forgiven!
Wolfie, South Devon.
Not *quite* all . . . — GL

I read Paul Morley's 'review' of Rock On The Tyne and I was amazed that a professional journalist could write such a hypocritical and arrogant piece of crap.

The 'lowlights' included "the price of a Bloody Mary in the guests' bar". I must confess that this was not of much concern to those who went to enjoy themselves listening to the bands. The man's elitism is sickening! — e.g. one of his 'highlights' was "not knowing if Fist, Diamond Head, Huang Chung and whoever replaced Pauline Murray actually played". How dies this ace reporter justify his train fare?
Col Nolan, Redcar, Cleveland.

I can understand somebody disliking a group but if he's so bored and jaded that he can't write a constructive report of what happened then he should pack in his job. There are three million unemployed in this country and a good few of them could put Paul Morley to shame by showing interest in what they write about.
John Christie, Manchester.

Thank goodness Paul Morley has the guts to lay into these festival audiences. Why should these fat, spotty, tasteless scruffs be allowed to spoil the idealised version of teen-age *savoir-faire* and style that looks so much better in the trendy pages of a magazine like *NME*? I bet some of the northern slobs don't even have Stowaways or video-recorders! No wonder famous people don't let on to them. There can't be many 'highlights' in their lives, eh? Let's try to forget these 'festival fiends' and get back to catering for the gaunt-faced art-school poseurs who are the backbone of British youth and will one day inherit the Earth.
Jack Spratt.

Despite being the magazine which claims to elevate everyone's political consciousness as well as inform them about music, *NME* drops some amazing howlers.

For instance, Chris Bohn in his Cabs article says Dennis Skinner is MP for Clay Cross. What crap. Skinner is MP for Bolsover. And why link Skinner with the Socialist Republic of South Yorkshire? Bolsover, and Clay Cross for that matter, are several miles south of the Republic border in Derbyshire.

Perhaps music writers should stick to what they know.
Dru Warhol.
Just a *Bohn mot*, Dru. And socialism knows *no* borders. — GL

Why should you pretend to be embarrassed that the Little Miss Redsocks ad "slipped through the net" *(Gasbag* 29/8/81)? What net? Take another look at your own authorised *NME* "quality" T-shirt. You've been plugging that for long enough. And don't bother to make a new one showing a woman artistically sweeping a man off her feet and accidentally unzipping his trousers. I wouldn't wear that, either.

Another thing. If Errol continues to write *T-Zers*, I'm going to stop buying *NME*. Who invented this crypto-fascist creep anyway? None of us care *who* he sleeps with or *what* he drinks. Please liquidate this figment of your clapped-out imagination straight away and bring back the Three Dots . . .
Valerie Solanas.
The Three Dots send their love, Val. They're living in a commune in Battersea and writing a book (who isn't?) called *Colons And Semi-Colons — Different But Equal* for the Movement Against Patriarchal Punctuation. They and I promise never to buy a Maxell tape or sleep with Errol. — GL

Is Graham Lock really Ken Livingstone?
Anneuse Jespersen, Lowestoft.
That's me! The man who put the GL in GLC! — GL

What's gone wrong, *NME*? For a while you had style, fashion and compassion but now you're reduced to following/ leading fashions faster than the changes in the Spandau Ballet costumes.

We've had Factory, Postcard, Manchester, Scotland, Rockabilly, Semiotics, New Romantics, the strangest kilts and now Zoot suits, salsa and samba. You give headline billing to bands who've played two gigs, or even none; you urge us to buy £5+ LPs that contain "fifth rate music" and "songs that mean absolutely nothing at all" (Kim Wilde); you indulge continuously in smug, London-based club elitism; you criticise organisations trying to do something constructive for youth on the basis of the author's prejudice (e.g. Glastonbury and the Northern Carnivals against missiles and racism — if they'd been in London clubs featuring Blue Rondo A La Turk, they'd have been cool, but actually trying to do something positive, oh that's not 'fun'. You *can* dance and protest.)

You have elitist and sexist adverts (Jaguar, hi-fi, Maxell tapes) and you cap it all by quoting your advertising manager: "practically anybody who is in the music business reads *NME*. These are the people Jaguar are aiming at, together with the *more ambitious young readers*"! If everybody in the music business can afford Jaguars then you've got too much of our money. And how many of your "more ambitious young readers" are on the dole and can't even afford LPs, let alone expensive hi-fi?

I write this in sadness and in anger — you're like this government, you just don't *care* anymore. You're too busy drinking cocktails, setting obscure trends, writing meaningless articles about them and feeling smug.

I suspect this is a deliberate attempt to go 'up market' for the Londoners with money — the people who can afford to buy expensive new clothes every couple of months, go to clubs, pose, pay ridiculous prices for drinks, aim at owning expensive cars and hi-fi, and get away from the riot-ruined decaying street, dole queues and nasty protesters,

If that's what you want, then you and your new audience are welcome to each other, but please can we have our (the only) decent music and current affairs paper back before you go?
Graham Baker, Exeter.
Ouch! Your letter stung us, Graham, but you're wrong to think we "don't care" simply because advertisers are trying to sell cars and hi-fi equipment through the pages of *NME*. Why shouldn't they? Is there to be some kind of dole queue test for our advertisers? Your criticisms of our editorial policy are likewise off target I'd suggest. We do criticise "organisations that are trying to do something constructive for youth" — we certainly don't believe they're above criticism — but we also support their stand against racism and nuclear idiocy and have done so for several years, the only music paper to do so. Our criticisms should be seen in the context of that continuing concern.

As for cocktails, only Errol knows the difference between a Mint Julep and a Sharps Extra Strong. Sorry that people putting on the style should upset you so much — that's never been confined to London, or to people with money. In fact, most of the 'posers' seem to have acquired their threads from jumble sales. The government might want you to be poor, but you don't have to think poor. — Neil Spencer.

Pic: Fireweed

Your typical NME hack — an illiterate, smug, puerile, jaded, crypto-fascist creep?

I am becoming increasingly worried by the current musical trend of bands discarding their guitars for synthesisers. The way things are going Bert Weedon could soon be forgotten. A frightening thought, but possible.
Paul Martin Wright, Beckenham, Kent.
Yeah, and Wout Steinhous. Damn! I was *trying* to forget Wout Steinhous. — GL

We are a group of artists with disabilities working in conjunction with the Arts Officer for Lambeth. We are planning a season of arts events at the beginning of next year, 1982, covering Visual and Tactile Arts (paintings, sculptures, collage, camera work, etc). Music; Creative Writing; Drama; and Dance.

We would like to hear from practising artists with disabilities, from near and far, who would like to be actively involved in planning and participating in the season. By artists "with disabilities" we include anyone who has physically, sensory or mental impairment.

Please do not send any artwork at this time.

We would also wish to hear from anyone with access to funds.
Keith Armstrong for "Artists with Disabilities", c/o Judith Schrut, Arts Officer, Lambeth Amenity Services, 164 Clapham Park Road, London SW4 7DD. (Tel: 622 6655).

I was just perusing one of my novels, *The Long Goodbye,* when in chapter 2 I spotted an interesting character: "an ex-bootlegger, who went in the trade by the name of Rusty Regan . . . The first time I saw him I thought he might be what you are probably thinking he was, an adventurer who happened to get himself wrapped up in some velvet . . He spent hours with me, sweating like a pig, drinking brandy by the quart and telling me stories of the Irish revolution."

I'm sure there is something familiar about the name, see what you can turn up.
Phillip Marlowe, Fleet, Hants.
It was 9 pm on a rainy night in Haringey and I'd just smelt a rat. I stared at the letter in my hand and then I realised. *Two* 'I's in Philip!

I grabbed my coat and went out to the library. My stomach was empty but so were my pockets and I had a hunch to check out. In the Thriller section, A-D, I found what I was looking for. Rusty Regan was in *The Big Sleep*, not *The Long Goodbye.* This could only mean one thing.

Someone had tried to set me up.

(Part Two next week. Book by Pan. Film by Michael Winner, starring Ken Livingstone and The Three Dots. Till then, farewell my lovelies):

Your atypical NME hack — a Winner, plus employee.

Now look here, chaps, what's going on since I left your paper in 1957? Writers are allowed to make mock of my work as *NME* film critic and general interviewer? I'll have you know I once interviewed bandleader Wally Stott for you and the fact that he changed his sex a few years later is purely coincidental.

I think Phil's got it dead right, he's not Assistant Editor for nothing, you know. I mean, how many *NME* staff end up in Beverly Hills with blondes on every arm sharing daquiris with Marlon and Burt?

Not only was I *NME*'s least promising contributor, but I am the man who paid Reg Dwight £14 to cover 'Dancer To LA' for my film *The Games* half an hour before he became Elton John. It wasn't my fault he sued when 20th Century Fox issued the record with his name spelt wrong.

And what about this latest photo of myself (three thousand copies of which my driver always carries in our Cadillac)! It's of me and talented twanger Jimmy Page who I just happen to have signed (true folks) to do the music for my latest intellectual treat *Death Wish Two*.

So there's hope for all you *NME* scribes. And by Jove, your paper's brightened up since my days, congratulations!
Michael Winner, Piccadilly, London.
● LP winner. Your choice of 'The King And I' soundtrack is in the post. Oh, and about that other little matter, there are no vacancies just now but Phil says if your offer re *Death Wish Two* is still on — and not just a spear-carrying part, if you know what he means — he'll see what he can do later. Now, if it was up to me, you'd be in straight away. I mean, "talented twanger", that's very good, I can see you haven't lost your touch. And, er, I'm not proud, I wouldn't mind carrying a spear at all. So we'll be hearing from you then? Oh, and schtum, schtum, not a word to the others, OK, or the place'll be full of bloody spears. — GL

T-ZERS

DID YOU MISS ME? I didn't miss you, but then I wouldn't. As my detractors say, I'm a complicated sort of person. I'm the sort of person who'll fly out in a helicopter to seek out August Darnell on the QE2 to play xylophone, or was it quoits, or was it ring-toss on the deck with him? Then I'll fly back. A boy can only take so much of the QE2, and besides the Mandalay Rum ran out. And I tell you, playing ring-toss with August Darnell on the deck of the QE2 is quite a feat of athleticism.

August the complete man is shipping himself over to England to produce the **Funkapolitan** LP. August himself has been seasick a lot during the voyage — whether this is genuine sea-sickness, the thought of docking at Southampton, knowing that he'll have to try and find some sort of nightlife in little old London, or just that he'll have to be touched up and interviewed by all the podgy Fleet Street journalists, I don't truly know. He promises that he'll pop up to Carnaby Street to have a word with us all when he gets here, and **Ian Penman** is hoping above hope that August returns his lost passport . . .

Anyone found Ian's lost passport? Come on, **Geoff Deane** of **Modern Romance** — we know you've got it. . .

August Darnell's favourite music of all time is not **The Hollies**. Do you know — this'll cost you — that if you count the time The Hollies were in the charts with their 28 hits it amounts to 6 whole years? This was also the amount of time The Hollies spent on *TOTP* last week performing their new classic 'Holliedaze'. Did you spot **Graham Nash?** I'm told that it was some sort of scoop he was appearing with his original group — apparently he joined up with an early version of **Sham 69** afterwards. Graham told me over a turkish bath: "I'm very proud of my work with The Hollies and obviously we are all thrilled with the success of 'Holliedaze' ". . .

My good and delightful friend **Stevo** — "congratulate me on the success of **Soft Cell**, world" — gives me a ring. We used to be really good buddies, but since he turned away from drink for mushrooms we've drifted apart. He has a message for the world: "There may be communism, anarchy, fascism, toryism, but remember, apple trees grow in Scotland." Far out man. Anyway, Stevo, it was a nice ring you gave me — encrusted with diamonds and featuring a minute Soft Cell engraving. Where will it send me if I eat it? . . .

Talking about being sent, the Sundays have picked up the heavy heavy weight of new psychedelia already — the *Observer* had a piece on the sour movement last week. "Love and peace really is what we believe in," said an afficianado, Alexis. "I despise the older generation. They accept violence in the street and on the football terraces. They've forgotten about Toxteth already. We totally condemn violence. We'd rather stand in the streets and give out flowers." It makes you prick yourself, doesn't it? Somebody dip a flake into my Bailey's and place it into my mouth: I'm through with innocence and simply loathe the smell of summer . . .

Gary Numan has taken my well meaning advice and he is leaving the country. He intends to fulfil his lifetime's ambition and fly around the world in his own plane. Remember, it's your money that bought him that plane, so demand postcards from the fifty different cities he plans to fly to in the 44 days from September 18. Gary, you know, is my helicopter pilot. He and August didn't get on too well when we landed on the QE2, despite Gary's double breasted suit. It's hard being Gary . . .

Heard about the "sizzingly sexy film' **Duran Angel Cake** put together to promote their old 'Girls On Film' single? Hey, it's become the talk of the pop world, even if I can hardly be bothered to talk about it. It features a couple of girls appearing topless in a mud wrestling contest. The vulgarity you'd expect from the boys and boys . . .

I suppose the smarmy **Paul Morley** must be making loads of unearned undeserved money now he's becoming the **Benny Green** of the pop world and appearing all over the pitiful show. He made *Private Eye's* 'Pseuds Corner' for the second time — all other *NME* scribes have only made it once — with some deservedly forgotten review of **Japan** about **Sylvian's** fragility — and popped up on Radio One over the weekend telling **Adrian Love** how to be a pop writer. The cheek. All he could talk about was sex, sleep and how **Andy Gill** is a portly gentleman. I want Morley's job and with your support I'm going to get it . . . I bet it's Morley who nicked Penman's passport . . .

Still around that bore, promoter **John Curd** 'miffed' at Morley's suggestion that Futurama moved to Bingley Hall because Curd's Straight Music had snapped up Leeds Queens Hall for his Future Daze festival. The two events are not related . . .

How extraordinarily sweet of **Malcolm McLaren** to christen **Bow Wow Wow** 'Only In It For The Manet' tour after a gag in the *NME* news story which first revealed the fuss over the naked LP sleeve. We haven't made up our minds what to call the record, but current office favourite is 'All **Pissaro'd** Up And Nowhere To Go' . . .

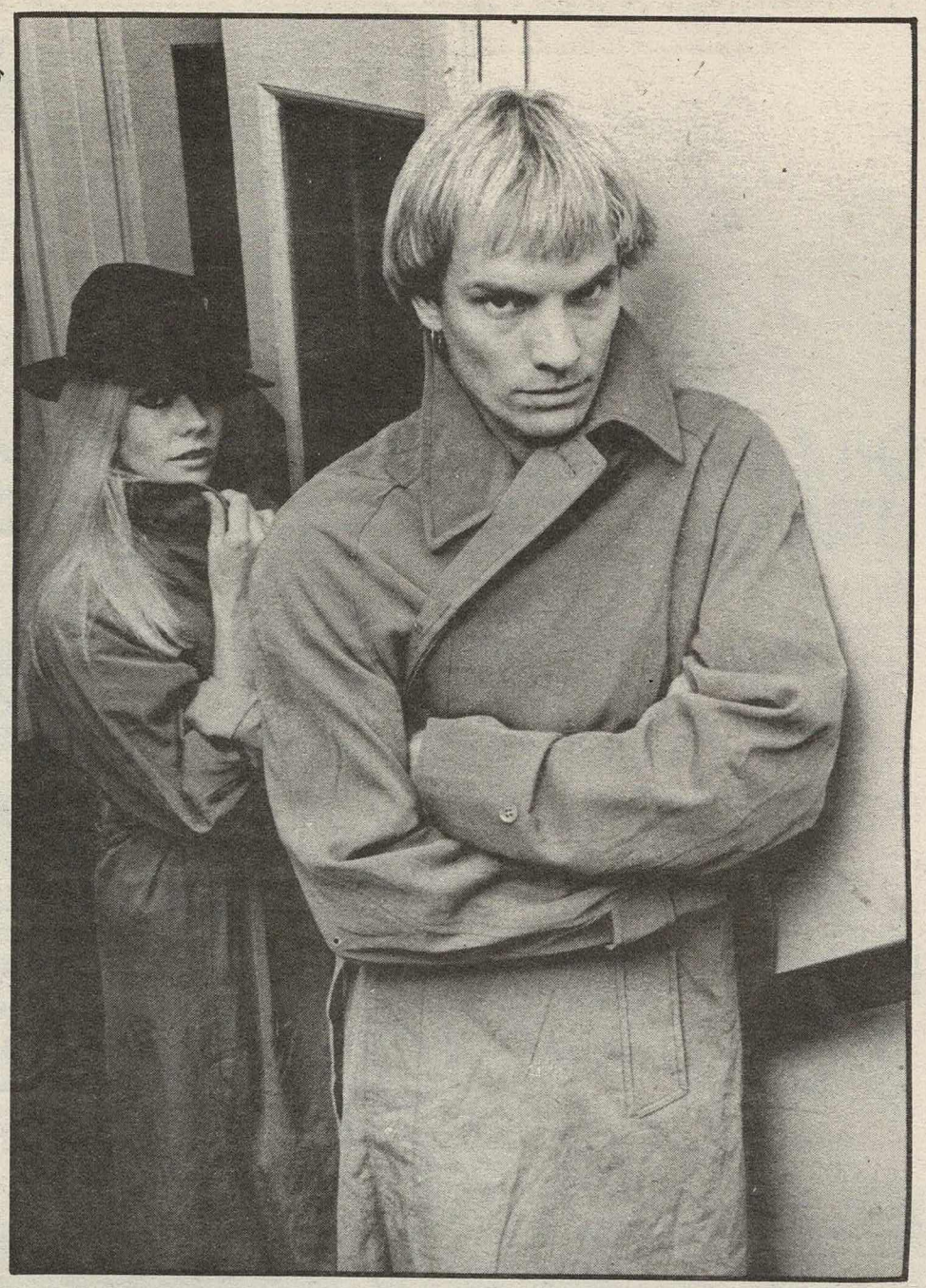
Dave Edmunds has signed to Arista, like **Haircut One Hundred** whose single debut is called 'Boy Meets Girl'. I haven't signed to Arista . . . I've signed to **Mark MacCormack,** who has promised to make me at least a million a year, sponsoring products like the next **Bauhaus** LP . . .

Graham Chapman told me whilst I was at the Secret Policeman's Ball that he's written a screenplay with **Peter Cook** and some other poor bloke for a film that goes into production in the new year over in New Zealand. Called 'Yellow Beard' it will star **Adam** as the son of a pirate, hopefully with **Burt Lancaster** as his father. I have other offers to consider so am quite happy to let Adam take my place and continue the pirate charade. And if Burt turns down the part, no doubt August will be happy to take it on . . .

. . .No more music from **David Bowie?** Well, so it seems, as Errol hs been reliably informed that Bowie's recording contract with RCA has expired and he has no wish to renew it, peferring to concentrate on his acting. . .

Grace Jones in London is sold out! **Sting** is to have a second child! These items are not related . . .

I very much liked *The Sun's* description of my very good pal **Phil Oakey** as 'a bit of a wally, but a very normal bloke' . . . Well, I bet you're glad to have me, your tactile **Errol,** back where he belongs, but I've got to get off now to meet August off the boat. That's life, that's love . . .



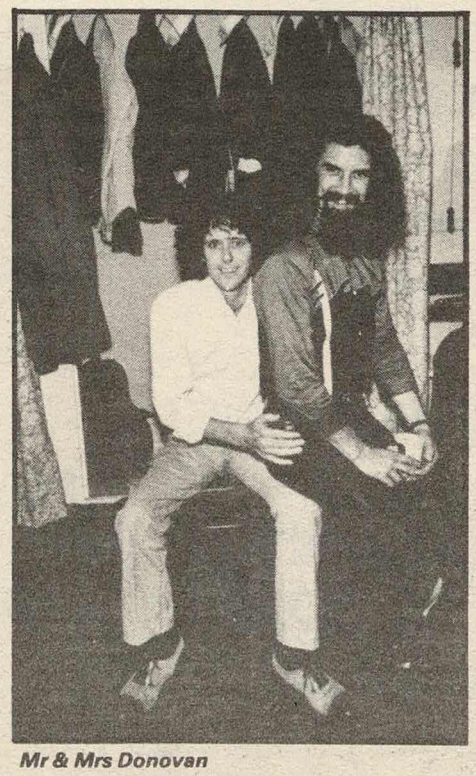
LONG MACS, BIG BALL

***THE OCCASION** was 'The Secret Policeman's Other Ball', a benefit concert for Amnesty International, an organisation which pleads the case for all those tens of thousands of unfortunate human beings held in the world's jails for 'politcal' crimes that have no connection with violence of any sort, and for whom life is anything but a ball.*

Sting starred, so did comedienne Pamela Stephenson, comedian Billy Connolly, Sheena Easton, Phil Collins and a host more. As with Secret Policeman's Ball the first, a film of said concert will be forthcoming. In the meantime you'll have to be content with Danny Baker's report of the show which you can find on page 53 and our sparkling selection of shots courtesy of the camera of Adrian Boot. Mind how you go, and watch out for those electrodes.

Top: Sting and Pamela Stephenson arrive for questioning. Above: Jeff Beck (right) ponders the secret of the Policeman's success and compares stay youthful notes with his former sidekick/Yardbird axeman Eric Clapton.

Mr & Mrs Paula Yates



Mr & Mrs Donovan

NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Monty Smith
Paul Du Noyer
Production Editor
Tim Greenhalgh
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Contributing Editor
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Staff
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Paul Morley

Design
Crunch

Photography
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Anton Corbijn

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
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Paul Rambali
Danny Baker
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmands
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Max Bell
Andy Gill
Graham Lock
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
Research
Fiona Foulgar
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2535
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.
Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

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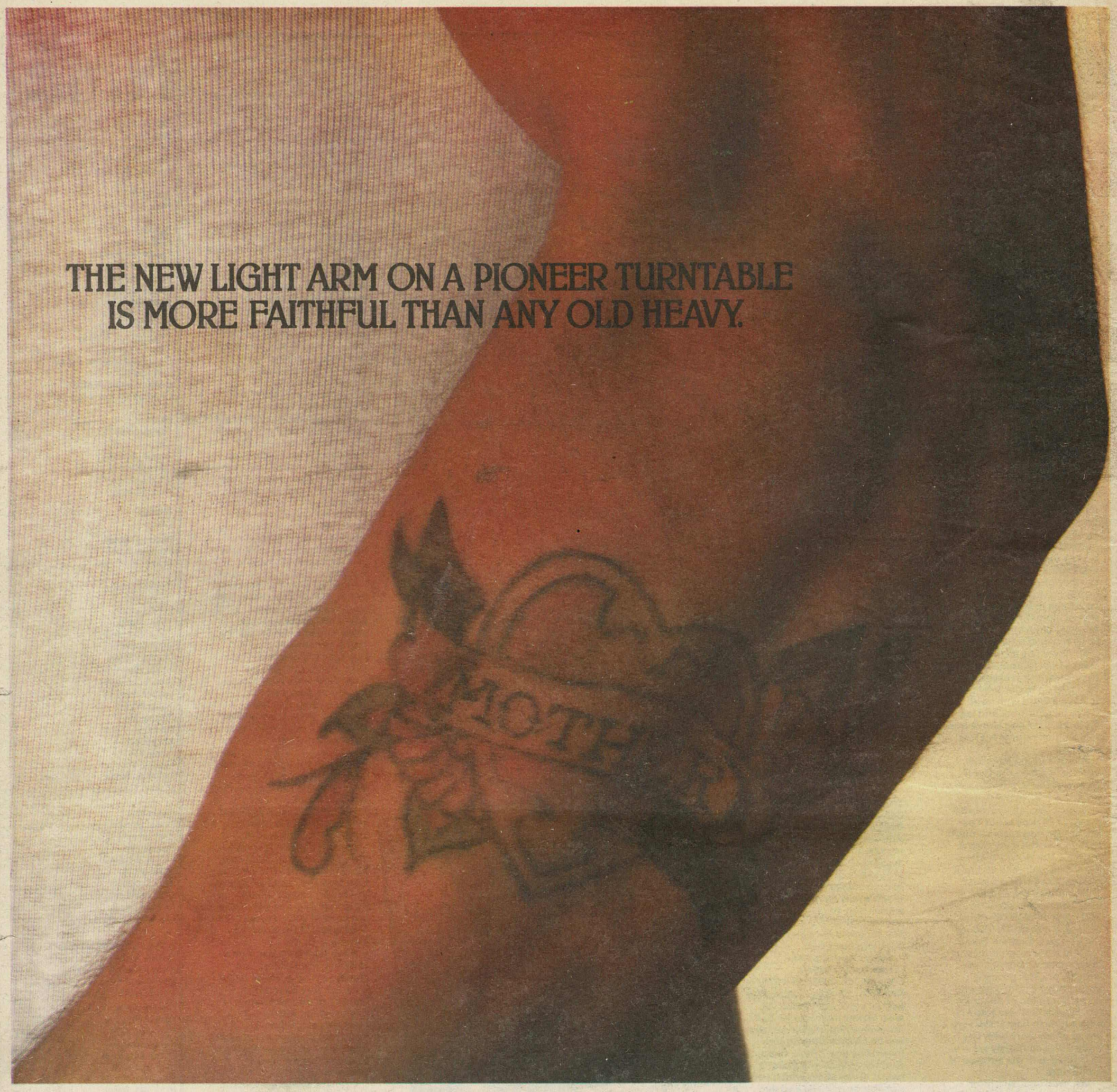

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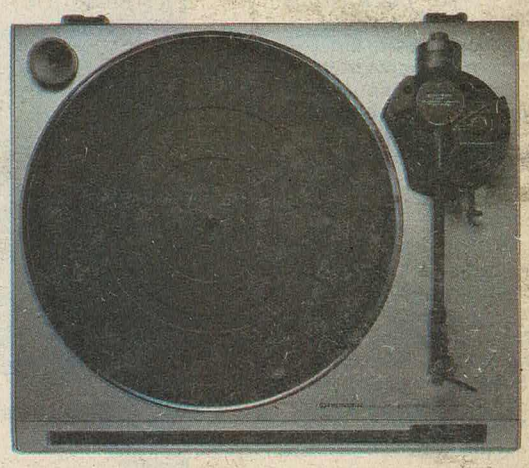

The PL-120 turntable, illustrated here, costs around £60. Not a lot for a Mum to keep her son happy.

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